

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

The Modern Attack

HILAIRE BELLOC

Catholic Technique

CATHERINE de HUECK

Not Made for Plows

DOUGLAS NEWTON

A Corporative State in Action

MICHAEL KENNY, S. J.

Life in Prison

JOHN MONAGHAN

The Coronation and the Future

DENIS GWYNN

Approaching Those Outside

W. E. ORCHARD

Youth Does Read

GEORGE N. SCHUSTER, S. M.

MAY, 1937



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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited and published at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$2.00 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication.

Subscriptions, Advertising and Business Matters should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, change of address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and the new address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6893.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 28, 1925.

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

The Holy Father Speaks Again

THE universal joy of Catholics at the Pope's remarkable recovery is now tempered by the knowledge of the weighty problems which confront him. So distressed was he at the increasing difficulties of the faithful in Germany and Mexico that, immediately on regaining some of his strength, he addressed Letters to the Episcopates of those two unfortunate countries.

A spirit of paternal sorrow for his harassed children breathes throughout these messages. He is moved by compassion even towards those who offend and persecute. But, in lamenting the failure to effect peace between Church and State, he vigorously and directly places the blame where it belongs—on the enemies of religion.

So important are these recent Letters that we should like to quote from them at length. Most of our subscribers, however, should be acquainted with the official texts or abstracts as published in their diocesan weeklies. These communications to the Bishops of Germany and Mexico call for a careful re-reading. In them will be found an accurate statement of the present position of Catholics in those two countries. This is a valuable record to keep in mind when reading press reports that are often distorted by censorship or for other reasons.

In both messages there is a revealing analysis of the causes which have been responsible for the oppression of the Church. To Germany: "If a race or people, if a State or . . . a representative of civil power . . . have in the natural order an essential place and one worthy of respect, whosoever removes them from the scale of earthly values to elevate them as supreme ruler of all even of religious values, and to deify them with idolatrous cult, perverts and falsifies the order created and imposed by God. . . ."

To Mexico: "Well known to us . . . is your constancy . . . in opposing the impositions of those who, ignoring the divine excellence of the religion of Jesus Christ . . . delude themselves that they are not able to accomplish reforms for the good of the people except by combating the religion of the majority."

Here is the battle-line drawn clearly. "The State and nothing but the State." And, over against it, the Church defending the God-given rights of man. On these principles there can be no compromise. To retreat would be to betray the cause of Christ and the cause of the faithful committed to the care of His Vicar.

"The Church will defend its rights and liberties in the name of the Omnipotent Whose arm, even to-day, is not shortened."

The Holy Father does not fail to remark upon the human shortcomings which are found amongst the members of the Church. He acknowledges the cockle which grows with the wheat. For this reason he emphasizes the need of priestly leadership and good example. To reform existing abuses and to strengthen the whole Catholic body, he appeals for the full expression of Catholic Action by the laity.

It is not for us, who have not felt the scourge of open persecution, to harbor for a moment the thought that we "are not like the rest of men." Should such conditions ever hold in our country we might well hope that we may be as worthy of such praise as that given by the Pope to the Catholics of Germany and Mexico.

OURS is the duty, not only of praying for the speedy triumph of the Church in those lands but also of exerting ourselves to prevent the enemies of religion from gaining power here. Whatever mistakes we make, whatever shortcomings are ours will be exaggerated as they have been in other countries. Have these been reduced to a minimum? Or are there not abuses, now easy to remedy, which may take on serious proportions?

We called attention last month to the recent encyclical letter of His Holiness on Atheistic Communism. Forty-six years after his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII, insisted on the rights both of employers and employees, he finds it necessary to repeat these principles. Cannot the energies and ingenuity of men, which have accomplished such marvels in things scientific and mechanical, be united in an effort to settle speedily the differences and injustices that are prodding us on to social and religious conflict?

Can nations pretend to honesty or we, the children of the Church to obedience, if we look on hopelessly at the trend of events, when a solution has been offered by the wise and far-seeing Shepherd of Christendom?

Father Theophane Maguire O.P.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

PEOPLE of balanced minds realize that for any successful campaign the enemy's position must be clearly mapped out and his weak points exposed. It has been necessary to lay

Successful Catholic Technique

which they pretend to have the remedy, we cannot admit the materialistic fundamentals on which they base their attack, nor the unscrupulous and ruthless methods which they use to accomplish their ends.

Repeatedly, however, the cry goes up: "Let us have action. Let us get out and do something instead of spending all our time in talk." With such zealous restlessness, under proper direction, we are in hearty accord. There have been outlets, in all ages of the Church, for the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Superhuman indeed is the person who cannot find in these full opportunities for all the time and talent at hand.

The distinctive aim of much current and praiseworthy lay ambition is in the direction of positive and practical action against Communism. For those who would translate their ideals into immediate results we recommend a thoughtful reading of Catherine de Hueck's *Catholic Technique* on page 587 of this issue. This is no visionary plan of an idealist, but the proven program of a group who have lived the life which the author describes.

There will be little relish in it for those who cannot stomach ridicule, hardships, misunderstandings and setbacks. Such persons, for all their impatience to do things, will not last. There is ample scope for individual initiative, but no place whatever for those who revolt against authority and direction.

By a uniquely Christian paradox the best results are accomplished by those who are detached from material prosperity and who step down from the higher places promised by the Communist leaders. In the growth of such a spirit amongst Catholics of today there is high hope for the Church of tomorrow.

• • •

DURING the month of May occurs the forty-sixth anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical *The Condition of Labor* and the sixth of Pope Pius XI's *Reconstructing the Social Order*. These two documents constitute what may

The Anniversary of the Encyclicals

rightly be called the workingman's Bill of Rights. They mark a long step forward in the drive for social justice. It is well to recall them on their anniversaries—and better still, to accept their guidance and to put them into practise.

It is well to recall that Pope Leo's Encyclical was not universally popular in the smug, self-satisfied world of the late Nineteenth Century. In the name of liberty the workman of that time was given the "liberty" to sell his labor individually in competition with his fellow workmen. Labor was bought as a commodity as cheaply as possible, without

any thought of a just wage or of social justice. In many quarters unions were looked upon as dangerous innovations.

In 1931, Pope Pius XI wrote of his predecessor's doctrine that it was "quite novel to worldly ears, was looked upon with suspicion by some, even amongst Catholics, and gave offense to others." This is well to remember at a time when it has become popular to champion the rights of the workman, to talk of social justice, and in some quarters to accuse the Church of being the friend and defender of the rich.

Principles which are only now being put into effect and which have been adopted by all labor organizations were proclaimed and defended by Pope Leo in 1891. Some of these are: labor is not a commodity; the right to unionize; just wages; a shorter working day; the Sunday rest; the abolition of child labor; universal application of labor standards; and factory inspection. Pope Pius went still further, and not only proclaimed these principles but urged an occupational organization within society to protect the worker as consumer as well as producer. A raise in pay is of little advantage to the worker if it is offset by an increase in prices. We are beginning to discover that at the present time.

At a time of so much conflict between employers and employees, it is a pity that these two great papal documents are not better known. They contain a solution to many of our most pressing problems. To obtain that solution we must seek the guidance they provide and accept the remedy they offer.

• • •

SENSATIONAL aspects of the current industrial unrest such as the sit-down strike tend to distract attention from more important matters in the labor situation. Not that this

Labor Marches On

kind of strike is unimportant, especially in its legal and moral aspects, but it is probable that organized labor will recognize it as an efficient but dangerous technique and discard it because of hostile public opinion and threatened repressive legislation.

From a consideration of the present situation there emerge certain important facts concerning the direction of events in the labor world. In spite of the fact that labor is divided into the two hostile camps of the American Federation of Labor and the C. I. O., it is quite evident that labor unions are now enjoying a greatly enhanced prestige and consequently a greatly increased power. This is due to the recent activities of Mr. John L. Lewis and his C. I. O. in the coal, steel and automobile industries.

Up to the present the C. I. O. has won no great victory in its struggle with employers. Concessions that were made after the recent strikes were not much greater than the companies would have made before the strikes began. Nevertheless, these strikes and the settlements made without strikes have given Mr. Lewis and his C. I. O. both publicity and prestige. They have provided the opportunity to initiate a vast movement toward the unionization of employees especially in the mass production industries. This has not been

neglected, with the result that the C. I. O. is growing by leaps and bounds. The principal difficulty of the organizers is not to find new members but to care for the great numbers seeking admission. It is becoming increasingly evident that the unions, strengthened by this vast increase in membership and protected by such legislation as the Wagner National Labor Relations Act, will soon wield a power that will make itself felt everywhere in American life.

It would be a betrayal of the working man if this new power were to be misdirected or spent in dissension between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. Able and unselfish leadership is the greatest need of organized labor. Abuses such as the sit-down strike and especially the wildcat sit-down are certain to provoke restrictive legislation and arouse a hostile public opinion. Any diversion of labor's power into political or partisan channels will bring its own punishment. Above all, labor must purge its leadership of radical and Communist elements who seek in industrial conflict a means of furthering their own selfish aims.

THE Supreme Court decision establishing the constitutionality of the National Labor Relations Act has aroused new interest in this measure and renewed discussion of its efficacy

Protecting Rights of Employers

as a means of accomplishing its purpose. This purpose is to diminish the causes of labor disputes hindering or obstructing interstate and foreign commerce. One of its immediate effects should be the elimination of all sit-down strikes. Labor now has by law the right to collective bargaining and is protected from all punitive measures on the part of employers for engaging in union activities.

These protective measures for labor are just and necessary, but many think this Act one-sided in that it has much to say about the rights of employees and nothing about the rights of employers, much about unfair labor practices on the part of employers, nothing about such practices on the part of employees. Yet recent events have demonstrated that employers have rights that need protection and that employees can be guilty of unfair labor practices. Under these circumstances it is difficult to believe that this legislation will accomplish its purpose without some balancing act directed toward guarding the rights of employers.

What lines such an act would follow is very difficult to state. Writing from Washington in the *New York Times*, Mr. Arthur Krock says that "those who are giving thought to such a statute believe it should outlaw the sit-down strike and borrow from the British act of 1927 some of the protections to the community against sympathetic and general strikes, and coercion of unorganized employees who desire to remain so. The statute discussed would also fix legal responsibility for the labor unions through incorporation or licensing, and make their contracts binding upon them." President Roosevelt expressed the opinion quite recently that contract enforcement upon employees as well as upon employers is an indispensable part of a proper industrial policy.

Whatever legislation is enacted it should not in any way detract from the rights acquired by labor after so long a struggle. It is well in this regard to recall the words of Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclical, *The Condition of Labor*; "For the richer class have many ways of shielding themselves and stand less in need of help from the State, whereas the mass of the poor have no resources of their own to fall back upon and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State, And for this reason wage-earners, since they mostly belong to that class, should be especially cared for and protected by the government."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and his followers in advocating a reform of the Supreme Court have based their cause on two main arguments. The first is that the present court of nine judges is unable to cope with the great number of cases that demand its attention. To say nothing of the intrinsic fallacy of the sup-

Court Reform Arguments

position that a larger court would function more swiftly or efficiently, all value was taken from this argument by the factual testimony of Chief Justice Hughes. There is simply no such crowding of the court calendar as President Roosevelt and Attorney General Cummings would have us believe exists.

The second main argument of the supporters of the reform of the Supreme Court is that this court impedes both State and Federal legislation by a too narrow and rigorous interpretation of the Constitution, thus leaving a vast area of social welfare unprotected by the law. This argument received what to the unbiased observer must be considered a mortal blow in the recent decisions of the Supreme Court validating the Wagner Act and State minimum wage legislation. In the Wagner Act decision the Supreme Court has given the commerce clause of the Constitution an interpretation sufficiently broad to permit Congress the exercise of considerable controlling power in the matter of industrial relations. The Court considers it within the scope of the National Government to exercise its power in cases which have so "close and substantial a relation to interstate commerce that their control is essential or appropriate to protect that commerce." In its ruling on state minimum wage legislation the Supreme Court has set a precedent for further progress along those lines by State legislatures.

The advocates of President Roosevelt's proposal to reform the Supreme Court are left without reasonable grounds for a measure so radical and so fraught with danger. It would seem to us that the President should abandon the proposal now that he can do so with good grace. No emergency exists at the present time sufficiently urgent to call for such a reform. The President could secure his aims more safely and surely by amending the Constitution.

THE debate on the Gavagan Anti-Lynching Bill, which passed the House by a vote of 277 to 119, was accorded much public attention. Interest was further aroused by the brutal

An Anti-Lynching Law

blow-torch torture and lynching of two Negroes at Duck Hill, Mississippi, just as the measure was coming out for discussion. The Bill empowers the imposition of Federal fines or prison sentences for peace officers who permit a prisoner to be taken from them and injured or killed. It further allows an injured person or his kin to institute suits for personal damages against the guilty peace officers.

Whether or not the measure passes in the Senate, the general opinion in the country seems to demand that positive action for the prevention of lynching be no longer postponed. Few will fail to share the alarm of the editors of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* at the "seemingly endless series of mob murders which have disgraced the South and America before the world." The figures of the Tuskegee Institute and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are sufficiently startling.

In the past fifty-five years there have been 5106 lynchings in the United States. Of these, ninety-nine victims have been women. Nearly 200 of those who have gone to their death

at the hands of mobs were afterwards proven to have been innocent. Yet in less than one per cent of the deaths were lynchings convicted.

Those opposing the above mentioned Federal Bill claim that it would be an annihilation of State sovereignty. Others, in favor of it, declare it does not conflict with the Constitution. The establishment of a Federal police power which has functioned so well in cases given to it, renews the hopes of the supporters of the Bill. As long as the wholly inexcusable barbarities of mob violence continue, pressure to end them will be brought by those who have regard to law and order. Even if defeated as a Federal measure, the publicizing of these crimes may hasten the action of State and local authorities to correct them.

• • •

IT HAS been the persistent policy of Communists to label all who are not with them as "Fascists." So much publicity has been given this deceptive counter-charge that a good deal of it has been absorbed even by Catholics. Despite what has been written in the Catholic Press about all forms of the totalitarian state, some

A Cardinal Spikes A Pro-Fascist Movement

are still confused on the subject.

Because the Vatican has come to a working agreement with the Italian Government, enemies of the Church pretend that she thereby sets a seal of approval on Fascism. They forget, conveniently or not, the struggles that preceded a concordat and the definite stand taken by the Pope on principles on which he could not yield. Whether in Russia or Germany, in Italy or in the United States, there are rights of the Church on which she must insist and which, as the Holy Father noted in his Letters to the German Episcopate, she is prepared to defend.

A striking example of Church action, which should help to clarify this subject of Fascism has been given by Cardinal Van Roey, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium. Not through any personal antagonism, but because he considered Leon Degrelle's Rexist movement a danger to country and the Church, the Archbishop dealt a blow to the young Catholic leader's aspirations.

Premier Paul Van Zeeland has been justly praised for his challenge to a growing Fascist movement which appealed to the young and middle class in Belgium, as did Hitler's program to the Germans. We wonder what meed of praise will be doled out to the courageous Cardinal whose stand helped to defeat decisively a movement modeled so closely on Fascist lines.

• • •

INTERNATIONAL influences as well as national elements are active in Spain's protracted struggle. For the most part we have heard only of their effect on the military campaign.

Red Spain's Ideas On Religion

victory.

At Geneva, for example, the Spanish "Government's" delegate pledged that Red Spain would give freedom of worship.

Enlightening is the comment on this pledge from Red Barcelona's paper, *Solidaridad Obrera*: "According to Alvarez del Vayo, Spain will be a Social Democracy with freedom of worship. Admirable! But diplomatically speaking,

we are tempted to think that under his plenipotentiary waistcoat del Vayo hides a great humorist.

"Assuming the theory that the Church could function again under normal conditions of peace, we would like to know how that could be done, seeing that there is so little left of it. With its wonderful and customary intuition, the people, from the first days of the rebellion, knew that the chief allies of the treacherous rebellion were the monks, the priests, the bishops, the canons, and the choir-boys, and they promptly destroyed their dens and burned to cinders the gilded temples of their idolatry. Many now exclaim, when they pass the ruins, 'What a pity!'"

Such is the happy treatment which those who profess any religion may expect from the hands of the Red Government. It is any wonder that the Moors, who are willing to die for their beliefs, should fight against a régime which would mete out to them the same fate suffered by Catholics?

• • •

MEANWHILE the Nationalists under Franco are planning their own form of government. Some papers have emphasized the Monarchist and Fascist cliques, insinuating that

Franco's Plans for Labor and Religion

Gil Robles' *Accion Popular*, the largest party of the Spanish Right, has been dissolved. On the contrary, the members of that party have been ordered to act as a militia under the army. Robles' hand has been strengthened now that it is known that the Reds assassinate even Republicans, if they are Catholic. For 20 out of the 80 Deputies of the party have been executed. (A well-informed discussion, *Gil Robles and the Spanish Republic*, will be found on p. 598.)

More will be learned later of the meeting of the Spanish Confederation of Syndicalist Workers held at Burgos. Before the outbreak of the war the movement numbered 200,000 *Christian workmen*. They will discuss the questions which have been put to all anti-Marxist workers by Franco's government—their ideals on Trade Unions, strikes, lock-outs, etc. They have already signified their plan in regard to organization: "Free right of association in syndicates and obligatory enrollment." All are prepared to unite in a corporative régime.

Can there be any choice on the part of those who profess a religious belief, of whatever form, between a government which holds to the Soviet claim that all religion is an opiate—and one which is working for the economic and religious good of its people?

• • •

TO FR. L. FALLON, C.M., and the 52 seminarians of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, who are conducting a correspondence course in Christian Doctrine. ¶To Fr. Pierre

Toasts Within The Month

Teilhard de Chardin, S.J., on his reception of the Mendel Medal for scientific achievement. ¶To Sr. Pilar, Superior of the Carmelites of Limonar, who—disguised as a member of the Red militia—rescued 18 priests at Malaga. ¶To Gerald Carroll of the Catholic University on the award of a Carnegie Peace scholarship. ¶To the Josephite Fathers who are caring for the spiritual welfare of 70,472 Negro Catholics—more than one-third of the total number of Negro Catholics in the United States. ¶To the 5 Maryknoll Sisters, the first group of Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic to be assigned to Japan. ¶To Our Sunday Visitor, a national Catholic weekly, on its silver jubilee. ¶To John C. Kelly, who has been created a Knight of St. Gregory.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

"ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED"

WORDSWORTH'S famous sonnet to the Virgin is commonly known only by one line: "Our tainted nature's solitary boast." The composite beauty of the entire piece, however, cannot be gathered from this one line. Read in its context, in the full-blown symmetry of Wordsworth's stanzaic art, this oft-quoted line takes on a deeper meaning and reveals why this sonnet is one of the highest tributes ever given by a non-Catholic to the Queen of Heaven:

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrust
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of Mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with serene.

QUOTING THE BIBLE

GEORGE BUSH, in "The Social Forum," writes that "to quote the Bible is now considered the height of bad form—like hitting below the belt or dealing off the bottom of the pack." The following two lists are entitled "Higher Criticism" and "The Poor Rich Man":

Some people don't quote the Bible because they say that Higher Criticism has proved that the Bible is not authentic; after each Higher Critic threw out the texts he didn't like, there was nothing left but the register of births, deaths and marriages.

But the reason most of us don't like the Bible is because we can't stand Higher Criticism ourselves.

We hate to be reminded that we are forever seeing the mote in the other fellow's eye but can't see the beam in our own.

Non-Christians don't quote the Bible, because it tells them that God is their Father.

Nice Christians don't quote the Bible because it tells them that Christ is their Brother; and that Jews, and Italians and people who work with their hands, and even people that don't work at all, are their brothers, too.

* * *

Millionaires suffering from endocarditis should not read the Bible.

They are apt to run across some choice bit such as "Woe unto you who heap up silver and gold and say: 'We are growing rich and possess all we desire.'"

Bad as that sounds, the reason is even worse: "Your riches shall not remain for you, but shall suddenly disappear, because you have gained all unjustly, and you yourselves shall receive the greater damnation."

All of which was written long before the days of chains, trusts, watered stocks and periodic depressions.

Even for the seventh son of the seventh son of the man who robbed the public the outlook is not very pleasant: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

The income tax may, after all, be a very Christian thing.

INTELLIGENCE OF AUTHORS

AMONG many other ironies, the following is to be found in I. A. R. Wylie's article on writers in "Harper's." Miss Wylie is herself an author and therefore is presumed to know whereof she speaks:

That is the most important and the oddest thing about us—that we are not of necessity even normally intelligent. Once this is realized by everybody a great deal of trouble and misunderstanding will be avoided. When we write we are capable of describing accurately and brilliantly places we have never seen; we can display knowledge of a life we have never experienced; we can give vent to profound thoughts. But when we stop writing we stop thinking. We become, at least in the American sense, just dumb. I would go so far as to say that not only are brains not a necessity to us; they may be a distinct liability. G. B. Shaw, for instance, has never been able to write a decent novel, and his plays are really only an exhibition of various angles of Mr. Shaw's mind. Mr. Wells wrote fine novels until his brains got the better of him. Since then they have gone steadily down hill. (I am not merely throwing mud at my betters. From the way my friends treat me—with a sort of affectionate toleration and compassion—I gather that I am none too bright myself.)

We are not of necessity educated. A few of our more robust talents have survived a university career. I have known indomitable writers come out of "Schools of Fiction" without apparently any permanent damage. For myself I can only thank my own complete inability to add two and two to make four for the fact that my own small but honest talent did not breathe its last at Oxford. In that world of lofty and accurate thinking it must have died of an inferiority complex. I did go to a college for two years, but I was so impervious to facts, so impenetrably stupid, that they did me no harm whatever. I remember that after my first novel had been published I went back, expecting that at last I should be appreciated at my proper worth. Miss Beale, pioneer in woman's education and founder of the institution, looked me over distrustfully. "I hope," she said, "that you have learned to spell." So little did our two worlds understand each other.

DISILLUSIONMENT

AT ONE time André Gide never tired of proclaiming his admiration for Soviet Russia. Then he went there and saw conditions. He records his disillusionment in "Return from the U.S.S.R.," from which the following is taken:

What are those people doing in front of that shop? They are lined up in a queue—a queue that stretches as far as the next street. There are two to three hundred of them waiting very calmly and patiently. It is still very early. The shop has not yet been opened. Three quarters of an hour later I pass by again; the same crowd is still there. I inquire with astonishment what is the use of their coming so long beforehand? What do they gain by it?

"What do they gain by it? Why, only the first-comers are served."

Then I learn that the newspapers have announced a large arrival of—I forget what (I think that day it was pillows). There are perhaps four or five hundred articles for which there will be eight or ten or fifteen hundred would-be buyers. Long before evening not one of the articles will be left over. The needs are so great and the public so numerous that the

demand for a long time to come will be greater than the supply—much greater. Impossible to satisfy it.

Making my way through the crowd or carried along with it, I visited the shop from top to bottom and from end to end. The goods are hardly less than repulsive. You might almost think that the stuff, objects, etc., were deliberately made as unattractive as possible in order to put people off, so that they shall only buy out of extreme necessity and never because they are tempted. I should have liked to bring back a few souvenirs for some of my friends; everything is frightful.

GONE WITH THE WIND

ONE of the vagaries of what has become the "big business" of book selling is related in the newsmagazine "Time":

First publisher to take advantage of the price-fixing provisions of New York State's Fair Trade Act since it was declared constitutional in a judicial flip-flop last month was Macmillan Co., which last week fixed the price of novelist Margaret Mitchell's gusty *Gone With The Wind* at \$3. Reason: the book, which has sold at the rate of 3 1/3 copies per minute since it was published last June, has been a favorite object of price wars between Manhattan department stores. Swept back to Macmillan next day like autumn leaves were 35,940 copies of *Gone With The Wind*, returned by R. H. Macy & Co. under terms also stated in the fair trade law. To mammoth, price-cutting Macy's, which has fought the law from the start and is out to publicize its opposition, there was little market left for *Gone* at \$3. Macy's had sold the book as low as 87¢.

Had Macmillan refused to buy back the books at the purchase price (about \$1.50 per copy), under the law Macy's could have sold them at any price. Big as the return shipment was, enough copies of the 1037-page book were kept to fill odd orders. Macy's total sales of the book since last June: 170,000. Sales at \$3 the first two days after the price was fixed: ten.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

UNDER the heading "Why Map-Makers Go Mad," "Kablegram" publishes the following about extraordinary place names:

There is a town in New York named Hoosick and one in Michigan named Mesick. Though Crookville, Ohio, has a jail, it was recently boarded up because there was no one in it. For extremes, how about Longtown in Missouri and Shortville in Alabama? Breakabeen is in New York state while Fixer is away down South in Kentucky. Tuckertown is in North Carolina, Kansas has its perfect Rest and Nod-away County may be found in Missouri. Kegg, Pennsylvania, is a long way from Faucett, Missouri, but Florida has a Double Sink. There is really a town in Missouri named Damsite. And what is more appropriate than Bibb County, Georgia, right under Coffee County, the same state.

Dead Man's Bay is said to be the liveliest place on the Florida coast (take it in any sense you care to) and the Dead Lakes in the western part of that state are alive with fish. Sour Lake can be found in Texas, but so can Sweetwater. Stillwater runs in a dozen states but only one state has a Stinking Water River. Sucker Creek is located in Oregon.

Oklahoma has its Corn, Kentucky its Rye, and California its Whiskeytown. Bad Axe, Michigan, has no connection with Trees of Louisiana. Nor is there any relation between Horse Thief, Arizona, and Virginia's Hangar. From Promptness, Pennsylvania, one can journey to Linger, Georgia. Or from Defeated Creek, Kentucky, to Victory in the same state.

For good measure, here's a few by the count: Onemo, Virginia; Two Dot, Montana; Three Brothers, Arkansas;

Four Town, Minnesota; Five Island, Maine; Six Prong, Washington; Seven Oaks, California; Eight Point, Montana; Nine Times, South Carolina; Ten Sleep, Wyoming; Eleven Point, Arkansas; Twelve Point, Indiana.

Anyone doubting the authenticity of any of the names given may check up by consulting the *United States Official Postal Guide*.

CATHOLICISM IN HOLLAND

THE following information taken from "The Rock" will surprise those who are not familiar with the vitality of the Catholic Church in Holland:

At the Catholic Press Exhibition, from which Germany and Russia were absent, Holland had the finest display. This came as no surprise to those that knew something of its splendidly organized Catholic press, with its thirty-four Catholic dailies, its excellent reviews for all ages and conditions of people, including even "comics" in which Communism is mercilessly scored. (This is paying it back in its own coin). The press plays a great and necessary rôle in Belgium's fierce tussle with Socialism and Communism. Of the 2,200,000 printed copies of the dailies, 935,000 are Catholic, 565,000 hostile, and 700,000 indifferent. There are thirty Catholic dailies and 800 Catholic reviews and bulletins. It is sad to think of the 83 Catholic dailies that were in Spain, led by the great *El Debate*, (now seized by the Spanish "Government" and carried on as a Communist organ), 60 cultural reviews, 134 weeklies and 194 monthlies.

BIGGER AND BETTER CELLARS

CELLARS with all the comforts of a modern home will be appreciated in the next war if what they say about the efficacy of modern military methods is even partially true. From "The New York Times":

Now that Europe is burrowing underground, tales are beginning to be told of cellars more and more palatial. A cellar just completed under one of the big houses in the Avenue Foch in Paris is believed to be the most palatial of them all. Its ceiling is formed by forty-two feet of reinforced concrete and sheet iron. It's immense doors weigh a ton each. Despite its depth below the surface, it has elaborate machinery for keeping the air free of poison gas during air raids.

This cellar has its own electric light plant, ample room for storing food against a siege, and huge tanks of gas for cooking. Dormitories will accommodate fifty people. There are hospital facilities, connected by specially protected telephone wires with the outside world. A loud-speaker will enable refugees to sit in safety listening to the air-raid noises in the street far above them.

LAST WILLS

THE last will and testament is often used as a means of giving final expression to one's sentiments. The following examples are taken from "As You Will," by Lawrence Lucy in "The Catholic World":

Then there is the old bachelor who had proposed marriage to three members of the fair sex and had been refused by all of them. He left the whole of his fortune to these three women because they had made it possible for him to remain a bachelor and "to them I owe all my earthly happiness." Another wealthy old bachelor who had succeeded after a difficult struggle in avoiding "the yoke of matrimony," provided that his executors should "see that I am buried where there is no woman interred, either to the right or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things, I direct that they purchase three graves,

and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two others unoccupied."

Another English "gentleman" described his wife in one sentence that is a gem from a literary point of view. "Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made very uneasy by —, my wife, for many years from our marriage, by her turbulent behavior, for she was not content to despise my admonitions, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse in her nature that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be born to be a plague to me; the strength of Samson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal and the watchfulness of Hermodogenes could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world would make her good; and as we have lived separate and apart from each other for eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me, therefore, I give her one shilling."

THE CLERGY AND MARRIAGE

A CLINCHING and practical argument for the celibacy of the clergy is found in the following incident. It is related in "The Tablet" of London:

A Baptist minister in Evansville, Indiana, is suing for divorce because his wife makes faces at him from the pew and spoils his sermons. The celibacy of the priesthood is not a very live issue in the Church at the present time, but this happening provides a further argument for those who see no reason to modify the general ruling laid down for the Western Church and adhered to for so many centuries. Even the wife who does not make faces is a hindrance to really eloquent preaching. Only a very hardened minister will attempt his real flights of lofty spiritual thought in the presence of someone so well primed with earthly facts about the preacher. It speaks much for the brazen effrontery of the first reformers that their addiction to the pulpit went hand in hand from the very first with an equal addiction to married life. . . .

The American pastor has another ground for his divorce proceedings, yet wider in scope. His wife, he says, was not always making faces. Sometimes she slept, which was equally bad for his practise as a preacher. Here he deserves perhaps less sympathy, for he may be a very repetitive man. Sleep, said the French critic, is also a kind of criticism. Those who sleep openly in church cannot be said to be doing right, but they can claim that their peccadillo is socially useful, because it undoubtedly does something to raise the level of pulpit pronouncements when preachers know that an unmistakable stertorous snore may come at any moment to show what, in one case at any rate, the man in the pew thinks of the performance.

OUR DECLINING POPULATION

CONCERNING the rapidly falling birth rate and our need for population balance and maintenance, Dr. George W. Kosnick, Editor of the "American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology," makes some apt remarks. From "Vital Speeches of the Day":

If we know the causes, can we avert them? The causes evidently are widespread. Certain aspects of modern housing, greater leisure and desire for pleasure, the ambitions of parents for social and educational advantages for their children, the concentration of population in cities, the entrance of women into industry and business, the leaning towards comfort and independence of the individual, have all been advanced as explanations of the small or childless family and possibly play a greater rôle than purely economic considerations. As a matter of fact the economic status of

our people in general seems to have improved in the last century but its elevation evidently spells fewer rather than more children. I venture to believe, however, that the widespread knowledge of contraceptive procedures and the unrestrained propaganda for their employment has been the most influential factor in the problem of a dangerously diminishing birth rate. We seem to be approaching the time when a dwindling population will no longer be able to hold those portions of the world which have come to be looked upon as the bulwark of civilization.

MEXICO

FROM "The Cross" published by the Passionists of the Irish Province is taken the following on the persecution in Mexico:

Mute lips . . . bowed heads

In Mexico.

Sad hearts . . . grief-led

In Mexico.

Yet mute, sad and bowed was He

The dark night of Gethsemane

When Blood was shed to hearten thee

O Mexico.

Weak hands . . . brave souls

In Mexico.

Grim track . . . stark goal

In Mexico.

Yet weak hands in Galilee

Toiled on to death and Calvary

Through same long street of enmity

As Mexico.

Crush Right! . . . Wave Wrong!

In Mexico.

Dear God! . . . how long

In Mexico?

Yet Love's gift to His own Son

Was but a cross to suffer on:

God's Love and Will are ever one

O Mexico.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE

THOUGHTFUL people are beginning to realize the incompleteness of education without religious training. The following is by the Rev. William B. Sharp in "Current History" for April:

A portion of the school time is now being set aside for religious instruction in more than 400 communities in the U. S., according to Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. "This movement, which saw 225,000 pupils enrolled last year, is growing," said Dr. Fosdick in a sermon to the Protestant Teachers' Association in New York on February 14. He added: "I commend this to you as one of the most significant movements in education today. It has challenged the attention of the nation. Surely, complete education does include religion to prepare young people with deep resources of religious faith. All is not well with the youth of this land. You school teachers are saying what so desperately needs to be said in this country. You are saying that children must have religion—intelligent, ethical religion. Where would we have been without that in America?"

Perhaps Dr. Fosdick had also read these statistics quoted in *The Methodist Episcopal Church, South*: "Of 18,434 Virginia high school students answering a questionnaire: 16,000 could not name three prophets of the Old Testament; 12,000 could not name the four Gospels; 10,000 could not name three of Christ's disciples."

The Modern Attack

By Hilaire Belloc



In a series of articles appearing monthly, Mr. Belloc has treated of the main attacks on the Catholic Church. The present is the first of three articles dealing with the tremendous conflict in which the Church is now engaged with her many and powerful enemies in the modern world.



HILAIRE BELLOC

IN THIS and the next two articles which will conclude my series on the heresies, we approach the greatest moment of all.

The Faith is now in the presence not of a particular heresy as in the past—the Arian, the Manichean, the Albigensian, the Mohammedan—nor is it in the presence of a sort of generalized heresy as it was when it had to meet the Protestant revolution from three to four hundred years ago. The enemy which the Faith now has to meet, and which I have called “The Modern Attack,” is a wholesale assault upon the fundamentals of the Faith—upon the very existence of the Faith. And the enemy now advancing against us is increasingly conscious of the fact that there can be no question of neutrality. The forces now opposed to the Faith design to *destroy*. The battle is henceforward engaged upon a definite line of cleavage, involving the survival or destruction of the Catholic Church.

We know, of course, that the Catholic Church cannot be destroyed. But what we do not know is the extent of the area over which it will survive; the power of its revival or the power of the enemy to push it further and further back on to its last defenses until it may seem as though anti-Christ had come and the final issue was about to

be decided. Of such moment is the struggle immediately before the world.

To many who have no sympathy with Catholicism, who inherit the old Protestant animosity to the Church (although Protestantism is now dead) and who think that any attack on the Church must somehow or other be a good thing, the struggle already appears as a coming or present attack on what they call “Christianity.” You will find people saying on every side that the Bolshevist movement (for instance) is “definitely anti-Christian”—“opposed to every form of Christianity”—and must be “resisted by all Christians irrespective of the particular church to which each may belong,” and so on.

Speech and writing of this kind are futile because they mean nothing definite. There is no such thing as a religion called “Christianity”—there never was in history such a religion. There is and always has been the Church, and various heresies proceeding from a rejection of some of the Church’s doctrines by men who still desire to retain the rest of her teaching and morals. But there never has been and never can be or will be a general Christian religion professed by men who all accept some central important doctrines, while agreeing to differ about others. There has always been, from the be-

ginning, and will always be, the Church, and sundry heresies either doomed to decay, or, like Mohammedanism, to grow into a separate religion. Of a common Christianity there never has been and never can be a definition.

There is no essential doctrine such that if we can agree upon it we can agree to differ about the rest: as for instance, to accept immortality but deny the Trinity. A man will call himself a Christian though he denies the unity of the Christian Church; he will call himself a Christian though he denies the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament; he will cheerfully call himself a Christian though he denies the Incarnation.

No; the quarrel is between the Church and the anti-Church—the Church of God and anti-God—the Church of Christ and anti-Christ.

This truth is becoming every day so much more obvious that within a few years it will be universally admitted. I do not entitle the modern attack “anti-Christ”—though in my heart I believe that to be the true term for it—but I do not give it that name because it would seem for the moment exaggerated and too definite. But the name doesn’t matter. Whether we call it “The Modern Attack” or “anti-Christ” it is all one; there is a clear issue now joined

between the retention of Catholic morals, tradition and authority on the one side, and the active effort to destroy them on the other. The modern attack will not tolerate us. It will attempt to destroy us. Nor can we tolerate it. We must destroy it as the fully equipped and ardent enemy of the Truth by which men live.

Men sometimes call the modern attack "a return to Paganism." That definition is true if we mean by Paganism a denial of Catholic truth, if we mean by Paganism a denial of the Incarnation, of human immortality, of the unity and personality of God, of man's direct responsibility to God, and all that body of thought, feeling, doctrine and culture which is summed up in the word "Catholic." In that sense the modern attack is a return to Paganism.

But since there was a Paganism out of which we all came—the noble, civilized Paganism of Greece and Rome, the barbaric Paganism of the outer savage tribes, German, Slavonic and the rest, the degraded Paganism of Africa, the alien and despairing Paganism of Asia—and since, from all of these, it has been found possible to draw men towards the universal Church, any new Paganism rejecting the Church now known would certainly be quite unlike the old Paganism to which this Church was unknown.

A man going uphill may be at the same level as another man going down hill; but they are facing different ways and have different destinies. Our world, passing out of the old Paganism of Greece and Rome towards the consummation of Christendom and a Catholic civilization from which we all derive, is the very negation of the same world leaving the light of its ancestral religion and sliding back into the dark.

THESE things being so, let us examine the Modern Attack—the anti-Christian advance—and distinguish its special nature.

We find, to begin with, that it is at once materialist and superstitious.

There is here a contradiction in reason; but the modern phase, the anti-Christian advance, has abandoned reason. It is concerned with the destruction of the Catholic Church and the civilization proceeding therefrom. It is not troubled by apparent contradictions within its own body so long as the general alliance is one for the ending of all that by which we have hitherto lived. The modern attack is materialist because in its philosophy it considers only material causes. It is superstitious only as a by-product of this state of mind, which nourishes on its surface silly vagaries of spiritualism, the vulgar nonsense of Christian science, and heaven knows how many other fantasies. But

these follies are bred, not from a hunger for religion, but from the same root as that which has made the world materialist—from an inability to understand the prime truth that faith is at the root of knowledge; from thinking that no truth is appreciable save through direct experience.

Thus the spiritualist boasts of his demonstrable manifestations, and his various rivals of their direct clear proofs; but all are agreed that Revelation is to be denied. It has been well remarked that nothing is more striking than the way in which all the modern quasi-religious practises are agreed upon *this*—that Revelation is to be denied.

WE MAY take it then that the new advance against the Church—what will perhaps prove the final advance against the Church, what is at any rate the only modern enemy of consequence—is fundamentally materialist. It is materialist in its reading of history, and above all in its proposals for social reform.

Being Atheist, it is characteristic of the advancing wave that it repudiates the human reason. Such an attitude would seem again to be a contradiction in terms; for if you deny the value of the human reason, if you say that we cannot through our reason arrive at any truth, then not even the affirmation so made can be true. Nothing can be true, and nothing is worth saying. But that great Modern Attack (which is more than a heresy) is indifferent to self-contradiction. It merely affirms. It advances like an animal, counting on strength alone. Indeed, it may be remarked in passing that this may well be the cause of its final defeat; for hitherto reason has always overcome its opponents; and man is the master of the beast through reason.

Anyhow, there you have the Modern Attack in its main character, materialist, and atheist; and, being atheist, it is necessarily indifferent to truth. For God is Truth.

But there is (as the greatest of the ancient Greeks discovered) a certain indissoluble Trinity of Truth, Beauty and Goodness. You cannot deny or attack one of these three without at the same time denying or attacking both the others. And with the advance of this new and terrible enemy against the Faith and all that civilization which the Faith produces, there is coming not only a contempt for beauty but a hatred of it; and immediately upon the heels of this there appears a contempt and hatred for virtue.

The better devils, the less vicious converts to the enemy, talk vaguely of "a readjustment, a new world, a new order"; but they do not begin by tell-

ing us, as in common reason they should, upon what principles this new order is to be raised. They do not define the end they have in view.

Communism (which is only one manifestation, and probably a passing one) of this Modern Attack, professes to be directed towards a certain good, to wit, the abolition of poverty. But it does not tell you why this should be a good; it does not admit that its scheme is also to destroy other things which are also by the common consent of mankind good; the family, property (which is the guarantee of individual freedom and individual dignity) humor, mercy, and every form of what we consider right living.

Well, give it what name you like, call it as I do here "The Modern Attack," or as I think men will soon have to call it, "Anti-Christ," or call it by the temporary borrowed term of "Bolshevism" (which is only the Russian for extremist) we know the *thing* well enough. It is not the revolt of the oppressed; it is not the rising of the proletariat against capitalist injustice and cruelty; it is something from without, some evil spirit taking advantage of men's distress and of their anger against unjust conditions.

Now that thing is at our gates. Ultimately, of course, it is the fruit of the original break-up of Christendom at the Reformation. It began in the denial of a central authority, it has ended by telling man that he is sufficient to himself, and it has set up everywhere great idols to be worshipped as gods.

It is not only on the Communist side that this appears, it appears also in the organizations opposed to Communism; in the races and nations where mere force is set up in the place of God. These also set up idols to which hideous human sacrifice is paid. By these also justice and the right order of things are denied.

SUCH is the nature of the battle now engaged—and against such enemies the position of the Catholic Church today seems weak indeed.

But there are certain forces in its favor which may lead, after all, to a reaction, whence the power of the Church over mankind may re-arise.

I shall in my next, penultimate article consider what the immediate results may be of this new great idolatry; and in my last article I shall discuss the main question of all. It is this: whether things point to the Church's becoming an isolated fortress defending itself against great odds, an ark in the midst of a rising flood which, though it does not sink the vessel, covers and destroys all else; or whether the Church shall perhaps be restored to something of her ancient power.

Catholic Technique

A Definite and Positive Program to Stem the Advancing Tide of Atheism and Communism
is Proposed by a Worker of Long and Successful Experience

By Catherine de Hueck

MUCH has been written and spoken about Communist technique, and rightly so, as it is both all-embracing in its scope and efficient in its methods. It is successful in such a degree as to merit the high compliment of imitation.

Yet it is quite evident that imitation on the part of Catholics must have limits. The ends proposed to themselves by Catholics and Communists and the means of attaining these ends are diametrically opposed. Instead of imitating blindly the technique of Communists and belittling all that has been done by Catholics, it is well to take stock of the methods—actual and potential—as well as the achievements, of what we may call the Catholic Front. In all parts of the world, individuals and groups are working zealously to counteract the insidious influence and spread of the subversive doctrines of atheism and Communism. We should attempt not only to gauge the results of their activities but to derive benefit from their varied and useful experience. It is with such a thought that this article is written.

In the course of establishing Friendship Houses* much of our work has been with Catholic Youth, from whose ranks we have drawn our volunteers and with whom we have established many contacts through lecturing and writing. This has further lead to our assisting and participating in the work of establishing Catholic Youth organizations and activities in various towns and cities with the same purpose as Friendship Houses, namely, the counteracting of atheistic and Communist propaganda. As these activities have been carried on for over seven years, a certain technique was evolved, which we feel justified in calling "a Catholic technique," and which we would like to outline here with the hope that it may help other individuals or groups in the great common work of establishing a united Catholic Front against the Communist Front, and that it may also evoke a desire to share their experiences and results with us and others.

*A Catholic Action movement in Canada. Friendship Houses assist poor children and youth and help the indigent not only by supplying their bodily needs but by directing them through study clubs and Open Forums. An article on Friendship Houses by the author of this article will appear in a subsequent issue of THE SIGN.

In dealing with youth, we have kept in mind that the usual corporal and spiritual works of mercy are in this case not an end in themselves, but only a means toward our chief end—that of fighting atheist and Communist propaganda, and that this necessitates:

1. Real lasting enthusiasm for the cause.
2. Some knowledge of Communist principles and technique.
3. A very good knowledge of our Faith and of the fundamental principles opposed to the above.
4. Courage and persistence in face of hard work and set-backs from within and without.

IN ORDER to achieve this, the whole approach must be spiritual, necessitating a deep and profound appreciation of the definition of Catholic Action by His Holiness—namely, *personal sanctification* and then the *active* apostolate under the direction of the hierarchy. In order to succeed in this, and also to inculcate a thorough understanding of the concept of the Mystical Body of Christ, as well as that of "Sociology through Liturgy," we soon found that a different approach was necessary for different age-groups.

The younger age-group, that from 14 to 18 years, required action first, then through action the slow building up of the spiritual foundations necessary to make this action lasting and effective. The older age-group, 18 to 25 years old and over, had to be approached in the opposite manner—first the spiritual concepts, then work or action following it or at times paralleling it.

It must, of course, be admitted that it is not always possible to draw so sharply the line of demarcation because of various circumstances, whether physical or mental. We shall disregard the exceptions, however, and for the purposes of this article keep the general divisions.

We have listed above four requisites for fighting atheist and Communist propaganda. We shall now consider them in detail and first for the age-group from 14 to 18.

I. REAL LASTING ENTHUSIASM

Contacts made with groups in this class are usually made through lectures in schools, colleges and parish societies. The organizer and lecturer must try to present to his youthful audience in a clear, truthful way actual conditions in this world, the dangers that threaten and the need for all Catholic youth to take part in the struggle. A parallel is then drawn, vividly and forcefully, between the complacency and indifference of our youth and the feverish activity of Communist youth.

Clearly, vigorously and with sincere emotion the standards of Christ and of anti-Christ are portrayed for them. The conclusion is an appeal for action.

We have found the results to be *invariably* the same. Catholic youth responds at once, enthusiasm runs high, and desire for immediate action burns brightly in their hearts. *This must be satisfied at once*, without delay, constructively and in a novel fashion. Something stereotyped and ordinary would bring disillusionment to youthful ardor. This enthusiasm must be harnessed. A program must be presented and activities organized on the spot.

FOR this purpose a meeting is called after the lecture for those interested, and leaders chosen by the young people themselves with the help of the teachers. The latter are to act as a haven for the enthusiasm of the young and also to keep in contact every week, or every other week, with the organizer, either by mail or by meetings. The following program of action is suggested, because from experience it has proven to be the most attractive and the one best adapted to bring about quick results.

1. Groups are formed to sell *The Catholic Worker* (U. S. A.) or the *Social Forum* (Canada) at the Sunday Masses of their own parishes.
2. Charge of pamphlet racks is to be sought in one's own parish.
3. The same papers are distributed freely in the downtown area of the city, for instance in parked cars.
4. Catholic pamphlets and magazines

treating of vital questions of the day are sold on the main street on specially constructed coasters.

These particular papers have been mentioned because they deal with the social question and are aimed directly at Communism. They are also reasonably priced and easy for the masses to read.

It will be noticed that the program might be summed up as one of Catholic press distribution, and so it is. But its value lies in various factors attached to that distribution:

1. Development of courage;
2. Loss of any inferiority complex so prevalent in Catholics;
3. Development of the power to deal with the public;
4. Articulatness;
5. Realization of one's own ignorance;
6. Access to reading matter of vital and timely importance;
7. Development of initiative and team work;
8. Development of responsibility;
9. Intellectual development;
10. Making religion interesting and vital;
11. Pride in being a Catholic;
12. Originality and apostleship, both of which appeal to youth.

All necessary permissions from ecclesiastical authority and also first contacts with publishers are made for the young people either by the organizer or the teachers. All developments are carefully followed either personally or by mail.

ONCE the machinery is set in motion, activities organized and running smoothly, all threads in the organizer's hand, much has been achieved. The young people feel more confident of themselves, they see results, they become articulate in the constant answering of the questions of the buying public. The next step is close at hand, for as they read the papers and pamphlets themselves (they always do, for it's *their* paper now) they become interested, realize their deficiency and ignorance, and desire knowledge both of the Communist and the Catholic stand. The two following items are then attended to by the organizer.

II-III. SOME KNOWLEDGE OF COMMUNIST DOCTRINE. A GOOD KNOWLEDGE OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH

The answer to this need is the study club. If what has preceded has been successful, the young people themselves have by this time felt the need of a study club and already desire it. It is not then imposed on them by church or school authorities, and therefore to be

regarded as another course of the school curriculum and to be treated as such. On the contrary, it is now a genuine need; it is something they will run for themselves and therefore they will get much further and deeper into the subjects.

Experience has shown us that in the course of these studies a point will be reached at which the desire will manifest itself for more individual contact with the underprivileged classes for the purpose of giving help. They not only want to continue the activity of selling papers and distributing literature, but want also actual contact both with Communists and with the poor and unemployed.

THIS is given to them. Communist contacts are carefully supervised and usually take the shape of going to Communist youth meetings—the direct contact with needy cases is done through parish priests or accredited agencies, and consists of making friends with a selected needy family or person or helping in Friendship and Settlement Houses with various activities carried on there.

IV. COURAGE AND PERSISTENCE IN FACE OF HARD WORK AND SET-BACKS FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT

Slowly the movement grows and develops—checked, supervised and directed by the organizer and his or her assistants. Inevitably in the course of this development the group is faced with weak members, ridicule, misunderstandings—often enough on the part of relatives and friends. Outside contacts are disappointing too; sales drop, the poor are ungrateful.

Then the organizer points out to eager youth the need for increased Mass attendance, frequent and daily Mass and Communion, both of which are the inner force of every great movement. Personal sanctification becomes apparent without much urging, for the realization of the need of good example is often brought home by contacts with the Communists and the poor.

With the 18 to 25 age-group, the first contacts are the same—by lectures or by mail. The lecture, although similar in content, is now presented from a higher intellectual and spiritual point of view. It is more brutally frank and less emotional. Filled with startling information on Communist activities it does not mince matters but brings out clearly and squarely the opposition of Communist youth and Catholic youth. This age-group is usually made up of wage-earners, who are too self-conscious to start at such public works as the younger group. But usually the same enthusiasm is present and the same de-

sire to "do something about it" is evident.

Leaders are then selected in the same way as for the younger group, and contacts established in like manner. The whole movement for this age-group, however, starts with study clubs, using carefully prepared and graded outlines, devised to stimulate interest, bringing forward concretely the dangers facing us, with a full analysis of the same and our responsibility for their elimination. Almost at once a spiritual note is struck; the Liturgy and Sociology are brought in constantly. The doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is strongly emphasized. The manner of presentation is much that of *Fire on the Earth* of Father Paul Hanly Fursey. Everything is based on starting one's own change of heart and personal sanctification and then proceeding to action afterwards.

Again the psychological moment arrives when the young people ask: "What shall we do about it?" and again this question must be answered constructively and readily. Action in this case is wider in scope. It takes up the corporal works of mercy first, then contact with Communism (still under supervision), then the spiritual works of mercy. The field is vast here and need not be outlined in detail. Gradually more radical action is suggested:

1. Selling papers in the street as Communists do;
2. Distributing Catholic papers to Communists at their halls and to pickets;
3. Becoming leaders of study clubs for working men and women;
4. Attending Catholic Open Forums and answering Communists' statements there;
5. In rare cases, giving up one's own life to go and live in the slums and help those who are laboring there already, such as Dorothy Day;
6. Taking part with permission of the hierarchy in youth movements with a view of stating Catholic principles.

THE foregoing outline is given as the result of seven years of actual experience in the work that is described. It was a period of trials and errors, of hopes and disappointments. All of this, however, has been valuable experience in perfecting what we have called "a Catholic technique." To some it may supply an answer to the oft-repeated question: "What can we do about it?" Some it may inspire to do their share for Christ's Kingdom on Earth. Others, wiser and more prudent than ourselves, may offer helpful criticisms and suggestions that will improve the methods employed and adapt them to secure their end more easily and more efficiently.

Not Made For Plows

By Douglas Newton

WHEN Barry began to feel the urge to be off to far places looking for life, he told it all to Maidrie, and Maidrie heard and admired.

Barry was easy to admire; limby with a swing to him; small clean head poised on great shoulders; there was in him the bright spirit of a questing eagle. Maidrie looked and knew that Barry at seventeen was god-wrought for wonders.

When Barry carried his longings to old Barry, he growled:

"Boy-blood fret, son. Stay here. You've all the world's wonder on the farm. Best to learn the ways of a fat farm that'll soon be yours than to wander the roads of the world which are mostly grit-stone to the feet with but dried wells at their ending."

Barry took that word to Maidrie, as he took most that was in his mind, saying with young scorn:

"Pen me in a parcel of fields, with a world big with great things to do waiting on me. But he'll not bind me. I'm not made for plows."

"He'll not bind you," Maidrie told him, "or anybody. He's too wise. It'll be for you to bind yourself—or not."

"And I'll not," Barry cried, fearing the old wisdom of his father and not seeing the stranger wisdom of Maidrie who could understand men so young. "I'll be off before he ties me down with the Spring sowing."

Maidrie, looking into his bright, far-seeking eyes, thought him entirely right. Maidrie at sixteen, long and spindle-legged, shadow-eyed and Quaker comely; Maidrie adopted out of the nowhere and of no importance, liked heroes to be heroic. Barry was both. Barry only had to say: "I'm off to be Grand Cham of Tartary" and she knew he was merely heading for his natural destiny.

So Barry went questing for that something mighty that waits for young men just beyond as far as they could see. And Maidrie did something more than board and keep paid for. She was sharp to learn for all her sit-in-the-corner ways and when it came to using her head she was as cool and shrewd as any hired man.

Old Barry, who had adopted her for the kitchen and the chicken run, made a younger son of her. He taught her things and tricks out of his sixty years wisdom—ways of coaxing the farm to yield richly, ways to show to Barry if it happened he (old Barry) wasn't here when Barry came home again. This was Barry's home and he saw the boy must come to it in the end.

"It's youth, that's all," he'd say from his stuffed chair at night. "He has hot, far-seeking blood. It crops up here and there in Frant breeding. Something that must reach after the moon an' diamonds out of Araby an' fame big as a General Napoleon's. There was one who nearly did it. But those were days o' war an' death. Now—hmm—what think you of Mus Rooker's offer, lass? That strip'll be a neat piece to add to the farm against young Barry's homing."

"Too sour and too wet," Maidrie said. "No ditching will ever get it proper sweet."

"Aye, that's a fear I've back of my head. I'll have to be asking that Tec. School lad who's staying at Hosmers, whether his new fangled ways mightn't have a trick of draining it. Though, maybe, he'll ask a fee."

"It's him I've asked," smiled Maidrie, "and he warned me not to buy without charge."

"So you're knowing you've looks already," chuckled old



Barry, "an' how to use 'em, but perhaps he's biding a day for payment."

"He'll bide long then," said Maidrie, and the look in her face told she could bide too, till Barry came home.

That didn't happen till he'd gone three years all but a sliver. He found the farm as well run as a Government farm and bigger than he seemed to remember. So it was, too. A field bought here, a strip won from gorse to pasturage there, had spread the boundaries.

"You do wonders, Pa," Barry told his father. "The old place looks like a prize drawing."

"It'd been a miracle if I'd done it, me in bed five-twelfths of the year. An' maybe it's still a miracle, at that. It's Maidrie."

"Maidrie, that stay-put-in-a-mouse-hole little thing," Barry laughed.

"Haven't you noticed she has looks either?" his father asked.

"Pretty enough. Dew-butter sort, cool and fresh and smooth, and needing just a trifle of salt," Barry shrugged. "Out in the East, where I've been, the women are like queens; flame in their eyes and a walk like a peacock's. Rich and proud and jewelled they are, like the life that's theirs."

"I'm noticing you haven't brought home so many jewels an' riches an' women," old Barry said drily.

"No, I missed it this time, just by the shake of a tail it was," admitted young Barry. "But the world's large and big things are always waiting."

Old Barry fell silent, his eyes on his hands, trying not to think too much of the glassy look that had come to the skin of them.

"He's failing," Maidrie told young Barry as they rode through the fair of the morning to see where she had turned brush land into corn.

"There are years in him yet," Barry answered lightly. "We're an old-aging stock."

"He's wanting you to stay," she said evenly, fearing he might learn that others wanted it, too.

"**N**OT he," laughed Barry. "He has you, who're worth six and a dozen of me in the way he likes. 'Sides it'd fret him to see me tied down knowing I'm all for bigger things."

"So you'll be off and away again soon, Barry?"

"I haven't found what I'm seeking yet," he told her and his eyes had their long-seeing look. "I've got to go out and on till I do. It's the way of the blood that flows in me."

She thought so, too. He was leaner and stronger than ever, bronzed and fine-edged, like a keen blade that would rust if not swinging free. Her eyes, for all that was behind them, admired him as of old.

"And you do so well, Maidrie," he

told her. "You can carry things on for Pa."

"I'll carry things on," she nodded, "but—it's your farm, Barry."

"Call it ours, Maidrie," he laughed and his hand clapped on her shoulder. "You and I are the best brother and sister that never had a quarrel."

Her spur flicked, so that the horse bounded ahead. It saved her face telling him she was no sister of his and never had felt like one.

BARRY was away two years that time and his father died after the first. His letters told he grieved and he did. Barry for all his wild far-seeking could feel—when he remembered—though often it was too late. When he came back sorrow was far behind and there was another fire to burn it away, too.

He carried wide experience and quick danger in his very look. His shoulders were thicker through and there was more of the eagle in his high fierce glance, but he carried a drag to his left leg, also.

"That's a *dah* slash," he told Maidrie. "Got that in the Shan country up in Burma. Pity it happened just then; I was on the lip of things; the big things; an' so close, Maidrie, that it only needed the reach of a hand. Still we learnt a lot; we'll be ready and wiser next time." His eyes burned. "Next time—there's my great time."

"There's the farm to run, Barry," she reminded him.

"I'm seeing no man could run it better than you, Maidrie," he laughed.

"But it's yours, Barry."

"So it is," he shrugged, "but father's last letter had a word about you having some say in it."

"I've control until you take over and a share thereafter."

"You deserve it all for the work and wisdom you've put into it, my dear," he said, but there was an indifference in his tone. "I'll count it all yours."

"It's the richest holding in the Rape," she protested. "Can you treat it so lightly?"

"One of these days, Maidrie," he told her with a burning zest, "I'll hand you a fistful of rubies that'll buy ten farms like this. Aye, and it won't bother me if you ask for more."

"Rubies," she said slowly, "are still just beyond that questing glance of yours, Barry, while what's here's *real*. Real and rich and growing."

"I do notice you're getting out to the claylands," he said, but only to swing her mind from this solemn talk of duty. "Is that a good ground for farming?"

"There's a reason," she said. "I want to talk over that. Last year a geological society party holidayed here, hunting for fossils. And one of the younger ones told me—"

"Filling the eyes of the men already, Maidrie?" he cut in.

"Men," she shrugged, "they're just men."

"They won't always be," he appraised her. "You're getting looks, Maidrie. There are few living girls to match your coloring and sweetness, an' you're almost the grown woman, too."

"I'm only a year younger than you, Barry, and you're man enough," she breathed, watching his eyes, but there was no answering light to that and she went on soberly. "This young geologist was sure—"

But Barry hadn't the mind to bother about earth grubbers, young or old, or any petty paddock dreams. At the word about woman his mind had soared away off to a woman he knew in the East, an imperial woman, proud and fine. A great lady who might love greatly if he could win her by the glory and the wealth that was the stuff of his dreams.

He heard Maidrie saying . . . "So you see, it's for you to decide, Barry."

"No, you know best and you do the saying," he said, and he pushed aside her talk because of the new fire that had started within him. "I'll be away back East soon, you see. There's a thing to do waiting for me there; and it's big, Maidrie. Tribal lands, large as a kingdom, to master as Brooke mastered Sarawak. Hill country and a fierce people, but I can cow them; I'd have done it last time but for a slip. Riches, too, Maidrie, ruby mines and jade. Treasures and cities that even Chinese caravans never found, and over all the glory of it. I'll be lord and law-giver, fighting men to obey me, nations to treat with me. There's a palace of teak and gold, screens of lacquer and mother o' pearl, and silver bells ring in its wind from the roof beams. I've seen all that already. I've all that in my hands, Maidrie, and once I've taken it as take it I shall, I'll—I'll . . ." Queer how it wasn't easy to talk of that other woman, the crown and prize of it all, with little Maidrie sitting before him. His end was lame. "Why, I'll have found at last all I'm hungering for, you see."

PERHAPS Maidrie felt that other woman standing back of his words, she went so pale and still. But she looked quietly over the wide fields where she had wrought so much and said gently:

"You'll do as your blood bids you, Barry, and may it mean happiness, and happiness or not this will always be here waiting for you."

Barry, although he treated his own so lightly, found that the farm had its uses. These dreams that made a fire of his mind were to cost money.

There was an expedition to fit out, Government permits to pay for, fat presents to provide for Chiefs it would

be better to buy than fight. That called for a lot of cash, and though he looked upon his farm as a mere pease-pottage affair, the farm found it. But it never occurred to him to wonder how so much had been put by for his spending.

So little did he think about it and so ready was Maidrie to meet his needs, that it was the lawyer who had to call "Go slow," in the end.

"THIS new draft you'll be taking so readily," said the old dry-as-dust, "is Miss Lely's apportionment."

"Miss Lely?" Barry asked open-mouthed.

"Miss Maidrie Lely, your father's adopted daughter. Under his will—"

"Oh, Maidrie," grinned Barry. "She's so naturally Maidrie that I've forgotten the Lely. If this money's hers, of course, we don't touch it."

"She's willing enough," frowned the lawyer. "Too willing by my advice, but it's her say so. There will be papers to sign, though."

"Mr. Craill, I said they weren't necessary," Maidrie put in. "Between us, Barry—"

"I'll sign," said Barry, reaching for the papers, "It's only fair."

"Better read what you're signing," the lawyer stopped his pen hand. "They're stiff. I made 'em so purposely. Miss Lely's too womanly."

"Maidrie is Maidrie and I'll sign anything that goes good for her," said Barry and he signed. "It's only what's right by love and work, and she's as good as a sister to me."

"No sister," the lawyer told him dryly, "You can be thankful for that. Sisters aren't so easy."

So Barry was off again to where great dreams banded the far sky with glamour, and he carried good money and much of it with him. Maidrie settled back into the humdrum, filling up the holes Barry had dug in his inheritance.

Barry wrote off-hand when his dreams gave him a free minute, but Maidrie learned what there really was to tell about him from the newspapers. His dreams were materializing at last, and they were big. First there were paragraphs, then half columns and the day came when he blazed through half a page at a time.

Barry had found what he was seeking. Back in the Burma hills he had mastered his little-known tribes and come into a kingdom. He had carried

white power into valleys Governments had not mapped. He was the adventurer-hero; a trail-blazer, a pioneer, the missionary of white law. All those things that had sung through his mind like siren songs had come true. He was a new Brooke of Sarawak; rich, powerful, an uncrowned king of fierce but admiring tribesmen, a name to be added in gold to the scroll of history.

He sent his handful of rubies to Maidrie, great pigeon blood gems, each one worth a little fortune. She never used them, not in the way he expected. She was glad not to. There had been notes in the papers and the portrait of a queenly woman, who was, even Maidrie admitted, of the proud type fit for Barry. Barry never said a word



about her, nor did the papers more than hint at a possible wedding, and for that Maidrie was grateful. Even she would have found it hard to have to write wishing Barry happiness with another woman.

In time Barry died out of the papers, as is the way with many new glories. Even before that his letters had become rare; a kingdom leaves little leisure for writing. Only the farm and its work went on, with Maidrie planning and waiting—but for what now she did not know.

It was easier after the second year. What the young geologist had told her of the claylands was proved, and it was Barry's rubies that made that proof worth while. New work there gave her plenty of planning and scheming and left no time for memories.

In the third year many men were over-willing to marry her, not only for her beauty but for more definite reasons. She had no heart for any of them; just

went on working alone with the blind impulse that arose out of the memory of Barry.

Some took their rejection hard, making sour talk out of it. Others, willing enough, caught this up and spiced it with envy. By now many in the Rape had forgotten Barry as he really was, so it was easy to make ugly thoughts word-true.

Barry did not come home until the sixth year of his leaving, and when he did few knew him in the man they saw, however much they made up tales about him.

A tall, twisted wreck he was, limping sore and drooping so acid-bold and dirty into the settle of The Stephen Langton Inn that the proprietor was half-set to order him out again.

A broken sailor, he seemed, with his ragged, outlandish clothes and the dried-leather fierceness of his face. A sailor who'd got a sinner's share of hurts in dives and dockside villainies. There was a slash on his chinbone, white under a month's scrub and he had a way of hunching his shoulders as though squaring them hurt; his cough told why. And Fudge White, who'd been a warder on the Moor, squinted queer at his hands; he knew the marks that wrist-irons left after long wearing.

A man to draw away from, fierce and rancorous as some men are when great dreams are shattered to disappointment. But he had a charm to him, too, pungent talk of foreign parts, and that was his way of drawing them out to talk about the Rape, the farm and Maidrie.

They told him ready enough and more than the truth. The envious were strong in that bar. It was bitter, too, to remember that Maidrie had been less than they—"adopted" out of nowhere by these Frants whose nest she had stolen, aye feathered with their own money. It was all fresh gall to a Barry already rank with failure. When a man at a window cried: "Here she be. She's been up along town in her fine car on her fine business," he hobbled sharp to the window to see her pass.

HE SAW a big car high-powered and *de luxe*, a smart man driving and Maidrie herself sitting back like a great lady in a gown that even that woman out East who had fooled him could not have paid for. Maidrie in a glory all

got out of his farm, his own property.

He threw his last coin to the bartender and went after her. Even the dust of her passing left him far behind; hunger and sickness were no motive powers for a limp that hurt at every step.

The farm was the same and not the same. There was the touch of big money everywhere. A maid all starch and frills did not want to let him in. The place for beggars was the back door, anyhow. She half-screamed at his fierceness as he pushed by her. The sound of voices told him where Maidrie was. She was talking to the old lawyer who had made the papers he had signed so stiff and cunning.

THE room itself made him more savage. Not even that woman in the East had one so gracious or distinguished. Not even that palace that had been his for half a year had anything of this charm. He laughed harshly as he looked about, tossed the bundled handkerchief that was his wardrobe onto a settee and sank into a deep chair. The lawyer snarled at him:

"You impudent blackguard. What the devil—"

But Maidrie knew him at once.

"Barry!" she cried. "Barry!"

"Aye, Miss Lely; Barry's home," his bitter glance swept round him, "if it is his home."

The lawyer was holding Maidrie back.

"If you are Barry Frant," he said grimly, "you'd better know where you stand from the first. You've no rights here."

"I've been learning the way of that at The Stephen Langton," sneered Barry.

"Beer house spite," rapped the lawyer.

"Circumstantial by the sight of things. And your word. A Frant's no longer right in his own home."

"Your home," fumed the lawyer. "You threw it away and Maidrie alone built it anew as you see."

"Even Maidrie had to have that to build it with," Barry jeered.

"Aye, things you were too wanton to trouble over," said the lawyer. "You wouldn't even read the papers you signed."

"That doesn't matter," Maidrie began.

"Seems it does," said Barry, "for sign them I did and with them all my right to fat lands and the money to enrich them, aye, and secret wealth kept hidden from me under more than my land."

"And that's a cruel lie," said the lawyer. "Those clay pockets were never yours. Maidrie bought them herself."

"She seems to have got the cash from somewhere?"

"From the rubies you sent, Barry," Maidrie told him.

"Even my gifts, it seems, were turned against me," jeered Barry, too rancorous to think fair.

The lawyer flared out: "See here you ne'er-do-well, you'll not hurt Maidrie any more in my presence. Your father knew your wild ways; he put the control of the farm into the hands of a girl he could trust. She could have said 'no' to every penny you snatched for your wild-cat dreams. She didn't, just gave you all you asked. You did worse, you took all that was hers by right, never troubling what wreckage you might be leaving behind. And still she gave. She would have done it without bond had I not shown her that for the sake of the farm and your own inheritance you must sign papers. She was thinking of you all the time, of what she could build up anew for you from the broken pieces you left behind—"

Maidrie would never have let him say all that, but she had gone out of the room. Now she was back with papers in her hand and something almost like anger in her quiet eyes.

"Mr. Craill," she protested, "that was cruel and not necessary." She held out the papers. "You know these, Barry?"

"Lawyers' traps," Barry was seeing his malice but it left him sulky.

"Tell him what they are, Mr. Craill," she said gently.

"They're the papers you signed blind," the lawyer growled. "By them you made away every stick and acre—Maidrie! Are you mad, girl?"

Maidrie had put the papers on the fire.

"This is still your home, Barry," she said, "I told you it would always be here waiting for you, if you'd only remembered."

"MAIDRIE, I did," he said huskily, "only bitterness makes a fool of a man. I did—it's what brought me home . . ."

"You've been your own ruin," the lawyer was fuming at the girl. "He can take all now."

"He's fainting," Maidrie said. "Help me get him to his room; it's ready for him."

Maidrie fought to mend his broken body and spirit through the days that followed. She would not talk, for that meant he would talk and she wanted the peace and contentment of his home to smooth out his bitterness. Nor was he so anxious to break that growing spell. He was content to watch her moving sure and quiet about his bed.

But in time there came that day when the car took them through the fat wide spread of the farm and he saw the order and richness she had put into these lands that were his. On a hill beyond the old boundaries they stopped to look

down at the claylands and their new workings.

"It's kaolin, fine china clay," she told him. "A rare thing and as rich as a little gold mine. That young geologist told me it was there. I was afraid of it getting known before I—we—could buy, but your rubies saved that."

"But not until after I had risked loss by draining you of money that could have bought earlier," he said.

"Your rubies did more than pay for it, there was enough left over after buying to keep the workings in our own hands."

"Not my hands," he objected gently. "They never had the cleverness and capacity of these." With his shaking fingers he touched her small strong hands wonderingly.

"It was my dream for you, Barry."

"And such a dream—how cheap mine seem beside it."

"Yours had their glory, Barry."

A FALSE glory for a moment," he said. "I followed a glitter and found it but a glitter. Mine was but pride's ambition and as empty as pride. A parade of self-interest it was, the prey of self-interest; treachery, greed, falsity, hardness, that was all I found in my glory. Those I had trusted plotted and pulled me down and set me in prison—why not? They were as greedy for the big things as I, and greed is served by greed and pays the wages of greed."

"But you did your big things?" she urged.

"How could I, thinking only of self? To be truly big one must think of others first—as you do, Maidrie."

"I?" she said. "I have done nothing but sit at home in my corner."

"And that, I think, is everything; just to sit where one should and do the best with the things that are to hand, that is to be truly big. See, I went out into the great world to find riches and power, romance and glory, travelled rare lands and risked strange dangers. Over the far spaces I reached, hunting this rainbow end my heart wanted, and back I've come to find it all—*here!* The wide world over I've been seeking only that which you've built on my own doorstep, that I might have built with you had I been less vain."

"But you've come home to it now, Barry."

"Aye, I've come home to it," he said huskily, "and it's more than I'm deserving, but thank women and God who made them, men are never paid as they deserve."

His hand resting on hers shook a little.

"Yes, I've come home to it and to you, Maidrie . . . or am I too late for that?"

"Until you die, Barry," she said softly, "you'll not be too late for that."

Youth Does Read

Youth Reads Ravenously and at Times With Unfortunate Intellectual Casualties

By George N. Schuster, S.M.

MUCH vile literature is flowing from our presses and over our charging counters today. In the January issue of *Columbia*, William Thomas Walsh states that the steady tendency of fiction has been to "minimize the spiritual man and to explore and exploit the outward physical man" and to worship sex as the "only good and holy thing in an evil world." John Crowe Ransom, in the 1936 summer issue of *American Review*, surveys the content of the contemporary novel and forebodes that neither art nor civilization will survive our literature of futility and animalism. The Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office asserts that "among the most terrible evils which in our age are utterly undermining the teachings of Christ, a prominent place belongs to that type of literature which exploits sensuality and lust . . . a deluge of filthy literature which is pouring in a rising flood upon all nations."

Nor do the bilge waters give any promise of abating. Cub novelists of today, who will be the novelists of tomorrow, are being taught that the purpose of fiction is to supply the reader with occasions to realize his lusts vicariously. They are taught that there is one god, a libidinous one, and that Sigmund Freud is his prophet. I have especially in mind the detailed instructions that appeared in the September *Writer's Digest*, a popular monthly that directs the host of writers who are fast becoming, as a Catholic critic admits, the priests and popes of the new religion of naturalism and futility.

Doubtless, the skeptic will look down the length of his amused nose at these lines, and cry in mock-terror, "Wolf! Wolf!" But, the ironic truth is, there is a wolf. And what is more lamentable is the fact that he is preying with remarkable success upon adolescent sheep. What high school teacher has not stumbled upon the surreptitious reader of a novel that was immediately closed and stuffed into a handy brief-case? What trusted adviser has not been told the embarrassed confidences and fears of the worried junior who has read Pearl S. Buck, or the senior who happened on *Farewell to Arms* and wonders how he should say it in confession? And who has not noticed the defeatism of the moderns shading the literary productions in high-school pub-

lications? In *Training the Adolescent*, the noted psychologist, Father McCarthy, S.J., states definitely that adolescents "soil themselves with erotic stories, and dabble with 'scientific' books in the hope that they will supplement their fragmentary knowledge on the subject of sex. These are the facts," he insists, "and they are not isolated."

The Holy Office, aware of these facts, "commands all Ordinaries of places to strive by all means in their power to remedy so great and so urgent an evil." But official proscriptions and exhortations by bishops and pastors do not and will not protect the adolescent.

THE one who can, who is in the ideal position as adviser of students and often their confidant, who is becoming more and more responsible for the personal direction of the adolescent, is the teacher. Parents, of course, have the primary obligation of guidance, but how many can be expected to supervise their children's reading as Father Lord's mother did? And how many confessors find time or opportunity to tell Ambrose that if he simply must read a modern book of the South, let it be *So Red the Rose*, not *Gone With the Wind*? The one person who has the time and occasion, and who is expected to have the necessary background, is his teacher. And in view of this fact, Father McCarthy and other psychologists would delegate to the high-school instructor a large share of the duties of an adolescent counselor. The English instructor, the librarian, the home-room teacher, or the specially-equipped student-counselor, will perform a great part of that duty when he wisely directs the student's reading. For he who selects the menu for the adolescent mind is forming the adult.

There is only one sure-fire procedure for the counselor who would advise this soul-fare intelligently and effectively. It can be inferred from the statement of surveyors of student-reading: as the teacher reads, so reads his student. In reporting a high-school survey in the November *English Journal*, S. S. Center and G. Persons speak the testimony of numerous authorities when they state that the outspoken taste of the teacher invariably becomes the taste of his class. And when the teacher has no taste, the student forms his according

to popular standards—which are no standards. For this reason the secondary school student-adviser has the urgent duty to read, love, and learn to be contagiously enthusiastic about wholesome contemporary books.

Our students are reading ravenously, frequently much more than their teachers; especially are they gluttons of current fiction. And the one effective way to stop them from reading the usually bad modern novel is to supply them with the good one. Simply to order a student to return *American Tragedy* to the library is not directing his reading, nor is it always effective zeal, because: first, Johnny may wonder why his teacher dispatched the book so indignantly, and will investigate to his disedification; secondly, because he may return with devils more wicked than the first. The student can be completely exorcised of Dreiser only when he is given something wholesome in place of Dreiser. That something, to be a complete cathartic, must be modern book, preferably sporting a bright jacket and a cheeky, racy style. Anthony Trollope will not drive out *Anthony Adverse*; nor will Jane Austen, Pearl S. Buck. *White Hawthorn* might, or *Parnassus on Wheels*, or *Blood Relations*, or *Mr. Blue*; perhaps *Cradle of the Storms*, *Not Built With Hands*, *Spring Came on Forever*, a Leacock, or an Irvin S. Cobb.

BUT to know these substitutes, to prescribe the precise books for the individual at the advancing stages of his reading, above all, to "sell" his books, the instructor must have intimate reading acquaintance with them. Nothing else can make him a successful salesman because nothing else can make him a sincere one, that is, one who can speak with earnest affection about situations and characters and the distinctive appeal of the book he is advertising. In his address at the December convention of the Catholic Library Association, Mr. William C. Bruce stressed this personal qualification of the book-adviser who "needs to know books from his own critical reading, and he needs energy to make books used." With Helen Haines, librarian and teacher, he insists that librarians (and presumably all others in the capacity of reading directors) "must read with discrimina-

tion, must know what relationship can be established between good books and the people who should benefit from them."

When the adviser can pull a blue-mottled edition of *Parnassus on Wheels* or any one of a hundred other books from the shelf, and tell Ambrose that it was written by America's popular essayist and columnist whose occupation it is to be funny, that he outdid himself when he wrote this, that there is action in the story and life in the style, that the teacher has read it twice and intends to read passages of it again, that he is eager to get Ambrose's opinion about it when he finishes, that Jim O'Toole wants it next, and that Ambrose will probably remember it for his grand-children, especially the incident in which the little book-seller with the red beard and bald head cleaned up the . . . —when his teacher can do this, Ambrose will lay aside *Big Money*; and if teacher can follow up with *The Haunted Bookshop*, Ambrose may forget entirely John Dos Passos and his sty-fellows.

To those who would object that by endorsing modern work we are selling the birthright of our classical heritage for a mess of lentils, we may make partial answer by several observations: first, are we sure that it is a mess of lentils? Secondly, a good mess of lentils is more nutritious to the adolescent than *Northanger Abbey*, to say nothing of the fact that one cannot pour old wine into new bottles without disaster to either or both. Time will come for Thackeray. Till then, let us spare the child and save *Vanity Fair*. Thirdly, and let us be frank, if these are lentils, that is what most of our high-school graduates are going to eat all their lives. Would it not be wise for us to show them where to purchase the best grade and how to avoid the occasional stones?

We shall be prepared to point the student to this "quality" literature, however, only after we have found and read it ourselves. Book reviews, even the reviews in Catholic magazines, are not dependable guides for adolescent reading, because they review for adults. And occasionally, as librarians aver, they seem to review the dust-jackets rather than the books they cover; and not infrequently, their criticism appears to be only an anxious gesture to show how "broad-minded" Mother Church can be so as not to frighten away her writers, even though they write class "C" fiction and their Catholicism nods and at times snores outright.

Possibly, Mr. Bruce was referring to

reviews of the novels of Kathleen Norris, Maurice Baring and Paul Horgan when he urged that "perfunctory praise . . . be eliminated in favor of honest and constructive appraisal." Perhaps he was alluding to digests that endorsed Hanley's *The Furies* as a Catholic novel, with no reservations, or to others that sponsored Aldous Huxley's latest. One review even calls its readers lily-livered old maids when they hold their squeamish noses before D. H. Lawrence. Readers usually consider these books "strong"; it is said that to read the last-mentioned author is to lose one's dinner unconditionally, and probably one's peace of mind. To give them to adolescents would be starting goose-pimples on their conscience and courting the mill-stone.

Multitudes

By Margery Mansfield

TWO in Eden all alone,
And now these millions pouring by!
"How have we spawned this miracle," I cry,
"How have we spawned this miracle?"
Here hell or heaven looks from every eye,
Or do impassive Edens of no thought,
And I am shattered by it, I am caught,
Flattened against my awe,
Staring at this infinity of soul.
I could beat free if I could cry aloud,
"By numbers are men cheapened, let them go,
I alone am other from the crowd."
I cannot. That is not the thing I saw.
I saw that each is limitless in woe,
Insatiate of bliss,
And center of his world, a universe.
I saw that all my life I shall not know
A milky-way, star-galaxy, like this.

The direction of high-school reading by the adult review is generally misdirection, and it seems indiscreet for the compilers of widely-circulated lists of leisure reading to advise the adolescent to read according to the Catholic adult periodical review which is never intended for him. These compilers would have young teen-agers read *Of Human Bondage* because Brother Leo, in *Columbia*, a magazine for adults, once pronounced the book the greatest novel of the century.

Furthermore, one must read before endorsing even the books recommended for the high-school student in magazines for adolescent consumption. I have in mind such obvious examples of injudicious advice as appear in May Lambertson Becker's column in *Scholastic*, *American High School Weekly*, where "Indexed" authors have been beatified. I refer to Catholic publications that extol Sigrid Undset as the

Catholic novelist and urge the secondary student implicitly if not expressly to read her and come into his delayed Catholic heritage. Sigrid Undset's work is art, occasionally perhaps great art, but it must be remembered that great art is often strong meat and cannot be fed to babes.

It would seem that one must be a trifle skeptical even of book-lists prepared by religious teachers and librarians to insure unquestionably wholesome reading for the Catholic high-school student. One of these lists, a popular one, recommends such books as O'Neill's *Ah Wilderness!* and Philip Gibbs' *The Middle of the Road*.

Frequently, also, adviser and student make the rash inference that, because one book of an author is reviewed with wine and roses, his books may be read indiscriminately. Furthermore, they argue, he is a Catholic. (This last statement is no argument, so it requires none). They forget that we may read Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, but not his *Moll Flanders*; or the *Prisoner of Chillon*, but not *Don Juan*; and that the Catholic who writes *Edmund Campion* can also write *Black Mischief*. But, on the strength of the Catholic hyperboles in the review of *Edmund Campion*, the Catholic high school librarian purchases *Black Mischief* and places it on the shelves for the use of all comers, freshmen and up. This is an isolated instance, but bookshelves and librarians evidence that it is not uncommon for a *Black Mischief* to come into the Catholic library under the white wool of Catholic authorship.

Nevertheless when the junior brings home an O'Neill that makes the mother gasp, the blame is to be laid, in most cases, at the ambitious door of the teacher who is either crassly unread or indiscreet or both, and who wishes to bring his students prematurely to popular maturity. Junior is therefore stuffed incontinently with the strongest of Sinclair Lewis and Shaw, Millay and Galsworthy, Hardy and other authors who seem to live unwillingly; and because the public high school selects *Ah Wilderness!* for its class play, and because Catholic reviews devoutly prophesy over *Days Without End*, the Catholic student is allowed *Strange Interlude*.

Reading casualties will no longer occur and O'Neill will cease to be a temptation only when the adolescent is given healthful books. To read these, to know them intimately, to advocate them with sincerity and enthusiasm, is the duty of the teacher who serves in the capacity of reading adviser.

A Corporative State in Action

A Corporative System Based on Democratic Principles Has Brought Peace, Order and Prosperity to Portugal Under the Leadership of Oliveira Salazar

By Michael Kenny, S.J.

THE democratic Corporative system which in the last decade has brought Christian order, peace and prosperity to Portugal is a remarkable experiment. The unique genius that initiated and happily consummated it has not received the wide publicity it deserves. Even a summary exposition of this peaceful and most beneficent revolution should, in the present temper of questionable revolutionary changes, prove of special interest and profit to our people.

Portugal's Past

PORTUGAL, a country of 35,000 square miles and 6,000,000 people, rivaled Spain in universal dominion and influence in the days of Prince Henry the Mariner and of Camonens. It was through her that St. Francis Xavier apostolized the East; Brazil still recalls her conquests in the West. But her earlier glories were lost in Bourbon misgovernment and the worst vitiations of French Masonic liberalism. Discontent, riots, revolts and national bankruptcy have marked its story for a century.

Grafting political parties succeeded one another in further increase of public robbery and corruption. Having assassinated King Carlos in 1908, a Masonic republican party replaced King Manuel in 1910 and established a constitution under which bishops and religious orders and all religious teaching were barred.

Chaos followed. The next sixteen years provided forty governments, punctuated by plots, assassinations, revolutions, and the Carbonario secret society terrorism.

Portugal joined the allies; but revolts and assassinations continued, while inflation of the currency and a continuously unbalanced budget paralyzed home and foreign trade. In 1925 the army established a dictatorship, the eighteenth since 1910, under General Carmona, who is now the elected president. Finding the country in financial ruin, he selected as Minister of Finance Oliveira Salazar, a professor of economics at Coimbra who had written much and wisely on the subject; but because of Salazar's condition of acceptance, that he should have absolute

veto on all national expenditure, this fell through in 1926. Having sunk deeper within the next two years in the financial and economic quagmire, Carmona accepted Salazar's terms in 1928, and Portugal's seemingly miraculous recovery began.

The post-war period has produced many great Catholic statesmen, Monsignor Seipel and Doctor Dollfuss in Austria, Bruening and several predecessors in Germany, Motta in Switzerland, Robles in Spain, and Oliveira Salazar of Portugal, perhaps the greatest of them all. A poor farmer's son, he entered the Seminary of Viseu, but noting his attraction for sociological studies, the Rector advised him to make this his life work. Transferring to the University of Coimbra, he won the Licentiate in Laws and Doctorate in Economic Science, and in 1916 he was elected to the chair of Economics and Finance.

A series of articles by the young Professor on the financial problems of the nation attracted wide attention. His formation of a Catholic Center Party to fight the Masonic "liberals," and his writings in *A Novidades*, insisting that Catholic principles should dominate morals and economics and politics, struck an olden chord in Portuguese life. In his first year, the new Minister of Finance showed a balance of trade and a surplus instead of deficit, for the first time in a century.

Salazar Begins Work

SALAZAR opened his virtual dictatorship by informing the Council of State that each minister should hold his expenditures within limits set after discussion with the Minister of Finance, who would co-operate with every department in organizing the reduction of taxation and expenditures on uniform principles. He told the representatives of the army and of other public bodies that the main problems—financial, economic, social and political—were so interwoven that to solve one was to solve them all, and that once the finances of the State were set on a solid basis the political and social problems would be in way of solution.

These problems centered on the

equitable distribution of wealth, mainly between capital and labor; but where wealth does not exist, it cannot be distributed. Hence, in order that the worker receive proper return for his labor, production must be organized to increase values, and to this end employers and workers must co-operate harmoniously. They must first concentrate on balancing the budget, the necessary basis for recovery; and therefore the most rigid economy must be imposed on and by the Ministers and officials of the nation, and financial abuses must be eliminated by the strictest penal measures, regardless of person or position.

The New Constitution

THE response to his appeal and planning brought a surplus in 1928 of three hundred million *escudos*, an unprecedented result which astonished the nation and won its confidence. Despite heavy expenditures on new and old roads and general transport, on hydro-electric schemes to provide cheap electric current for factories, on a national credit bank supplying loans on easy terms to farmers and industrialists, and on other enterprises to create wealth and credit, the Minister could report a substantial national surplus yearly, from 1928 to 1936.

Having put the economic question on a sound basis, Salazar turned to the execution of his plan for a democratic government suited to Portuguese character and tradition, that would put the solution of all other problems on a permanent basis. He did not like dictatorship, deeming it a necessary evil for the moment; but he liked still less the partisan factional system which had been ruining the country. In 1931 he had organized the Catholic Center Party to combat the anti-clericals. Determining that the time had now arrived to eliminate factions in the interests of the nation, he withdrew from the Catholic Center and, diverting its activities into the social sphere of Catholic Action, proclaimed all parties illegal as destructive of the national unity essential for the common welfare. For these he substituted the National Union, which, founded in 1930, soon

had its ramifications in every town and parish and became a vast national medium of economic and social organization.

Late in 1931 Salazar held a series of meetings with a group of eminent lawyers, professors and business men whom he had invited to draw up a Constitution for the Portuguese State on the Corporative basis he had outlined. In May, 1932, the official draft was submitted to the army and nation for examination and discussion. This done, the Minister resigned; but General Carmona appointed Salazar president of the new Cabinet while still retaining the Portfolio of Finance. Proceeding to organize the main industrial, commercial, agricultural, educational and social corporations, he submitted the new Constitution in March, 1933, to a National Plebiscite, composed of all men over twenty-one, all family heads, whether men or women, and all women of independent means. No force or influence was used except expository publicity; and it is equally to the credit of Salazar and the Portuguese people that the Constitution was acclaimed by more than a ninety per-cent majority.

Part I of the Constitution, setting forth the fundamental principles on which the New State must rest, defines the *Estado Novo* as, "a unitary and corporative Republic, based on the equality of the citizens before the law, on the free access of all classes to the benefits of civilization, and on the participation of all the constituent elements of the nation in the administration and making of law." The family is emphasized as the basic unit of society, the primary element of the nation; and its rights are defined and guaranteed in strict accordance with Catholic principles.

The President

THE next element of society is the Corporation; and article 14 describes the duty of the State, "to recognize moral and economic corporations, as well as trade unions and similar organizations, and to promote and aid in their formation." Provision was made later for their detailed regulation by municipal law, and for their larger share in the election of local governments and of the Corporative Chamber. Title 8 declares the end of governing power is, "to co-ordinate, stimulate, and direct all social activities so as to obtain a just harmony of interests within the limits of the legitimate subordination of the individual good to the common good."

The head of the State is the President of the Republic, who is elected by national suffrage for seven years. He is empowered to dissolve the chambers and appoint and dismiss the various ministers, who are responsible only to

him; to summon, in emergencies, the Council of State, which consists of the Prime Minister, the presidents of the two Chambers and of the Supreme Court, the attorney general, and five others chosen by the President with the Prime Minister's approval; and, under certain restrictions, to veto legislation and postpone elections.

The National Legislature

THE National Legislature is composed of the National Assembly and the Corporative Chamber. The former, the legislative body of ninety deputies, is elected for four years by direct national vote, limited however, to men of legal age who can read and write, to women holding a certificate of secondary education, and to all heads of families. Dissoluble only by the President and the Council of State with the Prime Minister's approval, it has power to make or repeal laws, to authorize taxation and loans, to ratify treaties and declarations of war, to authorize legislation by the Executive Council in an emergency, and to revise the Constitution every ten years. Legislative proposals must first be examined by the Corporative Chamber before discussion by the National Assembly, and if not signed within fifteen days by the President, they can be passed by a two-thirds vote, whereupon the President is bound to promulgate them as laws.

The Corporative Chamber, of ninety members, is a consultative body of experts in industry and social interests, and is elected by the votes of the various national Corporations, agricultural, industrial, commercial, professional, educational, etc. It is essentially social and non-partisan, its only political function being to examine, in private session, the bills introduced in the National Assembly and return written reports thereon within thirty days. The ministers of the Executive Council and the deputy introducing the bill have the right to speak in the Corporative Chamber, whose sessions are held concurrently. The Executive Council is not responsible to Assembly or Chamber, and does not fall when its proposed legislation is rejected.

The Prime Minister is responsible to the President only and holds office as long as the President chooses. Other ministers are responsible to the Prime Minister alone; but the acts of the President need the counter-signature of the competent ministers for validity, except in emergencies when the National Assembly can authorize the Executive Council to decree legislation, which must afterwards be ratified by the Assembly.

The Corporative Chamber exercises, though indirectly, much legislative influence, inasmuch as it represents directly and proportionately all the in-

terests of the nation, commencing with the heads of families, which elect the local Councils and Parish Committees. These again elect the representatives to district or regional Councils and these in turn elect the Provincial Councils; and thus the Corporative Chamber represents every family and local authority and national corporation.

It would seem to be an ideal second Chamber, correcting and perfecting rather than checking legislation and enforcing the decrees issued by the Minister for Corporations to all Corporative bodies. Based on the principle that the nation forms a political, economic and moral unity whose ends transcend any individual interests, these decrees tend to realize a maximum of socially useful production and thus to create a truly collective life for the strength of the nation and for justice to its citizens, while recognizing in private initiative the most fruitful instrument of progress and national economy.

The Constitution absolutely prohibits strikes and lockouts, and threats thereof, by individuals and corporations, on the ground that since the administration of justice belongs to the state, disputes on employment and wages and related matters must be settled, not by private warfare, but by the constituted public organs of justice and equity. Special courts dealing with labor disputes are provided to eliminate strikes and lockouts; and collective bargaining is assigned exclusively to the legally constituted Corporations.

Statute of National Activity

THE statute of National Activity stresses the right to ownership and disposal of private property as a need of rational nature essential to the preservation and progress of the family. But its exercise must accord with social utility as defined in Article 31: "The establishment of an equilibrium of the population, professions, economic undertakings, and the industries and labor forces of the nation; defense of national economy against parasitic occupations incompatible with the higher exigencies of human life; and the realization of the lowest prices and highest wages compatible with just remuneration of the other factors of production." The succeeding articles eliminate unregulated free competition as equally disastrous to individual interests and to the common good, but insist that "property, capital and labor must fulfill their social functions," and laws must determine the conditions of their employment in accord with their social and collective end.

To insure further the welfare of employees, an improved quality of goods and an equilibrium of production and consumption, capital must furnish requisite reserves and insurances for its

enterprises, while labor is guaranteed a sufficient minimum wage and maximum hours and a weekly day of rest. The worker is deemed and termed an "associate" in every industry. Contracts are free and force is forbidden, but just conditions are set and grievances remedied by local authorities in systematic examination of the facts. Collective contracts by corporations are legally binding on employers and employees in every branch of industry for the furtherance of national economy; but regulations are also provided for the protection of the National Trade Unions of employees, for a National Insurance Institute to guard the legal rights of labor, for social and economic clearing houses in rural districts, and for home ownership by every family in the land.

Nature of Constitution

THUS the *Estado Novo's* Constitution emphasizes: 1) Personal authority and responsibility of President to people and Prime Minister to President; 2) Elimination of political parties and partisan politics; 3) Legislative discussion and expert advice by the Corporative Chamber on the merits of proposed laws instead of party commitments; 4) Checks on the Presidential veto by the Council of State, by a two-thirds Assembly majority, by power of emergency legislation, by the electoral laws, and by a ten-year revision of the Constitution. The whole system is, in effect, an applied résumé of Catholic political philosophy and of the Papal Encyclicals on government. It steers clear of "liberal" individualism on the one hand, and, on the other, of State omnipotence and absolute paternalism and of Communist or Fascist collectivism.

Salazar has made it clear in published interviews, that the Fascist doctrines of Mussolini and Hitler have no place in his Corporative Constitution. "Fascist dictatorship," he insists, "tends toward Caesaro-Paganism, that knows no limits in the juridical or moral order." Mussolini he thinks is a "splendid opportunist," tending now to the right and now to the left, today attacking the Church and dissolving Catholic associations and tomorrow signing the Lateran Treaty. He has done much to purify the moral atmosphere in Italy, because he wishes these things to be so, but he could equally establish them otherwise. But the Portuguese State defines the limits within which its Executive is obliged to work, and it claims no omnipotence.

It is in no sense Totalitarian: "That State which subordinates moral order, law, policy, economic life and all individual or collective activity to its concept of race or nation and is its own first principle and final end, is essentially pagan and incompatible with Chris-

tian civilization. On the contrary, the Portuguese Constitution, approved by the plebiscite, rejects all that proceeds, directly or indirectly, from the totalitarian principle. It establishes the laws of morality and justice as limits of its sovereignty and imposes the obligation of the State to respect the natural rights of individuals, families and local bodies. It assures the inviolable freedom of religious beliefs and practices; it protects the right of parents and guardians to the education of their children; it guarantees the rights of property, capital and employment, in social harmony; and it recognizes the Catholic Church with its organization, and freely leaves to it the care of the spiritual interests of the people. In a word, the Constitution defines and perpetuates Portuguese nationalism and its sane traditions, superadding to the concept of a national and authoritative State whatever other provisions are essential to a modern republic."

Salazar further explains that the systematic employment of violence, the logical outcome of the Fascist doctrine of state omnipotence, is inapplicable to the Portuguese system and customs. He deems his policies but a means of capturing the allegiance of his people to a democratic Christian State and of capacitating them for permanent self-government. The brilliant success he has achieved, materially and morally, has been accomplished without violence or appeals to partisan and sectional interests, but solely by the fairness and openness of his methods and by the new and continuous prosperity, which his disinterested service has rendered to Portugal while the entire world was in the throes of calamitous crises. Bainville's *Les Dictateurs* pronounces Salazar's government: "the most honest, the wisest, and the most balanced in Europe, and the most exacting in the application of principles."

Character of Present Rule

IT ADDS to the wonder of this that Salazar employs none of the demagogue's devices. He seldom leaves his office in the Ministry of Finance and eschews public meetings and social functions, so that the people know his appearance only from photographs in the press. He propagates his principles and purposes only by plain, written exposition, and this without appeal to the emotions. He grants interviews rarely, but replies promptly to all written complaints and petitions.

His habit of seclusion occasioned much resentment at first; but when it became recognized that it was his incessant working for the people's interest and his desire to be under no obligation to social magnates that determined him to hold himself apart, he won by degrees an admiration and loyalty more sincere

and lasting than popular idols can compass. He lives a single life in a modest cottage at Vimeira with his sister, a school teacher, and keeps strictly within his salary of \$225 a month. Truly can Antonio Ferro, his biographer, say of him: "He is alone, heroically so, working for us all. Let him go his own way that he may arrive the sooner. Let us await patiently the fulfilment of his promises. To his supreme authority there is adjoined no violence, save towards himself. Now that we understand him let us each go our way making no noise. Let him work."

Salazar's Personal Character

THEY are so doing. His unselfish and unwearying devotion to their interests, his moral integrity and the assiduous practice of his staunch Catholic Faith, and his cloistered simplicity of life have finally conquered the hearts and loyalties of his people.

The French critic, Jean Le Franc, writes of Salazar:

"He is in the first place intelligent, energetic, courageous and tenacious. Perhaps one must say that before all he is modest, that he does not seek glory, that he even shuns recognition, that he has a clear head and generous heart. I know nothing so honest as his public speeches, so honest spiritually, so loyal towards the people at the same time as towards the spirit. This popular leader analyzes his ideas as he speaks, and appreciates the worth of his adversaries. He achieves in his thought, as so few men of action achieve, the balance of practicality and idealism."

Meanwhile he is making wider conquests. His government has given its best aid to its brother Nationalists of Spain against the assassins of Christian liberty. They in turn have been re-establishing schools and churches and Christian institutions in the wide area they have wrested from their destroyers. They have initiated therein the Salazar system and proclaimed their purpose to extend its essentials to all Spain in a Christian Corporate Republic.

This purpose has been strengthened by the encouraging approval of the social leaders of the Christian world, and the special blessing of the Holy Father Pius XI, whose *Reconstructing the Social Order* presented the essentials of the Corporative State as the ideal basis of social reconstruction, in the same year, 1931, in which Salazar began the building of the Portuguese Republic. The earnest study and practical application of such wise and happily exemplified teachings should prove of immeasurable benefit to all Republics, and especially to our own, which lends itself readily in its Constitution to the substantial adoption and application of the corporative principles.

Gil Robles and the Spanish Republic

By Owen B. McGuire



Gil Robles and his party were the creation of the great Catholic daily, "El Debate." In spite of accusations to the contrary they were staunch Republicans. Robles is by no means a spent force. If Franco wins he will be a powerful and beneficial influence in the new government which will be formed.



IN THE April issue of THE SIGN I had occasion to refer to the policy of Gil Robles and his party and said that the real reason for the hostility to him, both from the extreme Left and the extreme Right, was precisely that he had become a Republican. Thereby he became a "masked Monarchist" to the Lefts, and to the Monarchists a traitor to their cause—the chief, and for some the only obstacle in the way to a restoration of the Monarchy.

Some of my friends do not agree with this; and one of them, who visited Spain before the war began, has told me that Gil Robles was "just a politician." A Catholic should not have formed an alliance with the Radicals (Lerroux's party). In the latest numbers to reach me of the English Catholic press this same idea of Gil Robles is set forth by two Spanish Monarchists, one of whom is on a lecture tour in that country, and the other writing letters to the press.

The question is of importance not only for an understanding of the causes

why the parties of order lost last year's election, but also for forming an estimate of the régime that will result if, as we hope, Franco wins the war. For these reasons, and others, I deem it well to explain the matter more fully.

In doing this, my purpose is not to defend Republicanism as against Monarchism. I have seen enough of Spain, and of other countries, to know that the form of government is not the all-important thing. For a full generation before the World War there was a Catholic government, that is, a government by Catholics, in Belgium; and Belgium, a Monarchy, during that period was the most progressive, prosperous, democratic and best-governed country in Europe. Spain, a Monarchy, during the whole nineteenth century was the worst governed and most boss-ridden. And on the fall of the Monarchy, *El Debate*, the Catholic daily of Madrid, expressed the truth when it said: "It was not the Monarch but the Monarchists (the Monarchist politicians) who brought down the Monarchy."



Acme Photo

GIL ROBLES ADDRESSING AN ASSEMBLY

Gil Robles (as a politician) and his party were in reality a creation of *El Debate*. I think, therefore, the simplest way to explain them is to explain what was the policy of this paper which had become the best and greatest Catholic daily ever published in any language.

El Debate was founded twenty-seven years ago by Angel Herrero, who remained its editor-in-chief for twenty-four years. There were as many dailies published in Madrid as there were in London. Some professed to be Catholic; but every one of them was the organ of some political party and the parties were numerous. *El Debate* was independent of all parties, and at times a severe critic of all. The only political "leader" that escaped its censure was Antonio Maura.

El Debate advocated land reform that would lead to peasant proprietorship, a reform of the electoral law by a system of proportional representation, the development of drainage for the marshes and of irrigation for the dry regions. It condemned nepotism and favoritism, of

which there was plenty of both among the politicians, and absentee landlordism. It stood for the rights and liberty of the Church and of education. Naturally it did not advocate revolution, but it was a severe critic even of the Dictator, so far as the censor allowed.

And it is worth noting that all this was the work of laymen. Since I have known *El Debate* there has been only one priest on its staff—Manuel Grana. Gil Robles was a contributor to the paper. He was never its editor as has been erroneously stated on several occasions in dispatches to the daily press.

BUT to come to the period and policy that explain Gil Robles and his party. When the Republic came in April, 1931, *El Debate* immediately advised obedience to the government as the only thing that stood between the country and chaos. It then began a series of editorials in which it advised its Catholic readers not to follow the sterile policy of the French Monarchists who had refused to accept the Republic until Leo XIII intervened in the interests of religion. It pointed also to the example of Portugal, where they had made a like mistake at the beginning but had corrected it sooner than the French. It continued this policy even after the burning of convents and churches in May of the same year. Clearly, then, *El Debate* was from the very beginning Republican. It accepted the reality.

An argument of the Monarchists, and it is repeated by the two Spaniards mentioned above, was that the Republic came by a *coup d'état*, that it was illegal in its origin. The argument appears plausible, and there is some truth in it, for the elections of April were not general but municipal, and not even for all municipalities but only for the fifty provincial capitals. (The Monarchists had a majority in only five out of the fifty, and one of these five was in the Canary Islands, another in the Balearic).

It was clear, however, to any impartial observer that the masses of the people were heartily glad of the change. Furthermore, it had come peacefully, without bloodshed. The truth is that the Bourbon dynasty had never been really popular in Spain; and that for good reasons. Since the first Bourbon ascended the Spanish throne the country had never been governed in accordance with the psychology of the people and their native political traditions, which were very different from those of the French Monarchy. They submitted to the régime and a large number of the intelligentsia, both before and since the French Revolution, became Gallicized (*Francesados*, they were called); but the masses of the people were never content with the French ideals of cen-

tralization, which meant the destruction of their secular local liberties.

A knowledge of all this is very important for an understanding both of the past and of the present; but it would require too much space to explain it adequately. Besides, what Doctor Marañón said a few weeks before the elections of April was perfectly true: "The majority of Spaniards will be Monarchists while there is a Monarchy; come a Republic and the vast majority will be Republicans." So it turned out, and *El Debate* accepted the reality.

But if the Republic was not legally established by the elections of April, it was certainly both legally established and overwhelmingly confirmed in the elections of the following June. The poll was the heaviest ever recorded in Spain. (Woman suffrage had not yet come). The Republicans, including the Socialists, returned over 400 Deputies in a total of 473. Of the others a few were Independents, others Agrarians. The Catalan League and the Basque-Navarre Alliance were indifferent to the form of régime. What these two parties wanted was the restoration of their local autonomy. There was really only one Deputy, Count de Romanones, returned as a professed and declared Monarchist.

One of the Spaniards referred to above writes to the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool that Gil Robles did not enter the elections of 1933 as a Republican. Therefore, he concludes, he betrayed the cause when he committed his party to Republicanism after parliament assembled.

THAT is mere sophistry. I have said that the policy of *El Debate* explains Gil Robles. We shall see immediately how he explained himself. At the moment let us see how *El Debate* stood in 1931.

When I went up to Madrid after the Revolution I dropped a note to the office of *El Debate* asking for an interview. On the next day I had one of the editors in my room, and we discussed the situation for three hours. Among other things I asked him: "Is there really any hope or possibility of a return of the Monarchy?" He answered promptly and emphatically: "*Absolutely none!*" In speaking of the Dictator, he said: "To those of us who would see things from the inside it was perfectly clear already in 1926 that the Monarchy was doomed and that its fall was only a question of time." He told me also that a month before the fall of the Monarchy the circulation of *El Debate* in the city of Madrid was 4,000 daily. In the three months thereafter the circulation (for the city alone) had risen to 30,000.

What does that prove? Or does it prove anything? It proves several

things. It shows that *El Debate* and those associated with its policy, Gil Robles among them, had no illusions about a restoration. It shows that in the interests of those things which are above party and régime, for which the paper existed at all, they considered it their duty to accept the Republic and to make it a Republic in which all could live in peace, and in which Catholics could, by a progressive, social, political and religious education of the people, maintain their rights and liberties in a peaceful and democratic manner. And it shows also, by the more than sevenfold increase of circulation in the capital within three months, that this policy was approved by a large and increasing body of Catholics.

AND this support went on increasing. When I went to Madrid in the Summer of 1932, one of the editors assured me that the circulation of the paper had reached 200,000, for the whole country. When the Civil War broke out it had a daily circulation of nearly 250,000, and its Sunday editions 410,000—an enormous circulation in such a country as Spain.

El Debate also recognized something to which the Monarchists seemed to be blind: that Spain could no longer be treated or governed as if the country were entirely Catholic. The de-Christianization of Spain had begun before the French Revolution. At first it came through the propaganda of the intelligentsia. But with the advent of Socialism, frankly anti-Christian in all its forms, the anti-Christian spirit spread rapidly among the working classes.

The anti-Christian doctrinaires of this passing generation, such as Azaña, were not slow to recognize this and to see the opportunity it afforded them. Hence their contempt for the "Liberalism" of the Nineteenth Century and of what was called "the generation of '98." In one of his books Azaña tells frankly that he despaired of accomplishing anything through the philosophy of such men and that he decided to depend on the "churls"—not that he or his associates had any sympathy with the toiling masses or any comprehension of their social and economic needs or the remedies for them.

Of such things these men knew nothing. They were simply doctrinaires and "fine writers," bent on one thing which had become their obsession—to destroy Christianity in Spain, root and branch. Some of these men became Socialists and leaders in Socialism. As I said in the April article, Caballero is the only Socialist leader of any importance who rose from the ranks of labor or who ever did a day's work. Besteiro was professor of logic in the University of Madrid, de los Rios professor of civil

law, Jimenez de Asua professor of penal law, and so of the others, all leaders of "the workers." This explains why they wasted two years while in power in debating questions of philosophy and "ideologies" and in forging a Constitution for a country that "had ceased to be Catholic" instead of legislating for the problems that were crying for solution.

El Debate and those associated with it had learned a lesson from the elections of June, 1931. They had seen the success achieved by unity, organization and propaganda, and they went to work immediately. Under the leadership of Gil Robles, they formed an organization called *National Action* for propaganda. It held its first meetings on an upper floor of the *El Debate* Building. It gathered into its ranks some of the most talented and enthusiastic young men of the country.

Within a year this group had organized mass meetings and opened club-houses in every important town and city in Spain. Before the Revolution of April three members of the staff of *El Debate* had come to this country to study the technique of American journalism. When they returned to Madrid they founded a School of Journalism in the rooms of *El Debate* and published a text-book on the subject. From this school enthusiastic young men went out into the provinces and founded new journals or took over old ones to advocate the policies of *El Debate*.

In the meantime *El Debate* was not merely increasing in circulation. It improved in quality to such an extent that it amazed journalists of the old school both of the Right and Left. Among its contributors were some of the best writers in Spain. It had its own independent news service. It obtained the exclusive right in Spain to the foreign news service of the *London Times*. It sent a writer who had already made a name in literature or journalism to the chief capitals of Europe to send daily an interpretation of the news that came through the ordinary channels of information. Every language of the Great Nations was known in its editorial rooms. When I was shown through the building in the Fall of 1932 there were on the tables and shelves piles of all the leading journals of Europe and America, North, Central and South.

AS I have intimated, its worst enemies were amazed at the paper's success. A manifestation of this occurred in parliament in the Autumn of 1932. Lerroux had been criticizing the policy of the government and referred to the great but ignored body of opinion that had formed behind himself. Thereupon Prieto, one of the Socialist Ministers, read from an editorial of *El Debate* supporting the policy of Lerroux—meaning

that the veteran Radical had now become a hero with the Catholics, something disgraceful for an "authentic Republican."

Before reading the pertinent passage, Prieto said: "I confess that this paper is an honor to Spanish journalism. I read it every day for my own information, and with profit." Prieto should know, for he had been for twenty years editor of *El Liberal* and was now its millionaire proprietor. This latter daily was published in Bilbao, the largest city of the Basque provinces. It had the largest circulation in the north of Spain, was thoroughly anti-clerical and was published, of course, in Castilian; which, by the way, is one of the many facts which show that the Basques are neither all Catholics nor all use the Basque language. In the last elections the Reds polled 33% of the votes cast in the three provinces.

IN THE summer of 1933 the success of *El Debate's* policy was established. The elections were approaching and the problem now was to unite all the anti-Revolutionary forces in a common front for electoral purposes so as not to split the Catholic and Conservative vote.

In founding his new party, Gil Robles had separated from the Agrarian group (with whom he had sat and acted in parliament) because he considered their policy not sufficiently radical, especially on the question of land reform. But the separation had occurred amicably, and the Agrarians willingly joined the common front. The difficulty was with the Monarchists, who would neither accept the Republic nor acknowledge it as the *de facto* government.

Gil Robles called a convention of all the conservative leaders. I was in Madrid at the time and followed the debate as published in the daily press. It took three days to persuade the Monarchists to agree on any formula with those who had accepted the Republic. Finally it was agreed that each party (there were two Monarchist parties) should retain its own distinct ideology and its own separate organization, but that for the elections all should unite under the name of *Spanish Confederation of Autonomous Rights*. In Spanish the initials of these four words are CEDA. Hence the bloc became known as the Ceda. After the elections by a popular whim the name was applied to the Robles party exclusively. But the official name of the party was *Popular Agrarian Party*.

Gil Robles returned from the elections, with 114 Deputies, Lerroux with 109. It was perfectly clear that the Republic was again approved by the electorate and that what success the Monarchists had obtained was due (except in a few localities) to their alliance

with Robles and the Agrarians. When parliament assembled it was under the Radical government that had presided at the elections. It was now perfectly clear that no new government was possible that did not include the Radicals. For this I have given the reasons in the April number of *THE SIGN*. There were only two alternatives possible: a Cabinet presided over by Gil Robles and supported by the Radicals, or a Cabinet presided over by Lerroux and supported by the Ceda.

From what has been said above it should be clear that *El Debate* and Gil Robles were Republican from the beginning; not, it may be true, as a matter of choice between Republic and Monarchy; for no such choice was possible after the Republic had become an established fact. They were realists; and the Monarchists were doctrinaires putting their "ideology," as they called it, above those four things which were more important than the form of régime, and which were now adopted by the Cedists as their motto: "Religion, country, family, property." Hence Gil Robles' declaration when parliament assembled that his party was Republican was merely a public expression of what had been a well known fact.

When the new Cabinet, exclusively Radical, took office Gil Robles explained his policy and program and repeated them frequently thereafter. They have been published at least twice in the *New York Times*. He said the time had not yet come for the Rights to take part in the government "in all that their consciences permitted." They could wait, he said, and on the way to power they would act strictly within the law and Constitution. Then he declared his program, so often repeated thereafter by himself and by *El Debate*: "First, support the government; second, co-operate in the government; lastly (which of course could be only after another election) form a government ourselves."

LERROUX not only did not object to this but later, in a speech before his own party leaders declared that the Radical party's function was now to act as a balancing power between Left and Right and that when normalcy was established with a strong party on the Right and another on the Left, both capable of governing, the *raison d'être* of his party would have ceased; he would be glad to see it "liquidated," his followers going to whichever side they preferred.

From the assembling of parliament up to October, 1934, the Ceda carried out the first item of its program, to support the government, which was exclusively Radical. This could not last indefinitely. There were too many difficulties in the way of harmonious col-

laboration between a Cabinet which, of course, formulated its measures in secret council and a party that did not know what these measures were until they were presented in public session. Hence, in October, 1934, Lerroux reconstructed his Cabinet, bringing in three Ministers from the Ceda.

This was made a pretext by the Lefts for launching the rebellion in Asturias and Catalonia. Earlier in the Autumn, when in a party caucus Lerroux refused to give a pledge that he would not take in the Cedists, Martinez Barrio seceded from the party followed by twenty-one of the 109 Deputies. Barrio was, as he is still, Grand Master of Spanish Masonry. Lerroux was a Mason, but resented the dictation of the French Grand Orient in Spanish politics. The argument of the Monarchists, then and now, that in collaborating with the Radicals the Cedists were supporting Masonry is utterly senseless, and I can't see how it can be sincere. But I am dealing now with the Monarchist line of action in that parliament. History will hold them responsible, and they must bear their share in the responsibility for the chaos that has ensued.

From the first day that the government began to function the Monarchists obstructed and thwarted it, and in parliament and in their press attacked the Ceda as violently as did the So-

cialists. This was particularly true after the Ceda Ministers took office. Gil Robles appointed as Minister of Agriculture a young man named Jimenez Fernandez who had been known as an ardent Republican and advocate of peasant proprietorship. He brought in a bill to be applied first only to the provinces of Estremadura (where agitation was worst) but as a project for all Spain. The government would advance the money to compensate the proprietors; the tenant would pay it back in Annuities over a period of 33 years. After that the land would belong to those who lived on it and tilled it.

IN IRELAND fifty years ago, or in England today, this would be denounced as confiscation and robbery. It was indeed radical, but radical measures were necessary, said the Minister. "I hope," he said, "to have the co-operation of the landowners; but if that is not forthcoming we shall have a law to compel them."

That, of course, enraged the Monarchist leaders, some of whom were landowners and absentees. But it was only one of the many cases in which they thwarted the Ceda. The Ceda and the Radicals were the only forces that could save them from what has now happened, but the Monarchists refused to see that. They were secure for the

moment; and, as Gil Robles complained bitterly after last year's elections, instead of co-operating to make security permanent, "they raised rents, lowered wages and acted as *commodores*"—people who seek only their own ease.

It is not these people who will determine the future government of Spain. The Gil Robles party is not, as a writer in the London *Tablet* claims, "a spent force." Up to the day of the army revolt it represented the largest body of Catholics in Spain. Gil Robles as Minister of War had made General Franco chief-of-staff. They were close personal friends and in perfect agreement as to the future government of Spain.

There is no possibility of a Restoration (of the Monarchy), except by a dictatorship of the army; and the present army leaders will not consent to that. Neither will there be a "Fascist" régime. There was no Fascist party in Spain; and, as *El Debate* said repeatedly during the Dictatorship and after, "a Fascist régime in Spain, when we consider the native character of our people and their political traditions, must be pronounced an impossibility." I believe that if Russia and France are prevented from defeating Franco, and they are both attempting it at the present moment, Spain will develop a system of native democracy that may serve as a model for other nations.

Catholics For Journalism

By Josephine MacDonald

SECULAR journalism provides an excellent and much neglected field for young Catholic men and women. They could accomplish much good in helping to mold public opinion

THAT Catholic graduates of college who remain "in the world," seem inevitably to choose only the medical, legal, or teaching professions when they do not go into industrial jobs, is a frequent lament of Catholic leaders, who feel that Catholic scholarship should now be making itself more decidedly felt than it is in several other occupational fields. An even more frequent lament has to do with the sad state of the secular press, with its distorted values, its witting and unwitting bias against the Church, and its woefully faithful mirroring of the materialistic philosophy in which its personnel was educated.

Now, if these two lamentations were put together, would they not produce the one practical suggestion that young Catholic college men and women be

definitely encouraged to consider secular journalism as a desirable profession?

Let us begin by admitting that journalism is not a profession that can be recommended for its financial lucrativeness. Considering the demands it makes upon its workers, it pays badly; yet people of what might be called the "journalistic temperament" find in it compensating interests which hold them to the work as strongly as fat pay envelopes could, and keep them, on the whole, as happy a group of workers as any. It butters one's bread—and that, at least, makes it a more feasible profession for most Catholic graduates of college than the fields of scientific research, novel writing, and other wholly noble endeavors often suggested, which are, unfortunately, unremunerative during long training years. There is, more-

over, not only the opportunity for advancement to positions of real consequence, but the absolute necessity for advancement if the Catholics who enter the journalistic field are determined to make their influence felt.

For the really important point to be made is not at all that secular journalism can provide some jobs for Catholic scholars, but rather that Catholic scholars can find in secular journalism one of the most fruitful fields for Catholic Action that is available in today's chaotic world. Men and women whose Catholic training in logic, philosophy, and moral responsibility have given them a fairly accurate sense of values are urgently needed in innumerable places, but they are desperately needed in secular journalism—in the newspapers and magazines which, for good or ill, little by little, mold the public mind into the form which the owners, the publishers, the editors, feature writers, correspondents, and even the cub reporters, combine to design.

Almost any day's set-up can be

chosen at random to typify the absurd distortion of values—religious, human, social, political, and economic—with which news is presented by most news periodicals. The few whose set-ups display such respect for relative values as a public mentality, perverted by their lurid competitors, will support, constitute a pitiful minority.

Take the day, for instance, that the rumor (not the fact, but the preliminary rumor) came from England that Mrs. "Wally" Simpson would seek divorce. On that same day news came from Spain that five hundred priests and nuns had been tortured and murdered by Communists in Spain, and that the Bishop of Barcelona had been first sold on the slave block and afterward murdered by his purchasers.

In the majority of American newspapers, the rumor of Mrs. Simpson's divorce intentions got streamer headlines and at least four news columns, the slaughter of the priests and nuns got three or four inches on an inside page, and the slave auction, torture, and death of the Bishop of Barcelona became a one-inch item on the first page.

BUT Mrs. Simpson will go down in history," explained a publisher regarding this disproportion. That the militant atheism of one of the greatest political powers ever known has historical significance beyond anything this age has seen or will live to see, apparently escaped his notice. (One cannot help wondering, incidentally, whether even Mrs. Simpson's divorce would have displaced from full, screaming headlines news of the torture and murder of only two or three Protestant ministers in Ireland during religious riotings of a Catholic party.)

Murder invariably gets headlines in the newspapers, and as colorful a write-up as the star reporter of the staff can turn out, while the passage or defeat of important humane legislation, left entirely unprobed for its potential human interest, gets sub-headlines in fewer issues and the colorless phraseology of a cub. The reports of a medical congress, recording significant advances in medical science are pushed to an inside page to give front page room to a local suicide, a politician's fist fight, or somebody's accusation that there is graft in the purchase of paper towels for the city schools. Religion is considered important enough to mention when a choir singer or Sunday School teacher commits a crime, but when an armed atheistic political clique murders and pillages a nation for its Faith, religion becomes so unimportant that a somnolent public which "only knows what it reads in the papers" is blissfully unaware that there is religious murder going on next door to us and across the sea.

True Vision

By Mary J. O'Brien

I TOOK the Torch of Life and held it high,
And by its fierce and fitful glare beheld
All things distorted from reality;
The little joys God lends us strangely swelled
To suns immense that shut out Heaven's light;
The griefs—vast clouds that plunged our souls in night.

I took the Lamp of Death—its steady flame
Burned pure and chill; laughter and heartache sore,
Beneath that searchlight from the grave became
Their proper selves—small pebbles, nothing more,
Scattered along the busy, thronged highway,
Where pilgrims journeyed to Eternity.

But newspapers are not alone in the journalistic world in furnishing examples of perversion of values and truth, of ballyhoo and propaganda, and of human bias grossly exaggerating one item and hiding another. Magazines, from the slick sophisticates, down through the sweet-and-lovely home and women's magazines, to the five cent weeklies and pulps exhibit also an inversion of moral, ethical, and plain common sense values that is sometimes comic, more often tragic.

A slick monthly which exhibits a standard of intellectual interest comparable to that of boys who write dirty words on outhouse walls, manages to convey to wealthy, sexually adolescent subscribers the impression that, because they pay fifty cents instead of the old-time nickel for filthy drivel, they are sophisticates. Another type of expensive magazine caters to the upper lunatic fringe commonly known as the Intellectuals. They print serious articles about Father Coughlin's being the spearhead of a Catholic drive to capture the country, and quote (still seriously) a famous woman writer's statement that she "would like to see couples who want a child required to apply to a Court of Unborn Children for permission. There they would have to prove how much they want the child before they would be allowed to proceed."

Meanwhile, through the editorial and non-fiction pages of Home and Women's magazines, sweet and conscientious women are made to believe that they become sweeter and more conscientious by credulously accepting each "advance in scientific thought," whether it be in the cause of sterilization, contraception, or the play-education theories of fanciful doctors of education who plan to produce a race of irresponsible softies.

The supposed purpose of these Home magazines is still further defeated by their fiction. Glorious young things are eternally flinging conscience to the winds and living their lives, while only stuffy old fools attempt to prevent them.

And all the examples that could be mentioned would, to the Catholic mind, point to one thing: the need for more real Catholicism in secular journalism, where it could reach out and touch not only Catholic thought but all thought. As surely as Christ said, "Go, teach all nations," there is the responsibility upon Catholic people to spread Catholic thought. We cannot live in an insulated world, and should not even if we could. We have something to give the rest of the world: a philosophy, a sense of values, and a saving Faith. It is our duty to give it through every possible avenue, and one of the most effective avenues is the secular press.

Even one good Catholic reporter on a newspaper staff is able to do an unsuspected amount of good for both Catholicism and the public intelligence. A Catholic feature writer can do more, an editor still more. Catholic foreign correspondents are badly needed. Staff writers on secular magazines, mentally disciplined to Catholic philosophy, can help to bring order out of popular intellectual chaos. And an active Catholic publisher, whether of a daily secular newspaper or of a popular magazine—a real Catholic and a real, businesslike publisher—could begin to leaven a nation's thought.

What a multiplication of these writers could accomplish in the field of modern secular journalism can only be glimpsed. But with individuals strong enough, and numbers great enough, it is not inconceivable that they could work something like a miracle within a generation.

A Tale of Two Cities

The Spirit of Eternal Youth Still Abides in the Church

By Stanley B. James

BEFORE my mind's eye there rises the picture of an ancient city perched on the scarp of a rocky eminence. Its white-washed buildings glitter in the light of a fierce sun, as they have done for a thousand summers and more, till they have become baked and blistered in the heat. The narrow streets, twisting snake-like in all directions, remind us, when seen from above, of the wrinkles on the faces of the aged. And well they might, for this city is indeed old.

Against its bastioned walls conquerors flung their forces before the Roman Empire was thought of. It was scarred with war when Alexander was yet an untried boy. Through those frowning gates have poured a medley of races, many of which have long since vanished. Roving Arabian tribesmen, Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians have swarmed here. They have disappeared, but the city and the strange race to which it belongs have remained, loved and hated as no other city and people have been loved and hated. History? The place is crusted with it. There are dark stains on those walls, if the eye could see them, which recall oriental crimes, the mention of which would send a shudder through you. Lust has walked flower-garlanded in those turreted palaces, twanging love ditties on the viol. And here, too, have walked the lonely prophets of righteousness, guardians of a mystic secret, preachers of a national destiny which anticipated the advent of God Himself as the Incarnate Leader of His people.

But it is about the domed temple, lifting its impressive proportions above the narrow streets, that tradition gathers thickest. For untold generations the inhabitants have been accustomed to the acrid smell of the sacrificial smoke which the wind drifts over the city. It is part of their lives as it was of their fathers'. The tradition is embodied in a small army of temple officials who jealously maintain its minutest detail. Supporting them are numerous ecclesiastical lawyers, greybeards as withered as their parchments and as wrinkled as their city. The human sap has long since dried up in them. They are as hard, to all appearance, as the rock on which the temple is built. The system for which they stand has petrified them and those whose lives they regulate.

Jerusalem has become a museum of antiquities, the rigid conservator of a tradition. It lives by rote, mechanically and yet with a fanatical zeal, observing the ordered course of the Law. Inspiration has ceased. Woe betide whomsoever should dare to challenge the supremacy of this sacerdotal and legal caste! Only recently One had done so, but He had been quickly silenced and handed over to the Roman executioners.

But an amazing thing, history tells us, happened in this City of the Dead. For many days rumor had been busy asserting that the executed Man had been seen alive. Official censorship forbade the matter to be talked of openly but in darkened rooms and under archways it was whispered confidently. The greater part of Jerusalem, however, treated it as idle gossip, a tale begotten of superstition or a story fraudulently invented by the Dead Man's followers to cover their defeat.

And then, like a cooling breeze on a sultry summer day, a movement among those same followers became perceptible. Defying the authorities, they were openly asserting that in their Master ancient messianic prophecies had been fulfilled and that the Truth had been sealed by His Resurrection whereof they claimed to be eye-witnesses. This, they said, was the Deliverer for Whom the centuries had looked. Thousands swarmed towards and filled the open space in the temple area reserved for public gatherings, where the little knot of disciples had taken their stand. A mysterious power, silencing criticism, accompanied their words. Jerusalem was moved in its depths. To many it seemed as though a great burden had been lifted from their hearts. Religion had become a living thing. Those "dead" traditions which had seemed so unintelligible and wearisome glowed with divine meaning. Verily God was in their midst.

THE infection spread from the inspired speakers, and those who listened experienced a kind of spiritual intoxication. "We have seen the birth of a new Israel," said some. They became aware that, bursting through the crust of tradition, the Spirit of Eternal Youth had flowered afresh in the ancient city. They breathed an atmosphere

pregnant with faith, charity and hope. Old as well as young, maidens as well as men, fulfilling the words of Joel, prophesied. A New Jerusalem had, as it were, descended from Heaven, mantling the gray, lichened walls and streets of the old city with a holy splendor.

God had vindicated His crucified Son, manifesting His Presence not in any outstanding personality, speaking, not through some individual prophet, but in and through a society, a holy family sharing all things in common, a Church—the new Israel created and infallibly directed by the indwelling Holy Spirit, Who glorified Jesus and brought to mind all that He had said and done.

TIME and place change and we find ourselves amid the ruins of a great pagan empire. Even in the days of its splendid youth there had been a note of sadness running through Roman civilization. The varied gods and goddesses honored by temples, the ruins of which astonish us by their grandeur, could bring no real solace to a people whose mightiest conquests could not save them from the inevitable grave. The memorials to their dead are wistful farewells void of hope. Virgil, their greatest poet, though he lived at the zenith of imperial greatness, writes in a mood of autumnal sadness.

But autumn is not only dank and chill; nature, at that season, has a fallacious gaiety. Hectic colors defy the approach of winter. So it was in Rome. As it became evident that the strength which had supported the Empire was exhausted there ensued a period of irresponsible chaos and licentious pleasure. The name of Nero flames across the centuries as a symbol of feverish lust and cruelty. That sad Stoic, Marcus Aurelius, could only brace himself with an effort of heroic resignation which was without a trace of gladness. It was clear that Rome was dying. When the barbarians swarmed across the frontiers, there was no heart left to sound a clarion blast, nor was there any strength left to meet the challenge. The twilight of a long day of pagan joy fell upon the world. To every thoughtful observer it seemed as though the end of all things had come. If Rome fell, there was no power left, they deemed, to insure the continuance of civilized life.

Meanwhile, however, the little group which we saw filled with the Holy Ghost had grown into a great multitude. Its headquarters had been transferred from Jerusalem to the city on the Tiber. The reality of the faith which animated its members had been tested by fiery and bloody ordeals. In the slaughter-house of the Colosseum, with the smoking entrails of their companions before their eyes, they raised their *Te Deum Laudamus*. Here was the same spectacle that had been seen at Pentecost—life triumphing over decay, joy dispersing gloom, youth defying the shadows of national death. In virtue of the mysterious power displayed by the martyrs, Rome was reborn, its foundations established on a Rock which the tides of history would be impotent to destroy. What was to be known as Christendom came into existence. A new type of civilization, blending supernatural with natural elements, emerged. The world became young again.

IN COURSE of time the Divine Society itself was encrusted in tradition. A vast system of law grew up. Religious orders arose which accumulated great wealth. It seemed as though the Church might succumb to the material success it had achieved. Generations were born which had never had to fight for the Faith and to whom the mysteries were part of their daily life, like the rising and setting of the sun. The sacraments were administered in a perfunctory manner. It seemed as though the soul had gone out of Christendom and that the Church would share the fate of that Judaism which it had replaced.

But when things were at their worst the fountains of spiritual life were tapped afresh by St. Dominic and St. Francis. The note of spontaneous joy returned, revealing itself in the popular discourses of traveling friars and in all the youthful zest and rich pageantry of medieval life. It was a miracle and a miracle which could be repeated whenever the need of rejuvenation made itself felt.

Then came the Reformation and at last, it seemed, the Church's day was over. She had been destroyed, it was commonly said, by her own corruptions. The fate of all human systems had been hers; growth would be succeeded by decay. But once more it became evident that there dwelt in her a Source of perennial life. After the toil of sixteen centuries she could still renew her youth, producing saints comparable to those of old and working still, in an age of unbelief, authentic miracles. And now this Church, nineteen hundred years old and therefore, one might think, entitled to rest, finds herself called upon to re-spiritualize the world, to impart faith, charity and hope to a dying civil-

ization, to create an atmosphere of youthful zest in the midst of an outworn, modern paganism. The situation deserves attention. Let us look at it!

We are not without analogies on a lower plane and in more restricted areas that will help us to understand the nature of her task. We have seen ancient races reborn. Peoples who appeared doomed to accept the fate of the defeated have reasserted themselves with astonishing vigor under the leadership of national dictators. Inspired by an enthusiastic patriotism, their young men have submitted cheerfully to a rigorous discipline. Battalions of hardy youth march through beflagged streets singing their war-songs, while civilians, heavily taxed to pay for this militancy, look on and cheer. The older and more staid among the nations do not know what to make of these racial resurrections.

But this is a very different thing from the phenomenon we are called to contemplate. The task of the dictators is child's play compared with that which confronts the Church in which abides the Holy Ghost. It is not a single race with its native traditions but mankind which has to be reanimated. The weapons of physical force are denied those who bear the Banner of the Cross. The courageous minorities which have established these dictatorships have employed for their purposes all the resources of modern militarism. But, for us, the Spirit must suffice. We cannot seize the reins of government by violence or the threat of violence. We cannot feed patriotic ardor by spectacular imperial adventures. The silent ministry of saintly lives and holy sacraments are our weapons.

AT ONE time the Church was charged with externalism. "After the pope's catholic religion," wrote Foxe, author of the *Booke of Martyrs*, "a true christian man is thus defined; first to be baptized in the Latin tongue (where the godfathers profess they cannot tell what); then confirmed by the bishop; the mother of the child to be purified; after he be grown in years, then to come to the church; to keep his fasting days; to fast in Lent; to come under *Benedicite* (that is, to be confessed of the priest); to do his penance; at Easter to take his rites; to hear mass and divine service; to set up candles before the images; to creep to the cross; to take holy bread and holy water; to go in procession; to carry his palms and candle."

And so he goes on, reciting the various observances associated with the Church, but saying nothing of faith, hope and charity and making no reference to that interior life which is the soul of Catholicism. It was, in fact, the contention of the Reformers that the

Catholic system did not demand spirituality but only outward compliance. Protestantism was supposed to represent a more spiritual version of Christianity. Its protest was against formalism in worship and the substitution of "magical" rites for the love of God and man. What has happened to this "spiritual" protest? Waldo Frank in *Our America* tells us that the vast material resources of the New World swallowed up the mystical life of the Puritans. "The boundless inner world of Christ," he says, "was shrunk by the passage of the Pilgrims from East to West."

BE THAT as it may, it cannot be doubted that the opposition to-day comes from those who profess a materialistic creed. It is they whose propaganda has resulted in the destruction of churches and the massacre of priests and religious. It is they who debauch our youth with belief in physical science as the savior of mankind. It is they who are building a hideous civilization from which individual initiative has been eliminated and in which creative art finds it impossible to live. An excessive mechanization everywhere threatens the soul. Creative powers are stunted by the omnipotence of the machine, and standardization becomes everywhere the sign of its triumph. What is to save us from becoming a race of robots?

The answer to that question is a surprising one. It indicates no less than that it is to the Church once charged with externalism that we must look for salvation. From her, if from anywhere, must come that Baptism of the Holy Spirit which could redeem our civilization. It is she who must lift up the Banner of the Holy Ghost, restoring to us the gift of faith in the serious purpose of life and in its eternal significance. It is she who, with youthful hopefulness, must fight the black hordes of pessimists released by militant atheism, and it is she who, over against the hatred begotten of the class-war, must set the law and the spirit of universal charity.

It was necessary once, in answer to a false spirituality, to emphasize the visibility of the Church, to insist on befitting ceremony, to assert the claims of traditional rites. We might then don vestments and light candles to defy an ugly and irreverent Puritanism. But the twentieth century makes other demands on us. The battle is now between the Power manifest at Pentecost and the power symbolized by the dynamo. It is as the divinely appointed champion of spiritual values that the Church in these times finds her vocation. The sacredness of personality, threatened by a philosophy which would reduce us to automata incapable of moral freedom, must look for help to her or fail to find it.

Wolsey's Boswell

George Cavendish, Gentleman in the Service of Cardinal Wolsey, Was the Author of a Biography of His Master, Written in a Quaint and Inimitable Style

By George Carver

THE stirring times which made possible the careers of St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher, preparing them for ultimate inclusion in the company of saints, made possible also the careers of lesser men, who none the less deserve high place in memory. Notable among them was George Cavendish, until the fall of Wolsey a gentleman-in-waiting in his household and his first biographer—and one who, in spite of temptation, even of temptation re-enforced by pressure, continued loyal to the Church after the death of his master.

He was born about 1500 at Glemsford in Suffolk, the son of a Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer named Thomas Cavendish, and the elder brother of William Cavendish, who was knighted by Henry VIII and whose grandson became the first Duke of Newcastle and the husband of Margaret Newcastle, spoken of by Charles Lamb as "that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret of Newcastle," but by her Restoration contemporaries as "the mad duchess." George Cavendish himself was content to live a much humbler life, entering Wolsey's service as early as 1527, and "abandoning," as the Cardinal said of him, "his own country, wife and children, his house and family, his rest and quietness, only to serve me."

Upon the death of Wolsey, November 28, 1530, he returned to his home in Suffolk, but not until, as he records in *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, the king "had given me six of the best horses that I could choose amongst all my lord's cart horses, with a cart to carry my stuff, and five marks for my costs homewards," besides ten pounds of back wages and twenty pounds for a reward. Hence, at the age of thirty, but after three years of service under the most glamorous figure of the times, he retired to the paternal estate upon which he continued to live with his wife Margery—a niece of Saint Thomas More—until his death about 1562.

Had he served merely as a gentleman-in-waiting to Cardinal Wolsey, no matter how loyally and well, he would long since have disappeared into oblivion. But he wrote a book which must ever remain a source of enjoyment.

He wrote it during the reign of Queen Mary, some thirty years after the events related, when as he looked back at the turmoil through which he had passed, he could not but realize how futile had been the pomp and circumstance, how petty the struggle for power, and how insecure the favor of earthly princes, for in the final passage he sums up the whole experience in one observation:

"Who list to read and consider, with an indifferent eye, this history, may behold the wondrous mutability of vain honours, the brittle assurance of abundance; the uncertainty of dignities, the flattering of feigned friends, and the fickle trust of worldly princes. Whereof this lord Cardinal hath felt both of the sweet and the sour in each degree; as fleeting from honours, losing of riches, deposed from dignities, forsaken of friends, and the inconstantness of princes' favor; of all which things he hath had in this world the full felicity, as long as Fortune smiled upon him: but when she began to frown, how soon was he deprived of all these dreaming joys and vain pleasures. The which in twenty years with great travail, study, and pains obtained, were in one year and less, with heaviness, care, and sorrow, lost and consumed. O madness! O foolish desire! O fond hope! O greedy desire of vain honours, dignities, and riches! O what inconstant trust and assurance is in rolling fortune!"

Between this sonorous close and a somewhat less stately but not less vigorous beginning, runs a story as rich in dramatic action, as sombre in color and mood, and as inevitable in progression toward overwhelming climax as ever playwright conceived. In fact, so filled with drama is it that Shakespeare is thought to have used it as the basis for his *King Henry the Eighth*.

WOLSEY'S start as a poor man's son is set forth and his education described. Follows some account of his service as king's chaplain, and then the description of his journey from Richmond to Calais and return in less than twenty-four hours, a matter which so astonished Henry, at whose behest the journey had been undertaken, that more

and more frequently did such journeys occur and upon more and more important occasions. Wolsey increases in power and favor with the king, being entrusted with embassies to the continent until in time his was the final discretion in the subtlest of affairs, Henry remaining content to hear reports after the fact.

The climax of his service is reached when he represents Henry at the court of France and is received and entertained as if he had been royalty himself. In rapid succession thereafter, however, Henry falls in love with Anne Boleyn, whose enmity Wolsey incurs; Queen Katherine is brought into court and finally put away; Wolsey's power begins to wane because of his failure to uphold Henry in his demand for a divorce; the king's marriage is celebrated; his withdrawal from the Church takes place; and Wolsey's final loss of power and death follow inevitably.

IT MUST be remembered that Cavendish is not a politician interested in affairs of state—he is a gentleman-in-waiting whose duties concerned affairs of household. He supervised the great banquets and the impressive functions, and arranged the glittering processions in which Wolsey always went even through the streets of London. Hence, because of this interest and this sort of activity Cavendish is especially preoccupied with details of silver, costume, food, furniture, make-up of bodyguards, horse garniture, and ten thousand specific articles, small customs, and appurtenances involved in the management of the Cardinal's business.

When he travelled, for instance, in Cavendish's words:

"He rode upon his mule, with his crosses, his pillars, his hat, and the great seal borne before him by a nobleman or some worthy gentleman, right solemnly, bareheaded. His gentlemen, being in number very many, clothed in livery coats of crimson velvet of the purest colour that might be invented, with chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen and other mean officers were in coats of fine scarlet, guarded with black velvet a hand broad."

When he received suitors, "After Mass he would return in his privy chamber again, and being advertised of the furniture of his chambers without or with noblemen, gentlemen, and other persons, would issue out into them, apparelled all in red, in the habit of a cardinal; which was either of fine scarlet, or else of crimson satin, taffety, damask, or caffia, the best that he could get for money: and upon his head a round pillion, with a noble of black velvet set to the same in the inner side; he had also a tiffet of fine sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fine orange, whereof the meat and substance within had been taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge wherein was vinegar, and other confections against the pestilent airs."

When he entertained the king, "There wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship. Such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort, and costly a manner, that it was a heaven to behold. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children."

Upon religious occasions, as on one feast of the Assumption of our Lady.

"My lord rose betimes and went to the cathedral church *de notre Dame*, and said his service and mass; and after mass, he himself administered the sacrament unto my Lady Regent and to the Queen of Navarre. And that done, the king (of France) resorted unto the church, and was conveyed into a rich travers at the high altar; and directly against him, on the other side of the altar, sat my lord Cardinal in another travers, three gresses higher than the king's."

BUT he was not always thus powerful, although when he faced adversity he was no less humble than formerly he had been arrogant. Cavendish reports this address to the attendants in his retinue, for instance;

"Most faithful gentlemen and true-hearted yeomen, I do not only lament to see your persons present about me, but I do lament my negligent ingratitude toward you all on my behalf, in whom hath been a great default, that in my prosperity I have not done for you so much as I might have done, either in word or deed, which was then in my power to do; but then I knew not my jewels and special treasures that I had of you my faithful servants in my house."

And finally when he came to die, in Cavendish's report of his words:

"I can no more; but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you."

"Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to anneal him, who came with all speed, and ministered unto him all the services of the same belonging; and caused also the guard to stand by, both to hear him talk before his death, and also to witness of the same; and incontinent the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost."

Interwoven from time to time with the narrative are passages which reveal the author's opinion of Wolsey's prog-

"Let all men, to whom fortune extendeth her grace, not trust too much to her fickle favour and pleasant promises, under colour whereof she carrieth venomous gall."

And again he repeats:

"O wavering and new-fangled multitude! Is it not a wonder to consider the inconstant mutability of this uncertain world!"

Then, as he draws to a close:

"Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogance of such men, exalted by fortune to honours and high dignities; for I assure you, in his time of authority and glory, he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession; wherein should be all meekness, humility, and charity; the process whereof I leave to them that be learned and seen in divine laws."

THIS MONTH

THIS MONTH and in the next two issues of **THE SIGN** Hilaire Belloc analyzes and discusses the terrible assault which is being made on the Catholic Church in our modern world.

NO LIVING writer is better equipped than Mr. Belloc to explain the present struggles of the Church in the light of her long history.

DO NOT miss these important articles.

ress and his certainty of his impending fate. They seem almost like the speeches of the chorus in Greek tragedy. Drawing a conclusion from Wolsey's revenge, for instance, upon Sir Amyas Pawlet, once ambassador to France, who had been unjust to the Cardinal in youth, Cavendish remarks:

"Therefore I would wish all men in authority and dignity to know and fear God in all their triumphs and glory; considering in all their doings, that authorities be not permanent, but may slide and vanish, as princes' pleasures do alter and change."

Some pages later appears the same idea in different guise:

IN SUCH fashion is the sense of tragic mortality sustained, the narrative action carried along but as if supported by philosophical comment, until in the final passage the whole pageant is summed up—as pointed out in the beginning—in the crashing exclamation:

"O what inconstant trust and assurance is in rolling fortune!"

Cavendish remarks in the foreword to the *Life* that he undertook the task of writing about his master in order to offset the many false statements he had heard about him; and he tells his story from the point of view of an eye-witness—but with more authority than most eye-witnesses should usually be credited with. His character of Wolsey may or may not be historically true. His view has become, whether for better or for worse, the view sustained in the popular mind. And as William Hazlitt somewhere says, "It is useless to try to change the mind of the world about a man when it once has been made up."

It is not Wolsey, however, who is interesting so much as Cavendish. Catholic biographers are very few. They are so of necessity: Catholic writers have had an enormous task to perform in the field of apologetics, for one thing; and for another, the forces that destroyed the monasteries in the sixteenth century destroyed an enormous amount of material which historians, philosophers, and biographers might have used to great advantage—as is clear from the use made of such material in France where no such great destruction occurred. However that may be, it remains that Catholic biographers are few. George Cavendish is one, and one without whom biography would be by very much the poorer.



By Joachim Beckes, C.P., Wuki, Hunan

SUNNY DAYS IN CHIHKIANG

By the Sisters of St. Joseph

ONE need not spend many years in China to understand why pagans worship the sun. They know from sad experience that famine follows a season in which the sun and rain are not favorable for the rice crop. It is not our intention to go into detail about this, nor shall we discuss those days in July and August when everyone stays indoors as much as possible to avoid sunstroke. We wish to limit this paper to sunny days in winter.

At this season the cold, damp houses are uncomfortable beyond description. The family assembles in a big wooden box at the bottom of which is a pan of hot ashes. From this cozy spot they call to friends passing by, "Come in and warm by the fire."

What a contrast there is when the sun shines! Then all, from the tiny babe to the aged grandparent, are outdoors. Every available space including the flagstones on the street and the roofs of the one-story houses is utilized in sunning padded clothing and drying fish, meat, fruits, and vegetables. Women, with babies tied to their backs, are crowded along the river bank doing the family wash. The spirit of spring reaches the Mission. We dismiss school an hour early and take the girls for a walk.

In the recent past, these strolls were chiefly confined to the city wall, the quietest place in Chihkiang. Occasionally we followed the footpath leading to the country but this usually re-

An urgent need is here modestly stated by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Held back from making conversions by reason of their cramped quarters, they are now hoping to buy a piece of property adjoining their present home.

The rapid changes now taking place in Hunan have caused a sharp rise in all prices. Unless the purchase can be made soon, as this article explains, the Sisters may find themselves indefinitely prevented from doing effective work. The Sisters will acknowledge personally anything sent for them.

sulted in one of the little ones slipping into a rice paddy and being pulled out covered with mud.

Now the auto road is our favorite haunt. We shall never forget the children's first trip on the highway. The wide open space afforded more freedom than they had imagined possible. Laughing and calling to one another, they ran from one side to the other. When they reached a bend in the road they came to a sudden stop. There before them was a real bus! The more adventurous ran toward it while the others kept close to us. As they drew near this awe-inspiring object, they heard someone tapping its side. Little Yang Mei called out excitedly, "It has

copper skin! And it makes a noise!"

They could not agree with their pagan friends that the motor car had an evil spirit so they concluded that if it were not an animal, at least there must be some wild beast hidden inside to make it go. They wondered what this creature looked like and what it ate. At last they summoned up enough courage to examine the machine and were satisfied that they had missed nothing before they left it.

It was on one of these outings that Sister saw a soldier limping painfully down the road. She stopped and invited him to the dispensary. An infection which caused intense suffering interfered with his marching so he was dismissed from the army and was making his temporary home in a wayside shrine not very far away.

He came regularly for medicine. The wound on his leg was healing when complications set in and he became dangerously ill. One morning he unexpectedly asked to be baptized. Sister assured him that he was not in immediate danger, told him not to return as the walk was too much for him, and promised to visit him. He did not respond to treatment and finally his request for baptism was granted on the feast of Saint Francis Xavier whose name he received. With life to the soul came strength to the body and after several days he was on the way to recovery. He is now completely well and is in the Mission studying doctrine.



GROUPED ABOUT SOME OF THEIR CHARGES ARE THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH (FROM BADEN, PA.) NOW STATIONED AT CHIHKIANG, HUNAN. FOR THE FIRST TIME THEY ARE MAKING A DIRECT APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE IN THEIR WORK. READ THEIR STORY HERE TO LEARN HOW WORTHY IS THEIR CAUSE

We must admit that all our walks do not result in conversions but we have in this way come in contact with many whom we would not otherwise have met. However, the good that might result from these contacts as well as those made in visiting the sick, is seriously hindered because we cannot follow it up as we should.

IT HAS been explained in former issues of *THE SIGN* that Chihkiang as well as other places in Hunan is becoming modern. She is progressing entirely too rapidly. Less than three years ago this city boasted of a solitary wheelbarrow. Today bicycles and rickshas are common, the buses speed past the South Gate several times a day. An airport is in the making and will probably not be completed before the plans which are being made for a railroad are put into effect.

Along with the latest modes of travel have come foreign clothes. Western articles of various kinds are to be found in the stores, many of which have even adopted glass windows and show cases. The people are taking to the new things with great eagerness and are craving for more.

The young are seeking higher education. Our Catholic children turn trustfully to the Missionaries for the fulfillment of their dreams. If their hopes are shattered, we shall be compelled to see them attend pagan schools where their Faith will be severely put to the test.

Now what has all this to do with our outings on sunny days? Just this: Many of the women we meet come to the Mission. Some of them wish to investigate the teachings of Holy Mother Church. We cannot continue indefinitely to have them study doctrine in the guest room where they are interrupted

every time any one comes to the gate. Besides, they are unwilling to associate with the orphans. After spending a few days here they find some excuse to go home and do not return. Later we learn that they were afraid they would lose face if they stayed.

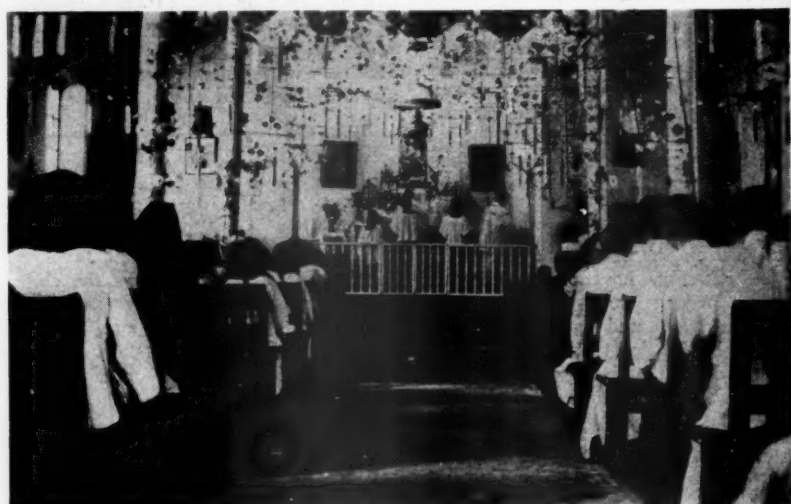
The need is imperative. We must have a catechumenate. The problem is, how are we going to get one? The introduction of western ideas is accompanied by an advance in prices. This is especially true of property. For years the Passionist Fathers have been trying to purchase a narrow piece of ground to the left of the convent which separates it from the rest of the Mission. When an attempt is made to buy it, the owners set some unreasonable price and refuse to consider it seri-

ously. We just cannot budge them.

With the value of property continually rising, it is not difficult to foresee that in the near future it will be beyond reach. An effort is now being made to secure the ground to the right of the convent with the hope that the owners of the property to the left will come to terms. Even if they do not, the space on the right will be sufficient for the contemplated catechumenate. The difficulty lies in getting this ground. We ask the readers of *THE SIGN* to join with us in begging this favor of God. Of course, financial assistance is also needed but we are confident that this will be given by those generous Catholics who earnestly desire to help spread the Kingdom of God in souls.

We trust that before the sunny days of another winter come, the sunshine of grace will have penetrated the darkness of paganism in the hearts of many of the women of Chihkiang.

MANY zealous souls who wish to give personal service on the Missions are prevented by their duties. They should be happy in the thought that their spiritual and financial backing make our success possible. They are actual sharers, even though it be from a distance, in this glorious apostolate. Indeed the outcome of our own labors depends in great measure on these faithful supporters who are not known to men, but who have been promised a reward by Christ Himself. Here we have the poor and needy—physically and spiritually. Here we are surrounded by those who sit in darkness. To them, with your generous help, we shall be able to bring refreshment and light and the hope of life eternal.



CHRISTIANS ASSISTING AT MASS IN THE CHURCH OF THE CHIHKIANG MISSION. THEIR NUMBERS CAN BE INCREASED IF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH SUCCEED IN THEIR EFFORT TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE BUILDING OF A DOCTRINE SCHOOL

Baseball in Yüanling

By Michael A. Campbell, C.P.

THOSE of you who are baseball fans have been following the stories from the big leaguers' southern and west coast training camps. The crack of bats and balls and the cheers of the crowds will soon be heard in parks and sandlots throughout the country. Here in Hunan, in sports as in many other things, we are in the primitive stage. But watch us develop!

Although baseball has not become popular enough for merchants to carry bats and balls in their shops, still just before the last Red invasion, the *Tang Pu*, or People's Party, invited the Catholic Mission students to put on an exhibition game for the townsfolk.

single the boys were scoring. The throwing around the bases was wide or much too high. The score sometimes going as high as 41 to 35, reminded one of the Hinky Dinks and the Orioles of old. Many of the boys threw the ball at the runner to put him out. Others were quite adept at chasing the runner safe to base. All attention was paid to the total score; the number of innings did not come into account. The kids just kept on playing until the time was up and then added the score. Often the game would have gone over thirteen innings.

Now things are somewhat different. The game is played for the regular nine

going. The first baseman made a stab for the ball and caught it; ran back and touched first and threw to second. The boy who had been on second was half way between third and home when he woke up to the fact that he was out. Immediately upon this play there followed a prolonged clapping of hands and cheering by all the boys. Those who were put out were as happy as those who made the play.

Like the American boys the Chinese youngsters like to be up at bat. They always come in running to bat, but take it leisurely when they have to go out to do the fielding. Nothing gives them more pleasure than to hit a home run.



CITY CHAMPIONS! THE SOFT BALL TEAM (WITH ALL ITS RESERVES) AND THE TEACHERS OF THE CATHOLIC BOYS SCHOOL AT YÜANLING. WITH THE GROUP IS FR. FLAVIAN MULLINS, C.P., FORMERLY STATIONED AT THE CENTRAL MISSION

At present the game is in its infancy. The game our boys play is of the soft-ball variety. All the paraphernalia of the real game is lacking. With soft ball and bat the boys are learning the rudiments of the game. The regular baseball is too hard and fast for our tyros. Besides, the boys have not as yet learned to hit a fast overhand ball, much less to pitch or curve one.

For the first few months there was little improvement from week to week. Every day it was the same; boys running wild around the bases. No one seemed able to hold the ball. On a hit that should not have been good for a

innings. Only one extra inning game has been played to date. That game went ten innings. It is the greatest score in a single inning that matters now. One day the boys made a fourteen-run rally. Even the little fellows who cannot usually hit the ball had the batting fever that day. In almost every game a double play is made, and once in a while two double plays. Only once was the double play unassisted.

On one occasion the boys made a triple play. There were three men on. The batter made a line drive. It looked a little too wide for the first baseman to catch. All the men on base started

Since we do not call the strikes and balls the boys always wait for a good one to come over, hoping to be able to make the round of the bases. Some kids will get two home runs in a game. The little fellows who have not enough strength to hit a home run take great delight in laying down bunts, thus giving the older boys plenty of exercise in running in for them. The catchers play too far back to get the ball to first on time. The youngsters can put a bunt almost anywhere they want to.

In the outfield the smaller boys are still somewhat afraid of the long flies.

If one comes their way they make a basket with their arms and try to embrace the ball, which usually goes through them. Some make a fake at-

tempt at trying for it and then chase it to the wall. On the throw-in they are still poor. A chap on second will score on a hit to the outfield because

of the inaccuracy of the return. If the ball does get to the catcher in time he is usually fearful of advancing to get the runner at home plate.

I Lost My Sleep

By Jeremiah McNamara, C.P.

EVERY now and then I get started on something for THE SIGN, but am prevented from putting it into any kind of literary shape either because of an inborn laziness in matters literary or else because someone wants medicine from the meagre dispensary; or, it may be, I must go into a huddle over some school question, or over somebody's difficulties in regard to an approaching marriage or espousals. And by the way, this year is again a banner one for marriages in this mission, with I know not how many getting ready for Lohengrin's March and all the shooting crackers that go with it over here. But to get back to real hard work, I am enclosing a few lines of simple statement as to why I lost my sleep.

"Good morning, Monica," said I, late on the morning of August the 18th last, as an old great grandmother entered the rectory of this little mission of Liu Ling Cha. The rather unusual greeting, "*hao tsao*," (which is more literally an exclamation "so good and early!") was a humorously flattering tribute to her venerable age with its good fortune of undisturbed leisure. It set her at contented ease to answer at great length my first question: "Tell me, why did the neighbors insist on keeping us all awake last night?" In the following paragraphs you have a quite detailed account of the meaning of her answer—to the effect that "it was fundamentally because the Chinese were honoring their parents"—though you'll find it was in a way perhaps unknown to, and no doubt never witnessed by, most readers of THE SIGN resident in Europe or either Americas.

"Yesterday," Monica went on to say, "was the first day of the seventh moon," when the pagans commemorate their dead who have passed away during the preceding year; they "*chie wang*," as the Chinese say, that is 'welcome their dead' back to the house. On that day and night with great splendor and celebration and with an all-night vigil the ceremonies are carried out, thus honoring their deceased parents and forbears.

According to the pagan Chinese belief, their dead come on that night to stay at the old home from the first until the fourteenth of the seventh month

(lunar calendar). Twelve bowls of foodstuffs, meat and vegetables, as well as wine and tea are prepared for them. When all the living relatives are gathered together these are offered to the departed ones who are supposed to have arrived. The offering is made at the time of the aurora, as it is at that time that the dead folks come marching back home. The welcoming group wait at that hour and sound the *So-La* horn and shoot off a din of firecrackers, large and small. All the assembled relatives "kowtow" to the *Lin P'ai*, or souls' tablet of their dead. They then sit down to a banquet consisting of the foodstuffs already offered to their deceased ones, with whom they are now supposed to be having a feast.

ON THE twelfth day of the sojourn of the dead among their living kin-folk, the living relatives burn the paper money—a rough paper, perforated to represent the old-time Chinese copper coins. This paper money is prepared in small bundles of four ounces each and the name of the one for whom it is burned is written on the cover. To their parents or grandparents they burn as many as twenty-four bundles, and lesser amounts to other relatives. Really distant relatives receive from one to four bundles. The burning of this paper money is done not at the house but along the river bank or up on the hills, for no other reason, perhaps, than to make the danger from fire less. Such money is burned to get it over to the dead that in their land of food and drink they may have money for their livelihood.

And so, in brief, all this celebration was the cause of our losing a night's sleep. Old Monica told me this and added that she had forgotten to say how on this first day of the seventh moon the pagans take light dust from the fireplace and spread it over the floor of the room near the doorway; they then watch for any footprints that might appear. Anything like the footprints of a child or a dog or cow or horse or bird or what-not would lead them, by their still prevalent belief in metempsychosis, to feel that their dead had changed to such a form.

A book could be written, no doubt, by an eye-witness of the ceremonies held thus to welcome home for a fourteen days' stay, those who had departed this life during the first six months of their lunar year. I have forgotten many of the incidents which good Monica told me during her long speech. But I have not forgotten that all this celebration caused me as well as many others in the village the loss of a much needed night's sleep.

And there was another something that I was to find I had forgotten. Or, rather, I had been caught napping when I should have been aware of a delicate situation and avoided offending the feelings of some of the pagans in regard to a different kind of superstition. The arousing shock came to me when I finally got around to asking old Monica whether or not she had come on any important business. "Oh yes," she exclaimed, "I just returned from the river bank where the carpenters are working whom we hired to repair the boat in which you plan to make some missionary journeys to the towns along the river. They told me that the priest had been down this morning to see the work being done and that 'Shen Fu' used a word in his conversation which he should not have used, one which means sure ruin to the boat."

"Indeed now," I soliloquized aloud in my awakening, "I do remember that they laughed exceedingly when I said that the boat looked as if it were being ruined—intending to say only that the pulling apart of the boat for repairs made it look worse than ever before." But they do not like to have any word of ruin or misfortune even mentioned before the noon of day.

Well, you can see from this that if we lose too much sleep, it is little wonder that memory fails us and we use expressions that are of ill-omen to the very superstitious pagans. So here's hoping that it is a long year to the next "first day of the seventh moon," and that I may have enough sleep in the meanwhile to keep my memory from tiring, thus to lessen the danger of using such expressions so little intended as offense, yet wounding the feelings of the poor pagans toward us and preventing their advance toward the true church.

Approaching Those Outside

A Famous English Convert Writes of How to Present Our Faith

By W. E. Orchard

EVERY Catholic is bound to feel concerned for those who are outside the fold of the Church. Our Lord set us what the measure of that concern should be, even when there were ninety and nine safe within and only one was lost. What should it be when, even within modern Christendom, the proportions are almost reversed: one within and ninety-nine without?

What can be done, at least more than is already being done by our missionaries, by the witness of our churches with their services open to all, the books and tracts that are being written, and the testimony of faithful Catholics in their ordinary business and social contacts?

Sometimes when the inadequate result of even the considerable conversions that take place is lamented, some reply that argument is useless, and campaigns almost presumptuous, since this is a work that must be left to God and grace. But whatever piety may prompt this attitude, it cannot be doubted that we must all give our testimony where and as we can; our very character and conversation should prompt inquiry as to what secret of life and thought we possess. Then, too, it is of equal importance to see that what we have to say takes full account of truth and charity. And even when love and zeal are sufficiently alive it remains necessary to present the truth to people in a way that is likely to win them, and especially in a language they can take hold of and understand.

To attempt nothing at all is to be neither faithful to God's command nor grateful for His grace. Merely to adopt a take-it-or-leave-it method generally means only that it will be left; a tone of arrogance only awakens repulsion and resistance; while an attitude of contempt ruins all and leaves us open to the condemnation of Christ, as disobeying His plain commands and not knowing what spirit we are of. For instance, it is quite useless to dismiss all unbelievers or non-Catholics as incapable of logical thought; for that would mean that they were beyond all hope.

Yet what can we do? It is easy enough to express impatient complaints that we have not more arresting preachers, to mourn the fact that a bad impression is created, even among worldlings,

by the low ethical standards of some Catholics and their contentment with a minimum of external observance. Nor is it of much practical value to urge a more intensive and aggressive campaign to gather in outsiders when most of our priests are overworked and many laymen are doing all they can to make the Faith known.

What is here very tentatively suggested does not depend so much upon a spirit of courtesy, sympathy and patience, which is always needed, and all the more when we are faced with crude arguments, false charges and foolish criticism. What is suggested is the attempt to meet objectors on their own ground by the emphasizing of elements that are common to all genuine religion, and especially by a generous and hopeful appraisal of what is already believed and professed, as a basis of appeal and as something on which more can be built.

We are faced, however, with the difficulty that in our defined doctrine concerning those who are without there is an apparent divergence of judgment. On the one hand it has been declared that no one dying outside the Catholic Church can be saved. On the other hand can be found statements which declare equally clearly that no one can be lost save by his own fault, while it is allowed that there are such things as the baptism of desire and perfect contrition which are open to any soul who, for any valid reason, is shut out from the sacraments of the Church. It is of course perfectly possible to reconcile these apparent divergencies; indeed, some of them are made side by side in the very same authoritative documents. This reconciliation is, however, hardly effected by the suggestion that some belong to the soul of the Church; for not all approve of this statement, nor do many understand it.

WE can hold and confidently proclaim that when any soul is presented with a choice between good and evil, and recognizes that the obligation to follow the good does not rest upon any personal or social advantage, still less on mere personal preferences, but comes from *Something above itself*, then he who chooses the good implicitly recognizes the existence of God and

actually yields to the promptings of grace. All this is possible even if neither the Catholic Church nor the Name of Christ has ever been heard of. By that act, the soul who thus chooses and for that reason, has implicitly accepted the Catholic Faith and becomes a member of the Mystical Body of Christ. For the faith which has been thus elicited is such that it contains in principle everything that the fully defined faith makes explicit; and the spirit of that act, if persisted in, would lead the soul to accept the whole Catholic Faith and seek the grace of the sacraments in the one body of the Church.

It is vital union with Christ that saves anyone, at any time, before or since Christ came, whether or not as yet enrolled in the visible Church. It is equally important that this should be known to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The former must not presume upon a merely formal membership of the Church, even though they keep all its external rules. The light they have and the grace they receive may only expose them to the greater condemnation if they are not faithful and responsive. On the other hand, we need not despair of all those outside the Church, even if, knowing of its existence, they remain unconvinced by its claims, or in perfectly good faith think they have no need of the Church.

It may sometimes be suspected that there is a fear of making these wide-reaching doctrines too clear or emphatic lest it should make some content to remain where they are. It may confidently be asserted, however, that a more frequent proclamation and a more general knowledge of our real doctrine would only help to remove the objection to what is often felt to be the narrow exclusiveness of our attitude, which *apparently* condemns to eternal perdition all who have never heard of Christ, as well as any, however much Christianity they profess, who fail to enroll themselves in the Catholic Church.

All this is, however, merely a suggestion for preserving balance and correcting emphasis. What is suggested goes far wider than this, as it goes far deeper than merely taking advantage of the observable fact that men will often

stubbornly refuse to do what they are told they must, when they will joyfully do what they are told they may.

There is a way of approaching outsiders, especially today, which might prove both disarming and effective. It can be described in general as seeking to discover in every inquirer, objector, or those better described as neutrally uninterested, what actual faith they already possess. For careful inquiry and sympathetic interpretation would soon discover that almost everyone finally rests upon some kind of faith.

THIS is not, of course, identified with saving faith, or hardly any more would need to be done. Yet it is real faith, and, as such, demands further seeking until there be found for it both a true basis and the consummation of saving faith. For on the agreed recognition that ultimately some kind of faith is being rested on, even though it be only a natural faith in natural objects, it should then be possible to show that it is the Catholic Church and the Catholic Church alone which gives the grounds and motives for a supernatural faith. This is so true that whoever really makes an act of faith is thereby committing himself, however little he may recognize it, to the entire Catholic position. For a real act of faith is that which accepts truth on the ground that God has revealed it. Such a course, if persisted in, would lead to an acceptance of all that He revealed, when it is known for certain that God has revealed it.

It would seem easier to use this argument with those who believe, in whatever degree, in the Christian revelation; but with patience some basis for faith can be discovered in those who apparently are much farther removed from agreement. For instance, a person who declares that he is not sure of the existence of God, or who even declares that he definitely cannot believe in Him, can be shown that at any rate he must believe in the possibility of attaining to some kind of truth; further, that this would not be possible unless the human mind was so constructed as to be able to perceive truth; which in turn would not be possible if the human mind had evolved through accident or blind necessity, but only if it was planned and created by an absolute and infinitely good *Mind*. In short, this approach rests upon the ground that everyone who tries to think, and trusts the results, implicitly believes in God; for apart from God no such trust is reasonable; and the fact that we all have to use such a trust only proves how God shuts us all up into faith in Him.

When, however, we come in contact with those who accept the Bible as the Word of God, it should be easy to show how all such depend upon the Catholic

Church as the actual body which created, collected and authorized the Bible as the Word of God. If, as is more likely today, the Bible is accepted only because it contains the words of Christ and gives a picture of what He was like, and even then a Christ interpreted in a very modernistic sense, this need not deflect us into a controversy about orthodox interpretations of His Person and the inadequacy of modern reconstructions.

It is sufficient for a starting point for one to believe that Christ possesses here and now the power to save the human soul. For then we have something in common with many who, while for one reason or another may repudiate, or simply ignore the necessity for the Catholic Church, depend on the Church more than they realize. For, just because they claim to have this immediate access to Christ, together with an assurance within themselves that they have been brought into actual touch with Him, they often disclaim the need of anything else.

IT would be easy again to get entangled in controversial estimates about the value of this assurance, which is often built upon such apparently subjective, if not merely emotional and evanescent experience. It is much safer, from every consideration, to accept and welcome the testified result which they claim to feel and rather to bid them seek for its adequate cause. For if it is the Christian salvation, and it can often and sometimes must be assumed to be this, then the cause of it, in the last analysis, can only be Christ, God, the Blessed Trinity. Only a Christ Who is true Man can here and now come into touch with any human soul and bring it power and peace. And it is precisely Christ, so proclaimed and presented, that Catholic doctrine defines, guards and so makes accessible to every soul that truly turns to Him.

It is, of course, this purely individualistic and too one-sidedly subjective apprehension of Christ that stiffens the resistance of Protestants to the claim and appeal of Catholicism. But it needs to be recognized that Christ must be personally appropriated, as well as it must be realized that it is this presentation of Christ for immediate acceptance that provides Protestantism with its evangelistic zeal and creates its continual and often unexpected revivals. The theology by which this is supported, the sectarianism which it often only the more extends, and the false assurance that it frequently engenders should not blind us to what is true and therefore vital and effective in it. For it is precisely this personal contact with Christ that Catholicism keeps at its heart, though there it is more safely guided and really is more widely presented,

as well as more adequately interpreted.

Everyone, however, who believes in and proclaims this Christ, as actually present to save every soul that turns to Him, not merely believes in the heart of the Catholic Church but actually depends upon the historic continuity, the dogmatic defense and the sacramental centrality of the Catholic Church.

Surely the time is more than ripe when the Catholic Church should set itself to evangelize town and village, for that purpose taking public halls or going out into the streets, and in those very areas where revivalism has burnt itself out, and so take up that evangelism which Protestantism can no longer officially continue in its present doctrinal confusion. The simple preaching of a present Saviour to the masses would probably be the greatest witness to this generation of the truth of the Catholic Church, and might bring millions into the true home of their souls.

Anyhow, with this estimate of the grace and faith possessed outside the visible confines of the Church, it is all the easier to suggest that while any soul may turn to Christ and hope to be received by Him, He demands for final salvation complete obedience to all His commands, the doing of all the revealed will of God, and final perseverance in grace through availing ourselves of all that He has provided for that purpose.

Among those commands and loyalties stands foremost the question of the Church, its continuity, its unity, its Catholicity. It should not be difficult to show how critical this is, both for the beginning and the perfecting of faith; and how the soul which has been sought and found of Christ must then all the more faithfully follow the Shepherd into the Fold. That there must be one fold, and that fold identified with the Catholic Church, can then be set forth; with loyalty to Christ, concern for His glory and the carrying out of His purposes for humanity made the main plea and highest ground for joining it, whatever assurance of salvation be felt, hoped for or sought.

THIS approach to the outsider depends upon the belief that the heart of Catholicism and the heart of all religion, wherever it is real, is one and the same; only that it is Catholicism that alone permanently holds, adequately guards and rightly worships that heart, which is Christ; whereas, whatever elsewhere be the truth held, the evangel preached, or the enthusiasm engendered, it must eventually be subject to dissipation for lack of proper organization, to disintegration because of its doctrinal vagueness, one-sidedness or error; and to disillusionment because of its too emotional quality and narrow temperamental basis.

A Case of Healing

By Alan Creighton

THROUGH the curtained windows Janet watched her father as he crossed the veranda from the direction of the garage and entered the living room. He came in without a word and removed his outer garments. She could tell by his breathing that something was wrong.

"What is it? Is there anything I can do?"

"Nothing. Nothing."

He collapsed upon the couch with a faint sigh, the suppression of a groan, and lay there on his back with his eyes closed. She tucked a blanket about him, commenting, "You should forget about business for a while."

The shadows of dusk crept from out the corners of the room while the fire in the grate gave forth occasional sounds of subsidence. For a while he said nothing, but lay with his arms limp at his sides, his straight, prominent nose projecting out of a pale oval of face which became gradually more shapeless and indistinguishable.

She knew that something was troubling him but knew also that it was hopeless to ask him about it. This was a mood she had seen in him, off and on, most of her life. He would grow taciturn, look upon her coldly as though he had never seen her before, and resent any questioning. She felt it was the outward expression of a pain he was enduring alone. She wanted to share it with him, heal him of it. But she had learned that at such times he would only respond to inconsequential talk of daily affairs.

"I was busy at the hospital all this afternoon," she observed.

He grunted faintly: "In the poor ward, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"You spend too much time working for people who never pay you anything. We are well-off now. You should go out to the Country Club more . . . Enjoy yourself." He made the suggestion through clenched teeth as he forced a smile.

"But, Dad, you know I didn't train to be a nurse just to make money . . . I've been working all this week with a little boy, the son of a seaman. They said he had a cold. But I could see that it was pneumonia—just beginning. I had him rushed to the hospital. Today he was resting comfortably. The danger is over." Her tone of relief suggested her hours of anxious attendance.

He murmured: "Small thanks you'll ever get."

It was true she could scarcely hope for much remuneration from such a patient. As a nurse she had been accustomed to visiting all sorts of nooks and crannies of human habitation in her mission of bringing help to the afflicted. A call had come and she was instructed to go on board a certain schooner on the waterfront.

She found the men below in a dark cabin—a narrow place with a few bunks, a couple of chests, a stove and a chair or two. The men seemed poor sort of people, perhaps smugglers, she thought. They eyed her suspiciously, as though they were afraid of something—perhaps the police, perhaps just the city itself.

She asked about the patient and one of the men came forward slowly with a sullen look . . . Yes, it was his son who was sick, a heavy cold, he guessed. As he spoke he led the way to the darkest corner where the sick boy lay in a bunk.

One glance told her that the boy required proper medical care. He would have to be moved.

"You won't take him ashore, to one o' them hospital places!" exclaimed the father, horror-stricken. He was a bit stooped, with one shoulder higher than the other, and as he spoke, his weathered features circled by some sort of flabby hat, looked up at her from time to time with shades of aggressiveness. It required a good deal of argument before he finally consented to his son's removal . . . Some days later she saw the father again—momentarily—as an awed and humble figure at the hospital, wearing a look of inexpressible gratitude.

NO, though they had a comfortable home in the suburbs with little to worry them financially, she could not give up her work in favor of the Country Club. She sat, the firelight dancing before her, the sting of her father's reproach bringing tears to her tired eyes. Suddenly, she heard him say:

"Janet, did you know that I once injured a man—severely?" There was an unwonted huskiness in his tone, as though forced against his will to reveal some corner of his heart.

She felt now he was about to refer to that inward trouble he had guarded so closely. For years she had hoped he would speak of it. She waited, bent forward a little, fearful of what he would say.

"It was long ago in the windjammer days—just before I left the sea." He sat up and turned his head to one side in a listening attitude. "Someone coming?" he whispered, and looked across at Janet.

"I can't hear anyone," she returned easily, but was disturbed to notice the anxious look in her father's eyes.

He continued, speaking in a jerky fashion that was very unlike himself. "I was a captain at the time, as you know. The crew were very rough, a mixed lot. In the forecabin they did nothing but fight among themselves.

"A storm came one night and there was a shout for all hands. Some of the men were stubborn. Paid no attention to the order. When I saw my words had no effect I lost my temper. Picked up a belaying pin and struck the leader. I aimed for his head but he dodged and I struck his shoulder. He staggered back and the mate grabbed him . . ."

THE fire was sinking as he spoke and she looked upon the aging man who was her father, quiet-spoken, driving into the city each day to his business. It seemed impossible that he could have belonged to the dreadful hurly-burly of the life he described.

"I kept this fellow in irons until the next port where we took on a new crew. When he left the ship he shouted he would pay me back. Said he'd follow me—and I could tell from his look that he meant it.

"I didn't forget him, for I was sorry about the injury. Letters came from him from time to time—letters of warning. I tried to trace him through them. During these last few years, while things have been so prosperous with us, I wondered if I couldn't make it up to him somehow. But I never could get in touch with him."

He breathed a shuddering sigh.

"I saw him again—this evening, as I was driving home . . . Yes, I'm sure it's the same man. He was heading in this direction. And I'm afraid, Janet, afraid! . . . You see, he has good reason to want to pay me back. And it's been smouldering in him all these years. But you see how it happened. I wanted to tell you this—now—in case—in case—"

Then they both heard someone coming. There came the sound of a slow step upon the gravel walk outside, followed by the heavy tread of someone mounting the veranda steps.

She heard her father say faintly: "Yes. He's kept his word. I was afraid he *would*! . . . Now, leave me, Janet! Leave me! I'll have it out with him alone."

"I won't leave you," she stated quietly, trying to restrain the racing of her heart-beat. As the door-bell rang she patted his hand. "I'll meet him," she said, rising.

Somehow she must intercept that man. She must have time to talk with him, explain, plead . . . Her father was not bad. He was liked and respected by those who knew him. And he was willing to make amends for that injury.

She swung the front door open, intending to slip outside and face her father's enemy. But that enemy was not to be reasoned with. A strong arm thrust her aside and she was abruptly conscious of a burly man pushing past her into the dim, firelit room.

At that moment all life seemed to go from her. She leaned against the door in a state of utter helplessness. Her father, foreseeing what would happen, had barely had time to explain the presence of the intruder before he was upon them. She wondered vaguely if it was too late to send for the police.

"Well, Cap'n, I said I'd pay you back!" It was a raised voice, taut with triumph.

Janet stared at the shadowy silhouette of the man who now stood opposite her father. Something about that silhouette, with one shoulder higher than the other and the slant of the shapeless hat he wore, seemed oddly familiar. A state of

paralysis crept through her as she saw the man draw a revolver from his pocket. She felt she was witnessing some appalling and purposeless drama. Their home seemed already destroyed forever yet she managed to cry out breathlessly:

"Wait! . . . Wait! You don't understand—about Father."

The man whirled about in her direction, as though, until then, he had been oblivious of her presence. She saw the gleam of his firearm as he growled:

"Get back, there!"

Then he stared at her in silence. Perhaps it was the sound of her voice which brought it all back to him—the hospital ward, the rows of white beds, his son with eyes unusually bright and cheeks flushed with fever and this young woman so unwearied in her nursing.

"You're *his* daughter?" he asked slowly.

She nodded.

HE continued to stare with some of the same suspicion in his look as when they had first met on board his schooner.

"This ain't no trick, Lady?"

She shook her head positively.

He gradually lowered his revolver and turned toward her father.

"Well, Cap'n, I didn't know you could've had such a daughter as her. I wouldn't have thought it . . . Why, she saved my little Joey . . ."

The man on the couch looked up earnestly as the attitude of the other became less threatening.

"I wanted to tell you this but you wouldn't give me a chance: I've wanted to square things between us for years. Been trying to get in touch—"

The seaman shook his head.

"There ain't nothin' between us now, Cap'n. Nothin' you could do. She's done it—that girl. Everything . . . She saved my little boy," he repeated.

He paused, shifting awkwardly before them.

"We're quits now," he stated. He started for the door but, turning a moment, called: "I won't be troublin' you agin, Cap'n."

He passed through the doorway and they heard his footsteps receding down the gravel walk. An evening breeze entering the room moved the curtains languidly.

Janet ran to her father and put her arms around him.

"Daddy, are you all right?"

He stared in silence a moment at the open doorway with its space of darkness into which had disappeared the source of his trouble. Shifting his gaze to hers he replied:

"Never felt so well!"

He began to breathe more easily, as though the evening air itself were the breath of freedom. He stroked her hair for some time thoughtfully.

"You're a wonderful nurse—"

"Oh, but that was just in the day's work. And he wasn't such a bad boy—little Joey."

He caressed her tenderly.

"You've healed others besides Joey, today," he said.



JANET STARED AT THE SHADOWY SILHOUETTE OF THE MAN WHO NOW STOOD OPPOSITE HER FATHER

Life in Prison

A Convict Gives a Glimpse of Life Behind the Bars

By John Monaghan



A VIEW OF PRISONERS STROLLING AROUND THE CELL BLOCK

A FEW years ago a well-known jurist of New York State said: "The moment that a prisoner is sentenced the hardening process begins." In the same interview he further stated, "I don't believe I am fitted to say 'This man is bad' or 'That man is good.' Judges are as fair and considerate as they can be—but they are human and they err. Every time a sentence is pronounced, too many people suffer. The man's friends and family serve the term with him. Just because a case involves well-known people, or wealthy people, or influential people, it isn't necessarily important. The troubles of a poor family can be and frequently will be more important than those three." He was speaking from 41 years of judicial experience.

Thousands of hearts, in prison, endorse these sentiments as true and just. They understand and recognize the truth of them from personal ex-

perience. All convicts start through the hardening process. The majority continue through it, but a few turn, or are turned aside, and this is an account of one that got turned aside early, and incidentally turned another from the beaten track.

The trip to State Prison, closely guarded and chained like a wild animal, his reception at "The Big House," his initiation to the routine of prison life and heart-breaking struggles to become acclimated are all important steps in the hardening process. The hardening continues slowly but steadily; hardly discernible to the victim but very noticeable to him who stands and observes. I have had the opportunity to stand and observe much during the past six years. Early in 1931 I too started through the hardening process.

Two years later found me well advanced in that respect. The prison argot, once so unintelligible, was at my com-

mand. Routine and deadly monotony had done well their appointed portion. Lethargy was in control. Have you ever had the privilege of observing men becoming institutionalized? If so, then you understand. For the many who have not, I will endeavor to explain a little.

THE constant dropping of water will wear away stone. In much the same manner routine, deadly monotonous routine, will wear down the spirit of men. At first they chafe and fret under its restraint, but gradually this passes and they become like automats. Their motions are guided by the sound of bells—bells ringing with monotonous regularity, to-day the same as yesterday and all the days gone before. There are no days off to impede the progress of the spell that comes creeping o'er. Initiative becomes submerged, even the desire to think seems to be sinking away. Days are spent in accomplishing given tasks, with but little interest or incentive attached to them. Nights of cell life become but intervals between bells. In time many men even lose all desire to go to the prison yard for recreation period, preferring to lie on the bunk. Laziness, perhaps, but more accurately described as torpidity.

Many prisons have two or more occupants to a cell. Overcrowding and cell blocks built in the style of a century ago necessitate it. Men forced to live in such intimate proximity may get along well for a time but sooner or later prison nerves will reach the snapping point. Little faults and idiosyncrasies, hardly noticeable at first, have a way of becoming greatly magnified. Once in a while a compatible pair may be found that have celled together for years. Very seldom is a request for separation of cellmates refused by the authorities.

After a few such experiences, the convict usually becomes very skeptical regarding a new cellmate and prefers to lock alone. Most dreaded of all is the advent of a "new fish." Fresh from the outside, inexperienced and smarting with resentment at the many indignities that he has lately suffered, he is hungry for sympathy and wants to recite his wrongs to all and sundry. Whatever his tale, it is old stuff to the hardened old-timer, and he has in reserve a stock of biting phrases, calculated to dry up

such outbursts. One of these is, "Aw! tell it to the bead man".

The bead man is a Hebrew who visits the prison for the purpose of selling the inmates merchandise used in making souvenirs, etc. When one wishes to purchase something he notifies the center and is called at the proper time. An amusing incident occurred in a cell not far from mine one night, in regard to the bead man phrase. A youthful "fresh fish" was relating his tale of woe, for about the seventh time, to his cellmate, who was a veteran of many years. Wishing to break it off, he suddenly exclaimed, "Say kid, why don't you keep your troubles and tell them to the bead man?" Now the young fellow was a Catholic and the only bead man that he could think of was the priest. He became highly incensed and replied, "You Protestant——. Say what you want to me, but keep my religion out of it." The fact that they were both professed Catholics added to the humor of the situation.

When one is temporarily without a cellmate, he approaches his cell after each period of absence with some curiosity and usually feels relieved if he finds it still empty. In such a frame of mind I approached my cell, one day, about four years ago. I saw the "two" sign above the door as I walked down the long row of cells. A man, a few cells from mine, called as I passed, "Hey, M— you caught a real fresh one." I looked in and saw him standing in the center of the cell. Poor fellow, I suppose that he was speculating more about me than I about him.

AS I entered he said "Hullo; you and I have to live together for awhile." "Yeh," I replied, "Make yourself at home. The top bunk is yours." That night he started the story of his troubles. One item caught my attention. He was from my home town and a neighborhood that I was familiar with. Well, here was a subject we could talk on, if he would consent to get his tale of woe off his mind, for once and all.

Here was his tale as I got it. Now 24 years old, he had married an Irish girl about a year ago, and several months later they had separated. He meant well and loved her dearly, but the breaks went against him. He lost his job. Times were hard and he could not find any more work in his line. Several more jobs were obtained but they were either only temporary or lack of experience prevented him from holding them. They lived with his wife's folks, and they branded him as lazy and worthless. She listened to them and took part in the nagging. Life at home was unbearable. The old gang down at the corner, with whom he associated before marriage, reclaimed him. Booze was

part of their nightly ritual and this did not help him a bit in his marital relations. All the while he ached to make good for her. The time came when he returned not at all to his wife's home, and transferred his activities and precarious existence across the river.

ONE wild and hectic night he committed a crime and the hand of the law descended upon him. There he stood, bewildered. Life was handing him a terrible shellacking. Circumstances were crushing him and the will to fight back was being smothered under an avalanche of adversity. Cells all about me were filled with oldsters who had been like him once. Hardened, toughened, they would give this youngster's tale of woe the razz. Advice to take it on the chin accompanied with instructions on how to do it differently and get away with it next time would be plentiful. The grim paradox of giving such instructions and returning to prison at intervals all their lives themselves never seems to strike them.

The cops are nit-wits; it's just a matter of dumb luck and stools that gets them anywhere. No wonder they got you. Now here is where you made your boner; you should have done so and so. Confidence in their superior intelligence over that of the law seems to be a ruling trait among the recidivists. Saps though they be, they would appear as wise guys to this unsophisticated chap. I had watched too many of them to be ignorant of the fact. I had even watched them go out and return to the little brick house in the corner of the old yard, there to await electrocution.

To myself I said "It's a shame. He's a clean-cut kid, seems decent. Married to an Irish girl too; maybe a laughing blue-eyed one like mine was. The need of a few dollars is at the seat of all his troubles. Oh, well, what am I worrying about; he's only got a year. He will be out and back several times before I have my twenty in. It will be a darn shame too, he is not a bad looking fellow now. His face hasn't settled into the hard lines yet. Why couldn't somebody have steered them over the shoals? Everything might have turned out all right if they had made the first hard pull together. I had better get to sleep. I am not doing him or myself any good getting sentimental. He has got to harden up and take it sooner or later." Thus soliloquizing I fell asleep.

There is very little time for talking between an idle man and a worker in the morning. When I returned from work the next evening signs of Bill's activities during the day were very apparent. He had been industriously applying the scrubbing brush and polishing cloth. It looked as if he were trying to make mirrors out of the old battered eat-

ing utensils that were for our use on Sundays when we did not go to the mess hall.

In the Big House the mail is delivered in the morning while the men are at work. That night, after supper, Bill said, "I got a letter from my wife today." Mentally I said, "He's off again," but aloud "Yes, that is nice, ought to help to cheer you up." Reaching up under his pillow he brought down the missive, and said "Want to read it?" "No, I don't think I should read your wife's private correspondence." "Oh, there is nothing private in it, and besides I'd like you to read it," he said.

As I was reading the first he retrieved two more and insisted on me reading them also. He said there was nothing private in them. Perhaps it seemed that way to him, but I found in them a beautiful picture of love; real love, unselfish and sacrificial. When I had finished I said, "Bill, you have a girl in a million there." That gave him a start and he spent the rest of the evening telling me all about her. From her letters and what he told me the situation was easily analyzed.

HIS folks were Protestant. She was a Catholic; likewise her relatives. Their ill humor was not all because of his inability to hold a job. His inability to understand why they made such a bother about church attendance had a good bit to do with it. His own contacts with religion had been few and his knowledge of it very sketchy. They had been married by a priest and he had accompanied her to Mass a few times. A couple of times he had waited in the church while she made her Confession. This became known to his own relatives, and they poked fun at him about his Catholic wife converting him to her foolish religion.

A few days after his arrest, he was greatly surprised to receive a visit from his wife at the jail, but much more surprised to learn that she was bearing clean linen, cigarettes and cake to him. A lawyer accompanied her. The little heroine had dug up ten dollars and had given it to the lawyer, with a promise of more, to defend her Bill. This before she had seen him, or knew whether he was innocent or guilty. Innocent or guilty he was her man, and needed her. That was sufficient for her.

For the few weeks that he was at the county jail she visited once a week and gave him every encouragement. The lawyer received \$25.00 in all. He advised Bill to take special sessions and throw himself on the mercy of the court. This was very good advice under the circumstances. The tenor of the letter I had read was the same as the encouragement she had given him while at the county jail. She would stick by

him and he could rest assured of her love and loyalty, was their theme. Poor kid, she took more than her fair share of the blame and laid out plans for the future in each letter he received. She was working and would save some money. They would rent a place of their own when he was released.

FOR days, particularly after the flights went off at night, the plight of her and Bill annoyed me. I was becoming hardened, but darn if they weren't softening me fast. I couldn't shake off the interest they aroused. I stood on the wreck of my own life gazing at another in danger of derailment. There were points of similarity.

I was once a good Catholic and had a wife just like her. He is a decent sort and she is a jewel of the first water. I think I could do a lot with him. From what he tells me no one has ever explained the Catholic Church's position to him. I could enlighten him a lot. But shucks, do I really believe it any more myself? I have been reading a lot of junk lately and I don't know what I do believe. I wonder how much of the old stuff I remember anyway. I guess I had better mind my own business and save myself a lot of bother.

Remember that little red-headed tartar, Sister St. Justin. She got mad the day I saw under her white bonnet, as she was sitting on my desk telling a story, and said, "Oh, Sister your hair is red." I had her in school for three years running and she liked me. She used to tell people that I was her brightest and worst pupil. Remember, she used to tell us that anyone that brought another into the Church was almost sure of Heaven. Believe I will talk it over with Bill to-night. I had better start thinking up some facts before I start. The kid is no dummy and his mind has been poisoned for years about Catholics.

Thus went my soliloquies for days. One night after supper, count and lock-up were over and Bill had started on his nightly discourse, I suddenly said, "Bill, do you realize why your wife has proved herself such a sticker?" "Because she still loves me," was his reply. I said, "Yes, that is one of the reasons, but there is another, and that is the one that had all to do with forming her character. If her character had not been formed as it was things might have been quite different. I want to tell you a little of that angle of it."

He sat and listened attentively as I went on. "Your wife," I said, "has been raised a Catholic by Catholic parents, and received her education in a Catholic school. All that has thoroughly imbued her with the Catholic conception of the duties of a wife. From her letters I can see that she did things that she regrets, but she did them solely in an effort to

awaken you. Her method failed and she doesn't hesitate to take more than her share of the blame for your failure. All your life you have been taught to guide your life by the Bible. That is fine as far as it goes, but it has always been a joke to me to listen to people prate about what the Bible says and say they believe implicitly in it and yet claim membership in a denomination that deliberately ignores its plainest teachings on vital facts. Now the Bible's words on the matrimonial subject are so plain that no one that can read can misunderstand it.

"When she married you, Bill, she made a vow to Almighty God to take you for better or worse and stick by the bargain to the end. She regards it as a contract with her Creator as well as you, and that is a mighty serious thing in her young life. She knew long before she went to the priest with you, that he would repeat the words of Jesus Christ, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,' and her Church taught her that Jesus Christ was not just kidding about some of His commands and serious about others. She may not be able to quote chapter and verse in that book, as some Protestants seem so fond of, but she is well aware of every one of its vital truths. She may not know that Christ mentioned visiting the imprisoned in His description of the last judgment, but she does know that she was taught the corporal works of mercy in school. She knows that divorce and re-marriage are not for her. Why don't you study that Faith of hers while you are here and see what you think of it?"

HE SAID he would like to, and I spent the balance of the night traveling down the centuries on the trail of the Catholic Church, as well as I could. That night and for many nights thereafter the cell was turned into a religious instruction and study class. I had a friend who was clerk to the Catholic chaplain. From him I obtained a prayer-book, a catechism and some small pamphlets. Very soon Bill was satisfied as to the authority and origin of the Catholic Church, and started to study catechism in earnest. It was a treat to watch how he took to it. As I explained the duties of a Catholic to him he often asked embarrassing questions. A poor Catholic myself, in fact at that time a very rebellious one, I was telling my pupil, "Don't do as I do, do as I say."

One does much thinking when caught in such a situation. Faith was forcing itself back on me and I was telling myself that I didn't believe it all; I was just doing it to help make things better for the young fellow and his wife. Imagine telling a man the story of the origin of the Apostle's Creed, the mean-

ing of its individual statements, teaching him to recite it, and trying to ignore it personally.

Eventually my friend in the chaplain's office had Bill called up to receive instructions. The chaplain told him he was doing all right and to continue as he was. Try to picture that cell. One man zealously studying truth and the other fighting it and trying to kid himself. Bill faithfully reported all conversations with the chaplain and I learned that he was curious concerning me. Man can be a stubborn animal, and months were to pass before I surrendered to truth.

ALL things come to an end, and this is particularly true of prison friendships. Bill was a young man and as such was subject to transfer to the prison annex, thirty odd miles away. One day I returned to the cell, to be told by Bill that he had been commanded to pack up and be ready for transfer on the following day. It was a sad night for both of us. Only then did we realize how much attached we had become to each other. The night was spent in my giving him advice as to his future and on his part telling me of his earnest hopes for the days when he would be free again. He extracted a promise from me to look him up when I got out. Poor boy, he gave little heed to the fact that it was likely to be a long time ere I saw freedom, and many things would be changed in the meanwhile. As I left for work in the morning I told him I would see him again before I left.

As he was going down the tier, belongings in his hand, we met for the last time. I saw tears in his eyes and said, "Cheer up, Bill. You will meet other friends that will carry you the rest of the way. Get an interview with the Catholic chaplain there as soon as possible." He replied, "I wish that you could go with me and outside with me too." I had a misty time of it myself after he left.

The cell seemed an empty place that night and for many nights. Seemed like something good and clean had gone out of it and the old lethargy and sense of futility were threatening to resume their sway. Bill thought that he had nothing to leave for me, but he had. A conscience that was lulled to sleep on his arrival, he left awake, accusing and restless. Thank you, Bill. It is my dearest hope that I can tell you all about it one of these days.

News travels from prison to prison, through the medium of incoming men, and it was in this manner that I received the news of Bill's final reception into the Church of his ancestors. Yes, it was months before I made my peace with God, but it was Bill and his loyal wife that arrested the hardening process and started the softening one.



Woman to Woman



By Katherine Burton

Progressive Teaching Methods

IN Roslyn, Long Island, a lot of parents—four hundred and ninety-one to be exact—are irate. Some six years ago the school went on progressive teaching methods and it is only recently that the surprised parents are finding out what progressive teaching means. It is, to put it roughly, the idea that the young of the species should be taught in such a way that when they grow up they will find a place in the world more easily than they would under the old system—the one where you learned to read and write and do sums and picked up some geography and history. Now it is all served, so to speak, as a one dish meal: history and English and geography are all something rolled in one and called social science. Like many one dish meals it may cause indigestion. In this Roslyn case it seems to be doing that to the parents too vicariously.

One citizen who is a parent happened to find out that the boys were engaged in making nut bread. This somehow did not appeal to the father as a very necessary thing to know how to make and he asked a few questions of the boys who were nut bread bakers. He learned to his dismay that among other things they did not even know where Albany is. All nut bread and no Albany, he apparently decided, does not make Jack a well-educated boy, so he shared his thoughts with other parents and they descended on the board of education meeting—at least some of them did and the rest of the four hundred and ninety-one signed a petition.

The superintendent of schools explained that the nut bread episode was merely an arithmetic lesson—the measuring and dividing of ingredients was a good way of teaching it. I only hope they don't start the children working out all the problems in the books. You remember the ones where you had to pave so many feet of a street at so much a cubic foot or where you laid carpet on a floor so long by so wide and how much did it take? Let us hope they confine the work to nut bread which doesn't cost much after all and takes up only a small space.

However, there is nothing very new about the system. There was Dickens in his Dotheboys Hall, you may recall. "How do you spell winder? Very well, then, when you have spelled it go out and wash them."

Of course these instructors mean to be kind, not to get work out of the children. But after all, why can't we have a little straight work? Why can't arithmetic be taught by figures, which it is? Why can't history be taught by events and a text book of its own? Why can't geography be taught by itself? The result of all this undigested teaching is very visible already in the unpreparedness of the high school children who get this new sort of training.

Good and Bad Reading

WE FIND a little note in the N.C.W.C. weekly article on literature in the *Catholic News*: "There is a growing feeling that reviews should be written in magazines so that one can tell whether or not the book in question is for adults only. In several instances books have been praised by one magazine and adversely criticized by other publications."

Now in the first place any well written review would show plainly whether it is a grown-up book or not. In the second

place the young read just about what they want to nowadays anyway and the best thing to do is to educate them into reading the right thing and not the wrong. And also there may be a variety of opinions on what the young should or should not read—or grownups either, so far as that goes. I recall, for instance, very distinctly reading in two Catholic publications in the same month remarks about Sigrid Undset. The first was a laudatory understanding review of one of her books. The second was not a review but the answer to a subscriber's question as to the advisability of reading Undset. Said this editor, with no equivocation whatever, her books are all utterly unfit for Catholic reading.

One of Evelyn Waugh's books was severely criticized by the lay editor of an English Catholic magazine, whereupon a large group of Jesuits came to his defense—and that of his books. These instances could be multiplied over and over, and one would still be finding out that the difficulty of the good or the bad of a book was being solved by the personal equation with which the reviewer worked out its suitability.

It would be much better to render the young immune by good injections of understanding the difference between good and bad, and right and wrong.

Sit-Down Strikes

SIT-DOWN strikes in every paper every day, until one wants to start a sit-down strike to end all sit-down strikes. Yet as one reads about them one is impressed by one thing: the absence of violence. I remember the horror with which I read years ago of the strikes—of the brutal burning of camps where men and women sought refuge when they were put out of company houses; the tactics of the strike-breakers who were often merely thugs hired to break the strike and never mind how it was done. I remember once seeing men with bloody faces dragged from street cars—scabs they told me they were.

These sit-down strikes are no doubt a symptom of something rotten somewhere. Also, perhaps, they are illegal in the strict legal sense of the word. But they seem like the dawn of day rather than night coming. The strikers are so gay about it all. They do not do any damage. In fact, they take very good care of the plants. In the Woolworth strikes for instance, no piece of candy or food was touched as it lay on the counters, and the places were kept dusted and neat.

This is no argument for strikes, for I know too little about it, but most of us I think have a sneaking sympathy for strikers anyway, especially when we read how small are the wages of girls or how long the hours of the toilers in the steel mills. It makes us feel vicariously guilty, I suppose, and we transfer that emotion to sympathy. Mr. Adams in the Conning Tower of the *Herald Tribune* puts it neatly thus: "Our sympathies are usually with strikers. Usually they don't strike until long after their employers refuse to meet requests; none of them wants a strike and be out of work for a day, let alone for weeks. And generally the appeal to the strikers by employers is to 'loyalty.' Now it seems to us that a worker should be loyal to his employer and that an employer should be loyal to his workers. But the workers in whose confidence we have been tell us they are supposed to furnish ninety per cent of the loyalty."

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS ♦ ANSWERS ♦ LETTERS

The Sign-Post is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent.

Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters.

Questions should be kept separate from other business.

Questions are not answered by personal letter.

Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor.

Anonymous letters will not be considered.

SUFFICIENT REFLECTION: WHY CONFESS OUR SINS: LENT A TIME OF GRACE

(1) Will you kindly explain more in detail the conditions required for a mortal sin. The Catechism says that the conditions are—grave matter, sufficient reflection, and full consent of the will. To me this explanation seems wanting. Some have said that an instant is sufficient reflection. Suppose you have a thought. How can you change it in an instant? (2) I understand the crucifixion to mean that our Lord suffered and died for our sins. Why, then, is it necessary for us to go to confession? (3) Is Lent a special time for forgiveness of sin?—C. B., HOBOKEN, N. J.

(1) Every sin implies a human act, that is a free act, one that could have been done or not done. Acts where the free will does not come into play are not human acts; such acts in the case of a human being are called *actus hominis*, acts done by man, but not as a man, e.g., scratching the head without thinking. In such a case a man does the scratching, but not as a man, that is, with deliberation and consent. Such acts are similar to those done by dogs and cats, who have no moral freedom. Since every sin implies freedom, it includes thinking or deliberation of the mind regarding the moral quality of the act to be done or not done *here and now*. If the act or omission is concerned with something serious, it is necessary that the mind realize that it is serious before the will can consent to it. This demands that the mental process is not impeded but acts normally. When the mind is in such a condition and the will, with this knowledge, freely consents, there is a grave violation of the moral law. Now, theoretically, this deliberation might be only an instant and yet full enough to reveal the moral character of the act; and if the will consents to it there would be a mortal sin. The time element is not the essential thing; the essential thing is full deliberation, whether it takes an instant or an hour. In regard to improper thoughts, it is not *having* the thoughts which constitutes sin, but willingly *accepting* the thought after having realized its grievously immoral character. Of course, in many cases no mortal mind can, without a revelation from God, know for certain whether this or that act was a mortal sin. You may rest assured that our Lord is not going to trap us, like a foxy lawyer, as it were, into admitting that this or that action or thought or desire was a mortal sin, when we did not *realize* that it was.

(2) Our Lord's death on the cross "blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us" and obtained for us the grace of forgiveness of sins, but the *application* of

that forgiveness is made in certain definite ways, according to the divine plan. For those not yet baptized, the Sacrament of Baptism remits both original and all actual sins; for mortal sins committed after Baptism, it is necessary to have recourse to the Sacrament of Penance, either in fact or at least desire. Such is the express will of Christ: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John 20:23). In vain would Christ have spoken thus, if it were not necessary to confess mortal sins committed after Baptism. Christ's death on the cross stored up an immense reservoir of grace; but just as the material water in our reservoirs does us no good unless we make connection with it, so these graces merited by our Lord do not profit us, unless we appropriate them in the manner that He has revealed.

(3) God's grace is always at hand, but there are special times and seasons when He is especially urgent that we seek it. Such times are missions and retreats, Advent and Lent, etc. The liturgy of Ash Wednesday emphasizes the mercy of God towards those who do penance and the Preface of the Lenten Masses declares that bodily fast extinguishes vice, elevates our minds and bestows on us virtue and its reward.

POOR IN SPIRIT: REASON OF GENERAL JUDGMENT

(1) What did our Lord mean in the Beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit"? (2) If there is a particular judgment immediately after death, why is there a general judgment on the last day?—E. R. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) "The poor in spirit who are styled blessed are those who are in spirit detached from external good things, especially from wealth and dignities; so much so that, if circumstances permit, of their own accord they despise them; if they possess them, they make a moderate and good use of them; if they have them not, they make no anxious search after them; if they happen to lose them, they bear the loss in obedience to God's will. Jesus Christ calls those who have such dispositions 'blessed' because, owing to these dispositions, they have already in this present life a certain foretaste of the blessedness that is to come." (*Catholic Catechism*, Card. Gasparri, p. 207).

(2) St. Thomas explains the reason of the general judgment, when, as the Creed says, "God shall come to judge the living and the dead," in this manner. Every man is at once a single individual and a member of human society. Hence,

there is due him a two-fold judgment; a particular judgment which follows immediately after death, when he receives the reward of his works done while on earth, but not entirely, since his soul is separated from his body. Only his separated soul is either rewarded or punished at the particular judgment. Another judgment is due to him as a member of human society. He must receive his reward or punishment before the eyes of all, so that all men may know him for what he is. At the general judgment God shall separate all the good from all the wicked; no longer will there be any doubt as to the true moral character of men. At the general judgment the separated souls will be united to their proper bodies, and then the body will share in the reward or punishment meted out previously to the soul. Since the body shared in virtue and vice while on earth, it shall share in the reward and punishment of the soul at the general judgment. The general judgment reaffirms the particular, but before all men. The justice and mercy of God shall be declared and His inscrutable Providence justified.

HELL FIRE AND SEPARATED SOUL: NO SORROW IN HEAVEN OVER DAMNED: SAVING SOULS

(1) *At death the soul is judged and sent to Heaven, Hell or Purgatory. Since the body remains on earth and the soul is only a spiritual substance, how can the soul suffer the punishment of a real fire in Hell?* (2) *The Church expresses belief that the blessed in Heaven know one another. Will not the fact that one of our beloved ones has been sentenced to Hell cause us sorrow, which is impossible in Heaven?* (3) *Has the Church or any of her Doctors ever expressed the belief that if a Catholic brought one non-Catholic into the Church before death, that he (the Catholic) would be sure of Heaven?*—E. O., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) The principal punishment of the damned is the eternal loss of the vision of God. Some theologians have thought that the acute sense of this loss is the fire which torments separated souls. But this opinion is not acceptable. The common Catholic teaching is that the fire which torments the separated souls of men is a real fire. It suffices to say in this respect that God can do ever so many things that our mortal minds do not comprehend, and that the fire which tortures the damned is the same fire which God "prepared" for the punishment of "the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25-41), who are pure spirits.

(2) You answer your own question. The Blessed view all things in God; hence, if a relative of one of them is condemned to Hell, he sees that the condemnation is just, and therefore will not grieve over it. Whoever compassionates another becomes in a sense a sharer in his affliction. But this is impossible in the blessed, whose happiness cannot be clouded by any kind of sorrow.

(3) There is a very encouraging text in the Epistle of St. James, (5:19-20) which says: "If any of you err from the truth and one convert him, he must know that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins." It is doubtful whether "his soul" refers to the converted sinner or to the one who converted him. It might well be that it refers to both, for one who saves the soul of another will save his own, in the sense that he would merit from God the grace to be saved. This agrees with the advice of St. Paul to Timothy (I Tim. 4:16), "Attend to thyself and to doctrine; be earnest in them, for in doing this thou shalt save both thyself and those that hear thee." But these texts must not be understood to mean that one who co-operates with God in the conversion of a soul automatically, as it were, receives a ticket to Heaven. This would conflict with the other important truth that we must work out our salvation with fear and trembling, and with the teaching of the Church that we cannot be sure of salvation, unless God

reveals it to us. It is by maintaining the zeal which a man exhibits when trying to convert a sinner that he will merit the grace of salvation; and the converted sinner, too, must preserve the good dispositions which he had when he was converted. During this life we are on trial. It is possible to forfeit by sin the titles to eternal life, which we have merited by our good works.

CATHOLIC CANNOT BE COMMUNIST

Can one be a good Catholic and Christian and at the same time believe in the Communist principles and doctrines?—D. S., SYDNEY, N. S.

Catholics, as well as others who bear the Christian name, may and even ought to admit and condemn and endeavor to remedy the various social and economic abuses which affect human society so bitterly, but no true Catholic may accept the principles and doctrines of Communism, for the reason that Christianity and Communism are irreconcilable. Communism is militant and revolutionary Socialism. The Bolshevik type of Communism, which is the kind usually understood by the term, is also violently atheistic. Pope Pius XI in his social Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* condemns it in these words: "If, like all errors, Socialism contains a certain element of truth—and this the Sovereign Pontiffs have never denied—it is nevertheless founded upon a doctrine of human society peculiarly its own, which is opposed to true Christianity. 'Religious Socialism' and 'Christian Socialism' are expressions implying a contradiction in terms. No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist." The more recent Encyclical on Atheistic Communism, *Divini Redemptoris* of March 19, 1937, reiterates the former condemnation and the impossibility of a Catholic adhering to its principles: "See to it, Venerable Brethren, that the faithful do not allow themselves to be deceived. Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever." These Encyclicals should be read with earnestness by all the faithful, especially the latter, for it is a masterly exposé of the falsity and viciousness of atheistic Communism. It also points out the positive truths which must be acknowledged and acted upon if human society is to be saved from destruction.

SPANISH INQUISITION

In your February, 1936, issue, p. 421, under the heading, "Use of Latin in Liturgy Does Not Explain Finland's Lapse into Heresy," you state: "It is false to assert that the Catholic faith was forced on the Finns 'by the sword.' It is the peculiar glory of the Catholic Church that she has never adopted the methods of Mohammed and of the sects in propagating the faith." In this regard, what explanation can be made of the activities of the Spanish Inquisition in suppressing heresy? I am a Catholic who has been taught by History and have read from other sources the horrible methods employed by the Catholic Church in dealing with those outside the Catholic faith at the time of the Inquisition.—J. L. B., BEDLOE'S ISLAND, N. Y.

Your difficulty arises from a confusion of ideas. The sentence which you quote refers to "propagating" the faith; the example you bring forward, in which force was used by the tribunals of the Church, concerns the "preservation" of the faith. The various Catholic inquisitions instituted in the first instance either by the civil authority or the Church, or by both together, had for their main purpose the stamping out of heresy among a people already committed to the Catholic faith and enjoying it in peace. The Church has the right to defend herself from heretical depravity, as truly as the State has the right to put down civil rebellion. Christ our

Lord commanded St. Peter and the Apostles and their successors to protect the flock from ravening wolves. They would have been gravely negligent had they been indifferent to the spread of heresy, which, in the case of Spain, was Protestantism. While it is true that very severe methods were employed to root it out and many grave abuses were involved, it must be remembered that in the 16th and preceding centuries faith was regarded as the most important thing in life, which must be preserved from corruption at all costs. Catholics condemn the abuses connected with the suppression of heresy as much as non-Catholics. The indifference of later ages towards faith, brought in chiefly by the constant vagaries of Protestant thought, makes it difficult for moderns to appreciate the viewpoint of Catholics of the Inquisition period, and tends to exaggerate the physical penalties at the expense of the tremendous issues of religion involved. But in any event the "horrible methods employed by the Catholic Church" were equalled, if not surpassed, by the tortures visited upon Catholics by the Reformers and their allies. Though two wrongs do not make one right, it is still pertinent to remark that the Catholic faith was in "possession" and the Protestant doctrine was an heretical novelty endeavoring to oust the old. It is wonderful how history has conspired to single out the Spanish Inquisition as an example of religious persecution and to omit or gloss over the iniquities of other, religious bodies.

CATHOLIC SINGING IN PROTESTANT CHURCH

Is it permissible for a Catholic girl to sing in a Protestant church, at most of its services? This girl is studying music with the intention of becoming a concert singer and wants to sing in a Protestant church while studying, because of the experience to be had and also because she will receive a salary, which would help pay her singing lessons. She claims that she will receive no salary if she sings in a Catholic church.—K. C., BOSTON, MASS.

The common sense of faith easily provides the answer to the above question. It is not permissible for a Catholic to sing in distinctly non-Catholic religious services, for by so doing she takes an active part in objectively false worship. The Canon Law in this matter says: it is unlawful for the faithful to assist in any active manner or to take part in the divine services of non-Catholics. (Canon 1258). This is an occasion for her to manifest strict adherence to moral principles, even though it may mean a financial loss for the time being. But fidelity to her faith will, perhaps, merit for her other opportunities for financial gain which do not conflict with higher obligations.

LEAVING ALTAR RAIL: FORGOTTEN SIN

I was greatly surprised at your answer in The Sign-Post of April, 1936, p. 551, regarding the reception of the Holy Eucharist, when one suddenly becomes aware of a mortal sin not confessed in the last confession. In the manual entitled "The Companion to the Catechism," published by the Christian Brothers with the approval of the Hierarchy of Ireland, it is stated expressly that a person who forgets to confess a mortal sin in confession is obliged to confess it in his next confession, "nor need such an omission hinder us in the meantime from going to Holy Communion." Perhaps your answer implied this teaching, but could it not have been brought out more clearly?—B. P., MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

The question submitted made no reference to a sin inculpably omitted from a previous confession, and hence the answer did not suppose such a condition. It is morally impossible to answer all the points which may be implicit in a question submitted. The best we can do is to give an answer which meets the difficulty at hand. Of course, it is taught by

all theologians that a mortal sin inculpably omitted in an otherwise sincere confession is indirectly forgiven because of the universal sorrow extending to all sins, and such an omission need not keep a penitent away from receiving Holy Communion. In this respect "forgotten sins are forgiven sins." Yet there remains on the penitent the obligation to confess the inculpably omitted mortal sin the next time he goes to confession.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

Who was St. Chrysostom?—C. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We imagine that you refer to the great Bishop of Constantinople who lived in the fifth century and is known as St. John Chrysostom. He was surnamed Chrysostom, which is Greek for "golden-mouthed," on account of his persuasive eloquence. He set about reforming the dissolute life of the capital and won for himself the enmity of Empress Eudoxia, who contrived to send him into exile to Cappadocia, where he died on September 14, A. D. 407. St. Chrysostom is regarded as one of the greatest Fathers of the Eastern Church and is honored with the title of Doctor. His feast day is on January 27th.

NINE FIRST FRIDAYS

May a person begin the nine First Fridays in one year and finish them in the next? I understand that nine consecutive Fridays is what is required.—F. W., NEWFOUNDLAND.

It is essential that the First Fridays be consecutive. It makes no difference whether the series falls within one calendar year or goes over into another year.

CHURCH OPPOSED TO EXCESSES OF FASCISM

Is the Catholic Church opposed to Fascism? If so, please give the reasons.—A. P., MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

The Catholic Church is opposed to the excesses and unjustified pretensions of Fascism, not to the good points of the system. The Pope has never condemned Italian Fascism (which is the only Fascist régime today), entirely. In fact, in *Quadragesimo Anno*, he has the following words of praise in regard to "a special syndical and corporative organization," which is commonly understood to refer to Italy: "Little reflection is required to perceive the advantages of the institution thus summarily described; peaceful collaboration of various classes; repression of socialist organization and efforts; the moderating influence of a special ministry."

Fascism is a word which is derived from "fascies," a bundle of sticks surrounding an axe. In old Roman days it symbolized power and authority; today it denotes strength and unity. There is nothing particularly evil about the symbol. As to the theory of the Italian Fascist State, Signor Rocco, one of its recognized exponents, says: "For Fascism society is an end, individuals the means, and its whole life consists in using individuals as instruments for its social ends. . . . Individual rights are recognized only in so far as they are implied in the rights of the State." Monsignor John A. Ryan says that Premier Mussolini wrote to Signor Rocco and declared that he had "presented in a masterful way the doctrine of Fascism." (*Declining Liberty and Other Papers*, Ryan, Chap. V.) According to this statement of Italian Fascist principle, the individual exists for the purpose of the State; not the State for the welfare of the citizens. The Italian Fascist State is an authoritarian State and strongly inclined to the totalitarian ideal, if not already arrived there. All civil rights derive from the State. It is easy to see that the social teaching of the Church cannot agree with such principles. In effect it would be a return to the pagan conception of the

State. Pope Pius XI has had on more than one occasion to protest against the usurpation of Fascism in regard to youth control and Catholic Action groups. While he praises certain features of the Fascist programme, as the rejection of false liberalism, emphasis on the common good as the first aim of both industry and labor, group organization in industry and the professions, etc., he also wrote in *Quadragesimo Anno*:

"We feel bound to add that to our knowledge there are some who fear that the State is substituting itself in the place of private initiative, instead of limiting itself to necessary and sufficient help and assistance. It is feared that the new syndical and corporative institution possesses an excessively bureaucratic and political character and that notwithstanding the general advantages referred to above, it risks serving particular political aims rather than contributing to the initiation of a better social order."

It is important to note that Fascism is by clever manipulation of the secular press misrepresented and totally condemned under a rising torrent of abuse. Communists do not forget that Italian Fascism foiled their schemes to Sovietize Italy and the Freemasons remember that Mussolini disbanded the lodges. The Holy Father, however, judges it impartially, praising the good and condemning the bad features of the Fascist programme. (See *Declining Liberty and Other Papers* and *A Better Economic Order*, by Monsignor Ryan; *Reorganization of Social Economy* by Rev. Nell-Bruening; "What is Fascism" in *THE SIGN*, July, 1934).

HILAIRE BELLOC NO CONVERT

Is Hilaire Belloc a convert?—W. J. R., MAYWOOD, ILL.

The answer is that he is not. He is what the English call a "cradle Catholic."

THACKERAY'S CONCLUSION OF "VANITY FAIR"

The English novelist Thackeray ends his "Vanity Fair" with the following paragraph: "Ah! Vanitas vanitatum! which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets for our play is played out." Granting the fact that this book is famous and for good reason, I would like to ask whether the attitude of the author towards humanity is Catholic, according to this particular excerpt?—E. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The above extract is patient of a Catholic interpretation, for the vanity of all created things is constantly emphasized in the Sacred Scriptures: "Vanity of vanities, said Ecclesiastes, vanity of vanities and all is vanity" (Eccles. 2:1). Everything less than God that man sets his heart upon as his end will not completely satisfy his mind and heart. The oft-quoted saying of St. Augustine explains why this is: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee." The true happiness of man must rest in the satisfaction of those faculties by virtue of which he is a man—intellect and will. The intellect is made to contemplate not merely this or that truth, but all truth—Truth itself; and the will is made to love not only particular good things, but all good—even Goodness itself. Truth and Goodness in their essence are God Himself. Thus, we can appreciate the teaching of our Blessed Lord, Who urges us not to be over-solicitous for the things necessary for our life, but to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Again He warns us to "take heed and beware of all covetousness, for a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of things which he possesseth." The highest and most satisfying kind of life is that which consists in union with God by charity. Everything else that a man adheres to as his "all" will prove unstable and unsatisfying.

SCAPULARS OF THE PASSION: A CORRECTION

On page 552 of the April, 1936, issue of *THE SIGN*, an obvious error was made in regard to the Red Scapular of the Passion and the Black Scapular of the Passion. The last sentence should have read: "the first—the Red Scapular—is proper to the Congregation of St. Vincent de Paul, or Vincentians, and the second—the Black Scapular—is proper to the Congregation of the Passion, or Passionists."

IMPORTANT

We wish to emphasize two of the conditions of *The Sign-Post* service, viz., questions are not answered by personal letter, and anonymous letters will not be considered. Those who send in questions, which "should be about the faith and history of the Church and related matters," are requested "to give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent."

It happens sometimes that the question submitted cannot be answered in *The Sign-Post*, either because it has no general interest, or because it is of so intimate a nature that propriety would be offended by publishing the answer. Subscribers should conform to the notice at the beginning of *The Sign-Post*, which says that "matters of conscience and urgent moral problems should be brought before one's Pastor or Confessor." If the writer's name and address are not given, it is impossible to use our discretion to reply by personal letter. The same result follows when a name and address are given, but are found to be false. More than one letter sent to certain addresses have been returned with the mark "unknown." This is not honest nor fair to us.

If "Subscriber" from Brooklyn, N. Y., who mailed a letter on April 1st, enclosing an offering, will send name and address, something may be done about the matter submitted.

Letters

LETTERS should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

Two Corrections

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just received your last issue of *THE SIGN* and in reading it through noticed that someone inquired about the community of which I am a member, The Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity. I noticed you gave the address as Towson, Maryland. This is incorrect. You also call us Missionary Servants of the Holy Trinity. This is the name of our priests and brothers' community whose Novitiate is in Holy Trinity, Alabama. They also have headquarters in Silver Springs, Maryland.

The Sisters are called Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity and their Motherhouse is located at 3501 Solley Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

I also noticed in the Book Reviews, "Saints and Social Work," that the publishers are given as "Presentation of the Faith" and should be "Preservation of the Faith."

EUSLEY, ALABAMA

SISTER M. JUSTIN, M.S.B.T.

The Sit-Down Strike

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The sit-down strike technique, which you have so flatly and forthrightly condemned, deserves, it seems to me, more careful consideration and a more finely nuanced judgment than you seem to have given it. For whilst it may be true, as you say, that the sit-down strike, as it has been carried out, is likely to alienate public support of the labor cause and whilst, furthermore, it may be granted that this or that sit-down strike was an unjustifiable usurpation of property, it does not follow that, therefore, and in all cases, sit-down strikes are ill-advised and immoral. The worker (you will readily concede) has, in general, the right to strike to obtain a just wage and fair working conditions. Why can we not argue validly that the sit-down technique may sometimes be regarded as a justifiable accessory to make effective the use of the right to strike? Why is not the sit-down feature of a strike justifiable, insofar as it may be regarded as a peaceful method of picketing to be used only in a strike, which is otherwise just, in order to protect the worker's job against scab labor or to restrain an employer from unjustly hiring other hands to man his factories at an unjust wage or under unfair working conditions? If an employer has an obligation to pay his workers a living wage, and to provide fair working conditions, why ought not scab labor in such cases be regarded as sinfully becoming a party to an unjust contract? A man would seem not to have the right to sell his labor too cheaply, except under the duress of economic necessity.

The public authority, it may be said, ought to protect striking workers by closing their factories until their demands are fairly adjudicated and, if found just, honestly met by the employers. But, if the public authority fails in its obligations, why may not the workers themselves undertake peacefully to carry out its functions? To characterize sit-down strikes as obviously anarchical and necessarily immoral seems to use words of great moment too loosely.

When discussing questions involving a conflict of property rights and human rights, we ought always to remember that no creature, not even a benevolent capitalist, has or can have *absolute* dominion of anything, whether personal or real property. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The right of private property is relative only and ought, under certain aspects, be more wisely described as the duty of stewardship.

Congratulations for your fine magazine. May we hope for more and always courageous words on the great social and economic issues of the day?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN L.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Apropos of the morality of the sit-down strike, about which you have recently and perhaps too dogmatically editorialized, your readers will likely wish to be informed of the views of the Right Reverend Doctor John A. Ryan and of Mr. William Allen White. Monsignor Ryan opines that "owing to the dependence of the worker and his family upon his present job, his equitable claim thereto might sometimes justify the sit-down strike." (*Ecclesiastical Review*, April, 1937, p. 420.)

Mr. White discusses the sit-down strike in an article appearing in various papers on March 28th. He properly diagnoses labor's present aim thus: "Fundamentally, the invaders are striking for the right to work," and asserts furthermore that labor is convinced that collective bargaining under the aegis of the closed shop is the practical method effectively to secure just wages and fair working conditions for laborers, and that the laborers themselves are persuaded that they have a proprietary right to their jobs. This last point seems to me to be the crux of the moral problem involved. Some theoretical, i.e., ideological justification can be offered to sustain the morality of such a persuasion. But whether

or not the right to work in this or that factory is a proprietary right need not necessarily be decided. A right even in equity may sometimes be defended by coercion. Hence, Monsignor Ryan's conclusion stands.

Of course, the sit-down strike may be contra-indicated for a variety of reasons, not the least of which is that it may easily be abused. Besides, labor needs the support of public opinion in its struggle against rapacious and exploiting capital. The sit-down strike, especially if it becomes habitual and epidemic, will hurt labor's cause before the bar of public opinion.

Congratulations on THE SIGN. It is usually splendid.

SCRANTON, PA.

THOMAS D. HOWARD.

Spreading the Facts on "Church Oppression"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Will you be good enough to send me two copies of the April issue of THE SIGN? The article, *Church Oppression*, by Edward Connell is so splendid that I wish to pass it along to some of my Protestant friends who are in sympathy with the Reds in Spain!

The balance of the check is to go to the Passionist Missions in China. Your magazine gets better with every issue.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

STELLA S. SHEPARD.

Let Employers Hear the Encyclicals

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The current issue of THE SIGN mentions a parish in Detroit where the papal encyclicals on labor are read and discussed from the pulpit each Sunday morning at Mass. The most significant sentence in that editorial paragraph, p. 517, reads as follows: "Most of the parishioners are factory employees." In such a parish the reading of these "subversive documents" is understandable. I'm interested in knowing whether the encyclicals on labor are inflicted on those who hear Sunday mass in churches where most of the parishioners are *not* factory employees! That, I fear, is another story!

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

J. J. BURNS.

Editor's Note: Comment on the plan of St. Monica's pastor, Detroit, was offered as a helpful suggestion to other priests who wish to present the Encyclicals to their congregations—whether employers or employees. That some do not savor these documents is clear from a statement of Dorothy Day in *The Preservation of the Faith*: "I had interviews with the vice-presidents of the United States Steel Company and of the Gulf States Steel Company. The latter is a Catholic who did 'not agree with either Pope Leo XIII or Pope Pius XI in their Encyclicals on labor.'" We believe that even a congregation of laborers will benefit by learning these documents well. Through the laborers, employers will be forced to hear of them.

An American Correspondent in China

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am here in your old stamping ground. Leave tomorrow night for Nanking and then Peiping and then—?

I never dreamed—with all I have read—of what the missioner goes through here. These men are inspired of God and made of different clay or they never could bear it. Our people have no conception of the great work they are doing and of the sacrifices they are making. We send them dimes and they are giving their lives. I'll have a lot to say of them and their work when I get back.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

FREDERICK V. WILLIAMS.

Interracial Marriages

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The letter signed Verónica C. Burke which you published in your March, 1937, issue raises a question which must be considered seriously by everyone who is interested in the welfare of the Negro, namely, the question of interracial marriage.

Whenever one advocates charity and justice towards other races this point is sure to appear in the form of an objection. "If we treat the Negro as a brother in Christ" the objector says in effect, "then intermarriage is sure to ensue. And then what?"

To answer this question properly would take more space than is here available. Therefore let me refer your readers to the wholly admirable treatment in Chapter XII of Father LaFarge's recent *Interracial Justice* (New York, America Press). This chapter, entitled *Social Equality and Intermarriage*, is balanced, sane, and completely Catholic.

For the benefit of hurried readers who do not have time to read this reference I shall merely summarize here the following points:

(1) There is no evidence at all that the establishment of "friendly, just, and charitable relations" between Negroes and whites leads to an increase of interracial marriages.

(2) There is, on the other hand, much evidence that a position of forced social inferiority is accompanied by illicit sexual relations between the dominant and the subjugated groups. Witness the experience of the Negro in the Old South.

(3) There is no evidence at all from biology that race mixture produces an inferior type.

(4) The fierce prejudice against the Negro which prevails in this country makes intermarriage highly inadvisable. Such mixed couples isolate themselves from both races. They create serious tensions between the in-laws. The children are placed in a very ambiguous position. I am sure that interracial marriages are, for these reasons, highly inexpedient. Father LaFarge goes further and believes that they are morally inadmissible, at least in many cases.

From all the above one point stands out with perfect clearness: The possibility of racial intermarriage is no argument against our duty of being charitable, just, and kind to the Negro.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PAUL HANLY FURFEE.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the March, 1936, issue of THE SIGN, p. 490, Veronica C. Burke comments on the attitude which we ought to have towards the Negro in view of the obligation of fraternal charity. She appears to be worried over the question of interracial marriages between whites and blacks, for, if white Catholics have true Christian love towards Negroes they will mingle with them on a plane of equality and this "association and propinquity may easily foster a desire to marry, and what is the verdict? In allowing such marriages the Church cannot be said to encourage them." This lack of encouragement seems to her to manifest a want of charity.

In discussing this matter it is important to distinguish between what is necessary for a valid and lawful marriage, and what is required for a happy and successful marriage. Marriage entails community of life between two persons; it is, therefore, much more than expressing mutual agreement and entering into a contract. The Church does not make any impediment regarding color or race. She holds that such conditions do not prohibit or invalidate marriage and it is the opinion of theologians that it would be a usurpation of her authority over the baptized for the civil law to make race or color an impediment of marriage for Christians. While maintaining full liberty to the faithful regarding the validity and the lawfulness of such a marriage, where this is

the only unfavorable condition, the Church, or, rather, the clergy in the Church, do not encourage such marriages because the happiness of the parties, and above all the welfare of the children, would be endangered. It is the part of prudence, which ought to characterize all human actions, to dissuade the faithful from such unions, at least in the present temper of society.

This attitude cannot fairly be considered to be a violation of true, fraternal charity. It is a dictate of prudence for persons to marry within their own class—workers with workers, nobles with nobles, etc. There is more ground for compatibility between persons of the same class. Individual tastes, social background, etc., all play a very important part in making the communal life of marriage pleasant and happy. Experience proves the wisdom of this arrangement. The socialite soon tires of her handsome plebeian chauffeur.

Now, if this is true when there is question of whites among themselves, it ought not to be considered strange that incompatibility between whites and blacks would also constitute a danger to married happiness. After all, there is an order of gradation to be observed in loving one's neighbor. Though we must love all men with a true, interior love, as Dr. Furfey says, it does not follow that we must love all men in the same degree. To love one's immediate family more than those not related by blood is no violation of charity. Even our Blessed Lord Himself had special love for St. John, the "beloved disciple." And so, for white Catholics to love other white Catholics more than black Catholics, in the matter of wishing to marry the former and not the latter, is no violation of charity. These differences, of course, are accidental, not substantial. That is, true fraternal love must be shown to all men of all races and colors, but not to the same degree.

The best proof that interracial marriages ought not to be encouraged is the attitude of the Negroes themselves toward them. As Miss Burke says: "The Negroes themselves are outspoken in regard to the injustice to any children born of the union." If Negroes themselves are against interracial marriages, this should be sufficient to answer Miss Burke's objection that lack of encouragement of such unions is an infringement of brotherly love. After all, willingness to marry one's neighbor is not the test of fraternal charity. I can imagine many who have true charity for their neighbors, yet would consider with repugnance any thought of marrying them. These imagined neighbors would all be white and in the same class of society.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRIEST.

Birth Control

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am tired of hearing well to do Catholics denouncing priests for proclaiming the doctrine of the Church in regard to Birth Control, and the poor for following her commands.

This morning in my office several of the young women, seemingly devout Catholics, announced that they would "like to take the priest by the hand and show him some of those women on 'relief' who have ten children." When I pointed out that a scientist said only last week that our birth rate will decline rapidly in the next generation they laughingly declared "What do we care, we won't be living." No thought for the welfare of the Church, in the future, or of our Country.

Now these young women could easily provide milk for poor babies or clothing, instead of denouncing mothers for having them. Perhaps the clergy do not point out sufficiently the duty of the Catholic in comfortable circumstances. If everyone who could afford to would give food and clothes to the children of the poor, birth control would not be needed.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A CATHOLIC GIRL.

History of the Sisters of St. Joseph

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the March issue of your magazine, a subscriber of Brooklyn, New York, asked for information on books concerning various Sisterhoods in the United States. He inquired particularly about the Sisters of St. Joseph. It was stated by the editor that he had no knowledge of any particular book concerning the Sisters of St. Joseph.

We wish to say that there is a book entitled *The Congregation of St. Joseph of Carondelet*, by Sister M. Lucida Savage, C.S.J. The book is published by the Herder Book Company, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Missouri.

As subscribers to THE SIGN, we wish to let you know that we derive great pleasure and much information on Catholic activities and problems from your magazine.

CLAYTON, MO.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

Various Items

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Apropos of your articles on the Negro, the February number of the *Readers' Digest* contains two articles which are of exceptional interest—one about Dr. Carver who might serve as a model for most white men, and the other a most amusing travel write-up by an American negress who, in spite of evident lack of education, shows a very wide-awake and fine character.

As to Communism I should think Andrew Smith's book *I Was a Soviet Worker* would enlighten many Communist sympathizers as to conditions in Russia. Mr. Smith, with his wife, spent three years in Moscow and was lucky to get out alive. I found the book thoroughly interesting.

I enjoy every issue of THE SIGN and after a friend has read it, it goes to the Newman Club Reading Room—after that I believe it goes to one of the prisons.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

(MRS.) CECILE RUTHERFORD.

Revelation of All Sins at General Judgment

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your January, 1937, issue, page 362, you commented on the subject: "All sins are revealed at the General Judgment." Not going into the details of your answer, you agreed that all sins will be revealed at the General Judgment, and, though you stated that this is what St. Thomas Aquinas holds, you also stated that it was the opinion of St. Albert the Great that sins which were atoned for by penance would not be revealed to others at that time. I certainly prefer the opinion of St. Albert; it is more commensurate with the kindness and considerateness of Christ, that sins which were confessed here should not be revealed to the world on the Last Day.

The Church surrounds the tribunal of Penance with such great secrecy, which God Himself sanctions and protects—I have heard that never has it been known that the secrets of the confessional have been divulged—and this seal is to be broken on the Last Day before the whole world! A great churchman of our own day, Cardinal Manning, warns us: "Be beforehand with the Day of Judgment. That which you confess now will be blotted out and forgiven in that day. That which you hide now will be in the book of God's remembrance, laid up for a record in that day of the Great Assize. It is not much that He requires of us—to come and tell it in the ear of one man in His stead!"

If we can spare anyone the revelation to others of his or her misdemeanors we gladly do so; in some cases it may be known that they have sinned, but the sins themselves are not known, and we will spare them the humiliation of mak-

ing them known, and if, after repenting of their sins and leading a good life, they do a great deal of good, we are glad to make this known and we give them due praise for it. Our Lord is not less charitable and considerate than we are.

MISSOURI.

N. N.

Editor's Note: The question of the revelation at the General Judgment of sins repented of is not a matter of dogma; hence you are free to adopt the opinion of St. Albert, if it appeals to you rather than that of St. Thomas. But to this department the opinion of the latter, that all sins of all men, even those sins sincerely confessed and atoned for, will be revealed on that awful day, seems more probable. St. Thomas had St. Albert's opinion before his mind and rejected it. The former's teaching seems more in harmony with the Holy Scripture and the demands of reason. Our correspondent confuses two distinct tribunals—the Sacrament of Penance on earth and the General Judgment in eternity. The first is private; the second public. On earth man is still on trial; at the General Judgment his trial will have been over. There is no longer any reason for hiding from all the world the true state of his conscience before God. On that dread day the justice of God will be made clear to everyone individually and in common. This would seem to demand that even sins confessed and atoned for should also be revealed.

The difficulties advanced by our correspondent were sufficiently answered in the January issue. As to humiliation, the Angelic Doctor says: "Such a manifestation will not bring any shame to the saved, for shame is the fear of disgrace, which will be impossible in the blessed. Rather, this revelation will end to their greatest glory because they did penance for their sins." As to the quotation of Cardinal Manning, St. Thomas says very well: "Sins are said to be blotted out because God does not see them for the purpose of punishing them."

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.F.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.P.M., Buffalo, N. Y.; F.M.C., New York, N. Y.; M.W.S., Rouss Point, N. J.; A.B., Elizabeth, N. J.; M.A., Baltimore, Md.; M.F., Brookline, Mass.; M.C.H., Watertown, Mass.; H.G.D., Charleston, W. Va.; M.R.A.V., Union City, Ind.; M.J.S., East McKeesport, Pa.; S.M.S., West Orange, N. J.; A.K., St. Louis, Mo.; M.J.F., Hartford, Conn.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sacred Heart, Blessed Lady of Victory, M.F.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.E.T., Syracuse, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, N.J.R., Brockton, Mass.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, E.P., Rochester, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, H.McD., Providence, R. I.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Francis Xavier, M.J.B.P., Somerville, Mass.; Sacred Heart, A.G., New York, N. Y.; St. Joseph, Little Flower, M.G.D., Arlington, Mass.; Blessed Gemma, B.J.M., St. Louis, Mo.; Jesus, Mary and Joseph, A.C.C., Malden, Mass.; St. Anthony, M.K.C., Chicago, Ill.; Blessed Mother, Sacred Heart, M.S.F., Roslindale, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M.J.S., East McKeesport, Pa.; St. Joseph, S.A., Nazareth, Ky.; Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Phila., Pa.; Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, A.M.B., West Orange, N. J.; St. Joseph, S.M., Chicago, Ill.; C.C.M., Baltimore, Md.; C.S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; C.T., Cincinnati, O.; M.A.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.T., Cedarhurst, L. I.; E.G., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.T.R., St. Louis, Mo.; C.McC., New York, N. Y.; H.R., Georgetown, Demarara; C.S., Louisville, Ky.; B.O.M., Youngstown, Ohio; M.J.G., New Eagle, Pa.; M.P.J.L., Hartford, Conn.

The Coronation and the Future

The Coronation of King George VI in May Stands Out as an Important Event in a European Scene Dominated by National Rivalries and Suspicions

By Denis Gwynn

THE CORONATION of King George VI in London, and the Imperial Conference of the British Empire which will be associated with it, can scarcely fail to dominate all other events in the month of May. And the attitude of the United States of America towards the deliberations of the British Imperial Conference will certainly be a very important factor in deciding the direction of world affairs for the coming years.

Important Delegates

THE arrival of Mr. Norman Davis in London—ostensibly as a delegate for the Sugar Industry Conference—is hailed as an incident of great importance. He will have the opportunity, as President Roosevelt's intimate adviser, of meeting in London many of the most important and influential men in Europe and in the British Empire. He will find the Prime Ministers of the British Dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—assembled for the most momentous Imperial Conference that has yet been held.

All the Great Powers, with the conspicuous exception of Italy, are sending several of their most important public representatives. France, for instance, will be represented by her Foreign Minister and by the chiefs of her army, navy and air force. Germany will send an equally impressive group and will have Herr Ribbentrop, who is Hitler's most intimate confidant, in London already as her Ambassador.

Not since the Versailles Peace Conference has there been anything like this general muster of leading delegates from almost every country. They are not coming to attend any formal international conference, but they will all be in London at the same time, and the occasion offers extraordinary opportunities for a free and cordial interchange of views. The fact that Mussolini has refused to send any important delegation, because the British Government has seen fit to invite the former Emperor of Ethiopia as a guest, is deplored as a symptom of bitter feelings which no country wishes to prolong. But Italy can scarcely expect to gain anything by such isolation; and the result—whether one sympa-

thizes or not with Mussolini in his attitude—can only be to impose a further strain upon his tremendous effort to achieve self sufficiency for Italy.

The Italian attitude may indeed have serious repercussions during the next few months. Italy has deliberately chosen to stand aloof and to express sentiments of grievance while she is embroiled in extremely dangerous and embarrassing commitments in Spain. Since last I wrote, the Italian forces which had been sent to help General Franco in Spain have suffered a serious reverse, and their defeat has been magnified out of all true proportion by the propagandists of the countries which detest Fascism. The defeat of a relatively small force has been represented as showing that Italy's military power is much less formidable than had been generally believed. It has been acclaimed, with delight, as a personal humiliation for Mussolini, and he has been subjected to the strongest provocation to send further forces to Spain in defiance of the non-intervention agreement.

Situation in Spain

HE MUST in fact decide whether he is to withdraw, as Germany has done, from a military adventure which might assume enormous proportions, or proceed at once on a much more ambitious scale. To withdraw would be to acknowledge failure—which is extremely difficult and damaging for a dictatorship. Yet to go on would mean challenging the other Powers with which Italy has been associated in enforcing non-intervention in Spain. If he repudiates that policy, then France and Russia would immediately intervene on a similar scale against General Franco; and the British fleet would almost certainly place obstacles in the way of increased intervention by sea. Moreover, the war in Spain has shown that foreign troops cannot be expected to fight with real determination and energy in a cause which they do not feel to be their own; and modern warfare is now so terrible in its impact that half-hearted troops are easily demoralized.

The situation in Spain therefore may be summarized by saying that the civil

war still shows very little prospect of an early settlement. Both sides are still holding roughly the same territories and tactical positions which they held six months ago. The non-intervention agreement has been definitely effective in preventing a decision through foreign aid to either side, and France has virtually ceased to help the Valencia Government with volunteers and munitions now that German and Italian aid for General Franco has been greatly diminished. But France would undoubtedly resume her former help to the Valencia Government if Italy attempted to help General Franco; and France could send volunteers and munitions and aeroplanes across her land frontier much more easily than Italy could send them by sea.

Spain will undoubtedly be one of the chief questions occupying attention when the delegates from so many countries meet in London, and military events in the next month or so may very possibly hasten matters towards a crisis. Italy's abstention from the proceedings will certainly not encourage sympathy either with Mussolini's attitude or with General Franco's campaign. It is much more to be hoped that some strong diplomatic move in London during these weeks will assist in bringing the Spanish war to an end.

Germany and Italy

MEANWHILE, Italy's resources are being strained by the expenditure on rearmament and on public works, and not least by the severe drain imposed by the necessity of colonizing and developing her recent conquests in East Africa. In an atmosphere of peace and good will Italy's resources and the magnificent discipline and morale of the Italian people could achieve wonders. But it is no exaggeration to say that they are now being strained to near the breaking-point.

To some extent also the same conditions of strain in Germany are tending rapidly towards a crisis. The enormous rearmament program which has been adopted, almost without limit, in every country imposes intolerable burdens against which common sense revolts. It will be one of the first objects

of all the consultations in London during May to secure some means of reducing that expenditure by general agreement. There are already signs that the U. S. A. and the British Empire intend to make a concerted effort in that direction. The effort may take the form of financial pressure or financial inducement rather than the convening of any new international conference.

They already exercise enormous power by the agreement made last September to combine the vast financial resources of the Exchange Equalization Funds of New York, London and Paris in linking the dollar and sterling and the franc. That agreement has already rescued M. Blum's Government from difficulties which no French Government could have surmounted without such assistance. There are ample indications that Blum will be able to count upon such continued support so long as he avoids any policy which New York and London would disapprove.

Withdrawal of such support—which is provided in the form of short dated loans which have to be renewed at frequent intervals—would mean an immediate financial collapse in France, and an inevitable outbreak of class warfare. But so long as Blum has ample support for the franc he can continue his policy of increased wages and lavish expenditure on public works, and the danger of general strikes of a revolutionary character will be averted until more normal conditions have been restored. The immediate concession which is being dictated by international finance is that France should revert as rapidly as possible towards free trade, and abolish or drastically reduce the tariffs and quotas which have hampered foreign trade.

Financial Considerations

WHILE the policy of the international Exchange Funds remains wrapped in secrecy—as seems likely to be the case for many years—one can only deduce the general program of the co-operating countries from the interests which they most desire to protect. A return to prosperity and the restoration of commercial credit is the first requirement of all money-lending institutions; and for that reason they are obviously opposed to every effort to upset the equilibrium of world affairs. By that standard (which is dictated by finance and not by ethics) both Germany and Italy are the most dangerous sources of unrest, and until they agree to reduce their armament programs—which have set the pace for all other countries—it must be assumed that international finance will not only refuse them support but work for their downfall.

Just as the Rothschilds threw their whole power against Napoleon when he had become a menace to the peace of Europe, so one must assume now that

international finance—which is incomparably more powerful today than it was a hundred years ago—will desire and assist the downfall of both Hitler and Mussolini. Against Hitler particularly its antipathy will be doubly acute, because Nazi Germany has deliberately repressed the Jews and has challenged their national and racial traditions throughout the world. Until the anti-Jewish legislation in Germany has been repealed there can be no question of reconciliation between Germany and Jewish finance, and all its resources will be used against Germany's claims either for expansion or for assistance.

Problem of Armaments

THESE considerations will inevitably loom large in the background of the forthcoming consultations in London. They can scarcely fail to result in a closer and more determined co-operation between the countries which have no territorial ambitions, being already lavishly provided with colonies or with undeveloped natural resources. The British Empire has its vast Dominions and colonies and protectorates. France has her enormous colonial empire in Africa, separated from the mother country only by the Mediterranean which Mussolini now seeks to claim as an "Italian" sea. The United States of America is amply large enough to satisfy national aspirations for years ahead.

For all these powers, and for the South American Continent no less, the present crazy competition in national armaments is not only a burden but an intolerable interruption of the national development of peaceful commerce and normal life. The necessity for armaments arises only through the unsatisfied ambitions of Germany and Italy and Japan. Yet those ambitions are as natural as in any other country; and it is a manifest injustice, especially in regard to Germany, that they are allowed no opportunity of fulfillment except by a war of conquest. Is it too much to hope that some plan will be agreed upon during the present year by which legitimate ambitions can be satisfied, under international control if necessary, on a basis of renouncing the competition in armaments?

One great advance at least has been made during the past twelve months, in so far as increased armaments all around have made war less likely than it was a year ago. The prospects of victory in war are now so remote that no country would attempt war with the slightest confidence. On the other hand, expenditure on armaments in Germany and Italy has produced such a state of exhaustion that internal economic collapse is almost inevitable. A dictator is always tempted in the last resort to declare war rather than accept disaster at home. Yet even so the risks would be so

enormous that it is doubtful whether either Hitler or Mussolini could compel his advisers and his people to undertake such a risk.

A new era has indeed arisen now that the long years of economic depression have passed away. The stage is set for a development of prosperity in peace such as the world has never known before. And it may be that the coronation of the young English King will mark the turning point. His coronation will itself be deeply symbolical—for there could be nothing more remote from the old conceptions of monarchy. Six months ago he had no expectation of ever becoming King. He was scarcely even a conspicuous public figure. Natural shyness, and a complete lack of any desire for publicity or for public office, made him almost less familiar to the general public than his younger brothers!

The New King

HIS unassuming simplicity was attractive in itself, and he had brought an invaluable reinforcement to the popularity of the royal family by his marriage to the young daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, whose family had no modern royal connections. The fact that he thus married a "commoner" was cordially welcomed as a precedent which widened the narrow circle that had hitherto restricted the choice of royal marriages. The real charm and spontaneous gaiety of the young Duchess of York has been one of the most attractive features of the royal family circle, and the birth of her children gave extraordinary pleasure to the people.

In public affairs the Duke of York and his young wife and children have indeed played a surprisingly small part. The Duke himself had been identified chiefly with encouragement of certain social reforms and with the Boy Scout movement, though even these activities were little advertised and did not occupy a great deal of his time. He and his young family were associated, in the public mind, chiefly with the home life of King George V in his later years, when the presence of the young princesses at the Court was a constant comfort to their grandfather. The little princesses and their charming mother were indeed more widely known than their father, who has been so unexpectedly called upon to be King and Emperor.

By temperament he would in any case have been inclined to rely almost entirely upon his Ministers in exercising his royal functions. In actual circumstances he is still more likely to efface himself as a constitutional monarch. He had been eclipsed completely by the spectacular and magnetic qualities of his elder brother; and their characters present a remarkable contrast. The Duke

of Windsor would certainly have infused a strongly personal note into all his dealings with public affairs. He had many of the gifts of a popular politician under modern conditions. His personality aroused real enthusiasm wherever he appeared, and he had acquired a considerable gift for public speaking. He genuinely enjoyed the highly emotional occasions when he had to receive ovations from enormous gatherings. He had for years recited the valedictory lines at the annual rally of ex-service men organized by the British Legion, and he played his part with the energy and emotion of a born orator.

Qualities of New King

BUT experience has shown that modern conditions make it undesirable, if not impossible, for a constitutional monarch to combine the industry of a civil servant with the emotional appeal of a popular leader. No one man can conceivably stand the strain of combining both rôles. The new King George VI will be all the more a successful ruler if he can achieve the unassuming dignity and reticence of his father while exercising personal authority as an impartial umpire behind the scenes. In the light of experience, the plain truth is that the Duke of Windsor would have been far too temperamental as a King. His immense popularity might very easily have been changed into extreme dislike, if he had adopted a strongly personal line on any important question, and the monarchy would have inevitably been dragged into party politics.

It is too early yet to estimate how far the institution of the hereditary monarchy in the British Empire can ever recover from the severe moral shock which it received with the abdication of the Duke of Windsor. The new King shows many signs of having inherited the solid and dependable qualities which made his father so remarkable a figure in public life. He inspires a feeling of confidence, and a desire to serve him because of his simple honesty and devotion to duty, which his more brilliant and more attractive brother had failed to create in the same degree. If conditions are favorable the new King may well restore and continue for many years that tradition of absolute respect and devotion which his father had greatly enhanced.

But the question of how to train successors for the life-long servitude of a constitutional throne is in grave doubt to-day. It is widely felt that one of the greatest assets of the new King is that he was spared the long years of strain from early boyhood of being trained for succession to the throne. To be Prince of Wales is in itself so arduous and severe a trial for any man's nerves and constitution that he can scarcely be ex-

pected to retain the balance and judgment required of a King when the time comes for his accession. And just as King George VI now enjoys the great advantage of coming to the throne with a fresh mind and without being worn down by years of previous prominence and responsibility, so too his father's success was largely due to the accident of his brother's death, which brought him unexpectedly into the line of direct succession when he was already grown to manhood.

This contrast between the British monarchy and the modern dictatorships could scarcely be overestimated. The British King is literally no more than a civil servant, devotedly fulfilling the traditions of public service in accordance with the instructions he receives from the Ministers of the day. A general election may replace one set of Ministers with another set who have an

The modern world is already divided between the countries which value freedom and democratic institutions and those which have abolished them. The next few years may well bring changes in Italy and Germany or both, and it will be fortunate indeed if they do not lead to further inroads upon the traditions of Christian civilization. For the present the democracies have it in their power to assist the dictator-ruled countries if they will agree to reduce their armaments and return to the old freedom of commerce and friendly intercourse with other countries.

entirely opposite policy, yet the King has to act on the advice of the new Ministers with the same loyalty and impartiality which he showed before.

But in countries where a dictatorship exists there is no scope even for an organized opposition party. Only one political party is allowed to exist, and there can be no question of a change of Government which will carry out the desires of the former opposition. Not even in the pre-war days did any monarchy in Europe, outside Russia, exercise the absolute and unlimited authority which is claimed and exercised to-day by the rulers of Russia, Germany and Italy.

In that sense, the coronation of King George VI at Westminster in May will be, paradoxically, an impressive vindication of democratic government. And a minor incident in recent weeks has further emphasized the essentially demo-

cratic character of the British constitution. Many changes have taken place, unobtrusively, since the Duke of Windsor's abdication. New legislation has been passed to provide for the succession to the Crown in any eventuality, and to provide for the continuance of the sovereignty in the event of any sort of incapacity in the Sovereign. Even the form of the Coronation Oath has been changed, so that the declaration of allegiance to the Protestant religion applies henceforward only to the United Kingdom, and not to the Dominions. But still more significant was the recent legislation which provides that henceforward the official Leader of the opposition in Parliament shall receive a State salary, equivalent to that formerly paid to many Cabinet Ministers, in recognition of the fact that the Opposition is an integral part of the British Constitution.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the coronation festivities and the British Imperial Conference which will follow it are in any sense a direct challenge to the countries which have repudiated and destroyed democratic institutions. But it will unquestionably draw closer the great democracies of the West—America, France and the British Empire.

In so far as their ideals conflict with the modern autocracies, the conflict with Russia is much more acute than with Germany and Italy, where at least the Christian tradition is still revered and preserved in public life. If a crash were to come in either Italy or Germany, it is fully possible that Fascism or Hitlerism would be replaced by a revolutionary and atheistic dictatorship on the Russian model, and it would be extremely foolish to assume that the overthrow of either Hitler or Mussolini would mean a return to parliamentary government.

Democracies and Dictatorships

THE modern world is divided between the countries which value freedom and democratic institutions and those which have abolished them. The next few years may well bring changes in either Italy or Germany or both, and it will be fortunate indeed if they do not lead to further inroads upon the traditions of Christian civilization.

For the present, the democracies have it in their power to assist the dictator-ruled countries if they will agree to reduce their armaments and return to the old freedom of commerce and friendly intercourse with other nations. But that help, which the financiers control, cannot be forthcoming until some agreement is reached on the one hand to limit the competition in rearmament and on the other to provide, without war, that territorial expansion which is unjustly denied to Germany.

Saints and Civilization

A Return to Religious Principles Will Solve Many Modern Problems

By P. W. Browne

THROUGHOUT the land today the welkin rings with popular shibboleths, fustian is thundered forth from platform and rostrum, while unthinking thousands avidly gulp down the *ipse-dixits* of notoriety seekers who propound solutions of our national ills. Acrimonious epithets are bandied forth with bewildering frequency by individuals who seem to have vague notions regarding the meaning of Christian civilization.

To all and sundry we suggest that they take to heart recent utterances of our distinguished Catholic apologist—Monsignor Sheen, who said: "Civilization can never be put back on the right track until it is returned to a moral and religious point of view. This will not be easy, because we have become accustomed to thinking our ills are political and economic instead of moral and religious. Politics and economics never made any civilization great but only the attitude of man toward God. . . . Civilization is superior if it can produce a saint."

Civilization is usually taken to mean the refinement of man in his social capacity, and it changes from one epoch to another. An eminent historian tells us that "civilization is a continuous strife, and he alone comprehends it well who regards it from the viewpoint of conflict. Not one gain of civilization that does not have its martyrs; not one step upward in the history of mankind but is taken amid the protests and opposition of those whose individual or particular interests are assailed, or seem to be."

As we look back through the centuries we find that all civilization begins with the soil, and that nearly all the great events of history are directly traceable to the struggles for the soil, from within or without the State. The life of the soil is really the labor that makes it bear fruit. This the Church has always sanctified and held up as a necessary and blessed thing. Her Founder was accounted the son of a laboring man, Himself a toiler at a carpenter's bench. Her first missionaries were workmen—fishermen. She, first and alone, uplifted on her banner the symbols of labor, and declared them worthy and holy. All her legislation enforces labor as a duty for all. But the duty of labor brings with it a corresponding right to

the fruit and reward of labor, and hence she came at once into conflict with the existing conditions of society.

When she emerged from the Catacombs we find the Church concerned about the treatment of the workingman. Then there were no more underground prisons, no more stamping with hot irons the face that had been cleansed in the baptism of Christ, no more maiming or abusing of the slave. She opens refuges in every city for the poor and homeless driven off their estates by those who wished a monopoly in land. Every church door is a distributing place for bread, and one-quarter of the funds of every church goes to the relief of the needy. Every Bishop's house was a court of appeal for the overburdened peasant. A Bishop sat on the bench with the judges. He visited the prisons; his church afforded an asylum for the oppressed.

When the Roman Empire crumbled as a result of barbarian invasions the fairest lands in Europe went without culture, and wild beasts wandered among the porticoes and temples of the ancients, and the very names of once opulent towns and cities were forgotten.

Then arose another mighty force of the Catholic Church—the monks of St. Benedict, whose rule was an admirable thing for the social needs of that day. It inculcated equally labor of the hand and labor of the brain, and for a long period "Europe was overrun by the children of that good man whose mortal remains repose above the rushing Anio amid the sublime scenery of Subiaco."

THE Papacy took the monks of St. Benedict under its protection, and together they formed a religious influence that worked for good in all directions. The monks usually chose waste lands and desert places for an abode. Priest and brother, the educated man and laborer went into the fields together. The hind learned from them the traditions of old Roman agriculture, for these men were the best born and best educated men of the time. They revived much of a civilization that had disappeared. Whole sections of Europe were reclaimed, or for the first time cultivated. Prussia, Southern Germany, most of the Rhineland, the greater part of Switzerland, great tracts of Southern

Italy and Sicily, of Norway and Sweden, are the immediate creation of these sons of the Church.

Later, when problems of production and distribution arose, those churchmen solved them. The cathedral and the monasteries preserved the germ of civil life; and it is to them we owe directly the preservation of all the social arts and professions.

The annual fair (still common in Europe) with its products gathered from distant parts was held under Church auspices, about the monastery, or within the cathedral compound. The wares of East and West were there displayed; travelers and pilgrims came in vast numbers. During these great gatherings the legal needs of the peasants—wills and contracts—were attended to; and all the refining duties of hospitality were exercised. About it all arose the benignant figure of Mother Church. The fair was opened with all the solemnities of the liturgy, and the fair itself was known as The Mass of St. Michael—or of Our Lady. The great book fair at Leipzig is still called The Mass of the Books.

WHILE the Church was developing among the youngest nations of Europe the notion of commonweal, the good of the commonwealth, she was creating another entirely new institution, the Christian Law of Nations, or what is known today as International Law.

Every decade of the Middle Ages, or "The Ages of Faith," is filled with the good offices of saintly churchmen. They represent a central authority, entirely moral and resting on personal conviction of sanctity: they appeal to the common law of the Gospel, and peace was their primary object. In time they created an unwritten code that governs the world, the life-giving center of which was the august person of Jesus Christ in His Gospel enlightening and soliciting mankind to follow Him, the Prince of Peace—to beat the sword into the ploughshare.

Such a power as exercised by the ministry of the Catholic Church necessarily had an extraordinary influence on the social life of the people. So long as a monastery existed, no poor man could go hungry: pauperism as we know it at the present time did not exist. Ade-

quately to understand those distant days we must keep in mind that public life was dominated by two great functional ideas—the sense of *personality*, and the sense of *responsibility*, and this is why the great men of the Middle Ages are not its warriors, not its legislators, not even its priests and Bishops, but its *Saints*.

Holiness, a God-like purity of mind and heart, thorough detachment from the mortal and attachment to the immortal and divine, was the keynote of that epoch. It is to its saintly men like Patrick, Columbanus, Benedict, Boniface, Norbert, Bernard, Thomas of Aquino, Dominic, and Francis of Assisi; and its saintly women like Bridget, Rade-gunda, Cunegonda, Elizabeth, and Catherine of Sienna, that we must look for the full flower of Christian growth.

JUST as the view of life in "The Ages of Faith" fruited in *personality*, it was likewise replete with a *sense of responsibility*. This was the true source of sanctity, and its prevalence is shown by the great number of holy men and women who meet us on every page of medieval history. They realized that all power comes from God, and is held for the benefit of one's fellow mortals. . . . Public office was therefore regarded a quasi-priestly thing, a trust, a deposit—and the proper administration of it a knightly thing.

We need not dwell longer on that earlier epoch, but we shall consider briefly two saints of whom the modern world hears much, largely because men's minds are turned today to the solution of the problem of social betterment—St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Vincent de Paul.

Few saints of that elder day seem to appeal to the non-Catholic mind as does St. Francis, the Poverello of Assisi. Many, however, have idealized him into their own temperamental image and likeness. Some seek to make him at home in this twentieth century by presenting St. Francis of Assisi as a blend of philanthropist and modernist, who had learned to look lightly upon all such scaffoldings as creeds, sacraments, and official or institutional authority. These seem to forget that in the soul of a Catholic saint the love of Christ is indissolubly bound up with the love of the dogmatic truths which He taught, and of the sacraments which He is believed to have instituted, and of the Visible Church to Which He is believed to have entrusted the administration of both these radiations of His light and love. Stripped of this love of what St. Francis revered as Christ's word and handiwork, their portrait is not that of a saint, and is least of all that of St. Francis.

Other non-Catholics seem to believe that St. Francis of Assisi was a fore-

runner of the Protestant Revolt. Others venerate him because of his ardent love of nature. Some point to his reform of social conditions existing at his time, and align him with modern Socialists and Communists. Finally, others regard St. Francis as the herald of a common humanity and an all-embracing brotherhood.

But let it be said emphatically that the admiration of all the groups mentioned is based on an imperfect understanding of the personality of St. Francis of Assisi. To arrive at a proper understanding of his character, or to understand what we will term his "social appeal" we must delve beneath the surface and find what was the spirit of St. Francis. Here we find the real explanation of the life of the Poverello.

Love of God is the characteristic trait of St. Francis; and his many great virtues are attempts to express in his own life the virtues of Christ. Says one of his brilliant spiritual sons: "The deepest reason for the appeal of the Poverello to modern men and women is the fact that he offers us the way and the means for returning to Christ." Let us take, for example, what the adoption of the principles of St. Francis would mean with regard to social reform. The solution is similar to that offered by St. Francis during his lifetime:

1. To break the domination of the wealthy.
2. To safeguard the rights of the poor.
3. To counteract the extravagance and luxury of the rich.
4. To effect the general reconciliation of man to man, of class to class.
5. To instill the fear of God and respect for authority, law and order.

In dealing with conditions such as existed during his lifetime, St. Francis did not offer an armchair philosophy. He and his Friars did not preach the gospel of social reform from pulpits and platforms; they dwelt in the midst of the masses and grappled with the existing evils. They practiced simplicity and poverty, cheerfulness and charity, peace and penance in the midst of the people, and taught them by example how to return to the observance of the Gospel and thereby save humanity from ruin.

THE conception of love and brotherhood which Christ brought into the world is amply expressed in the *Acts of the Apostles*, and in the Epistles, especially those written by St. Paul. There was no longer any distinction between Jew and Gentile as there had been under the Old Dispensation, and the teachings of Christ were carried into the everyday life of the new believers. So it continued for centuries, and Christ's teachings were applied to the different social needs and institutions. Bishops protested strongly against the landowners' oppression of tenants,

the tyranny of civil officialdom, and the extortion practised by the usurer. Such iniquities were as prevalent in early days as they are in our own age. For in every period of the world's history covetous men have been found.

Before the Protestant Revolt all charities were administered by the Church. To-day most of them are under the control of the State. There is a wide distinction between the principles underlying the problem of the administration of charity by the Church and the State, much to the disparagement of the latter. Especially is this true of the motives. The neighbor ought to be assisted out of love of God, for the highest form of fraternal charity is that which is motivated by the thought that the neighbor is the creature, the child of God, and the brother of Christ. Another distinct advantage possessed by Catholics in the work of charity lies in their organization.

THERE seems to be an impression in certain quarters that we have such a scientific way of relieving distress that it is almost perfect, and leaves nothing to be desired. One of our foremost authorities in the United States, Dr. John A. Ryan, does not seem to agree with this contention. He says: "In the Middle Ages the social causes of poverty were much better controlled than at present, because the Church had infused into all classes the doctrine that social power carries with it social responsibility. To-day the chief causes of poverty are the worship of money, and the lack of responsibility in those who possess social power, i. e., economic power. Only within the Catholic Church can be found the principles, resources, organization, and authority through which these causes can be repressed."

No other charitable agency had such an extraordinary history as that which was established by St. Vincent de Paul, of which the spirit has been perpetuated by a society that bears his name: Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

St. Vincent de Paul was born of peasant parents at Pouy, in the Landes, France, on April 24, 1576. His early years were spent in troublous times, for the Wars of Religion had aroused in France the most hateful passions. Volumes have been written regarding the marvelous achievements of the "Proteus of Charity," and it is much to be desired that those who now confuse charity with that modern thing called "philanthropy" read carefully the story of St. Vincent's career.

Again to quote Monsignor Sheen: "The Church must convince mankind that a civilization is not superior because it can dig deeper tunnels, build higher buildings, and make more automobiles a minute; but it is superior if it can produce a saint."

Singer of the Swords

Though Catholic Poets of All Ages Have Sung of Mary's Sorrows,
Jacopone da Todi Stands First as Composer of the "Stabat Mater"

By Hugh Blunt

TROUBADOURS have not been lacking to the Mother of Sorrows. Her dolours have appealed to innumerable poets in every language. Remember Father Faber's unforgettable lines:

For in Mary's ear all sorrow
Singeth ever like a psalm.

Faber's book on Our Lady's Sorrows constitutes him one of her poet laureates. His book is a poem in prose. The same may be said of Newman's seven little meditations on the Dolours of Mary. They are gems.

For the Feast of the Seven Dolours in September the breviary has three hymns, which are attributed to a Servite priest of the eighteenth century, Calisto Palumbella. Whether or not he composed these hymns, it was he at any rate who wrote the Office for this Feast which was inserted in the breviary in 1720. The Hymn for Vespers contains the theology of the Seven Dolours. It must be translated literally to get its full meaning. The metrical translation, though done many times, is almost impossible, as it is in most translations. It runs:

Now let the evening come suddenly
upon the whole Heavens, and let
the astonished sun dispatch the day,
while I recount the spectacle of the
cruel death and the divine tragedy.

Drenched with grief, thou, O
Mother, wast present at the Cruci-
fixion, bearing in thy bosom a heart
adamant, while thy Son hanging on
the fatal Cross uttered deep groans.

Before thy very eyes hung thy Son
lacerated with cruel scourgings, thy
Son wounded with gaping wounds;
with how many sharp, penetrating
points did this transfix thee.

Alas! spittle, blows, stripes,
wounds, nails, gall, aloes, sponge,
lance, thirst, thorns, blood—with
what manifold tyranny do they op-
press thy loving heart.

The Virgin the while stands there
more noble than the martyrs; by a
new wonder, O Mother, dying, thou

dost not die, though transfixed by
such great and dreadful sorrows.

To the sovereign Trinity be glory,
praise, and honor, from whom I
suppliantly and with fervent prayer
beg strength like the Virgin's in
time of trouble.

The hymn for Lauds is well put into
English verse by Faber:

God of mercy, let us run
Where yon fount of sorrows
flows;
Pondering sweetly, one by one,
Jesu's Wounds and Mary's woes.

Ah, those tears Our Lady shed,
Enough to drown a world of sin;
Tears that Jesu's sorrows fed,
Peace and pardon well may win!

His Five Wounds, a very home,
For our prayers and praises
prove;
And Our Lady's woes become
Endless joys in Heaven above.

Jesus, Who for us did die,
All on Thee our love we pour;
And in the Holy Trinity
Worship Thee forevermore.

It was a Servite priest, too, Vincent
Tarozzi, who wrote the hymns for the
Feast of the Seven Founders, hymns
through which as a golden thread runs
the memory of the Sorrows of Mary.

BUT the greatest troubadour of Our
Lady of Pain, her poet-laureate
who has never had a rival, is the
poet who wrote the *Stabat Mater*,
the most popular of our Latin hymns.
It is known to every Catholic who as-
sists at the public devotion of the Sta-
tions of the Cross, and was brought to
the attention of the outside world by
Rossini's beautiful setting in music that
will never die. Other great musicians
have lavished all their love in setting
this poem to music, but somehow when
you say *Stabat Mater* you say Rossini.
If he had done nothing else, his fame
would be secure.

But, apart from musical settings, the
poem itself is a beautiful threnody.
Even those who have little love for

Mary have been moved to tears by the
pathos of the hymn. As a proof of its
appeal to the poetic mind, we have in
English no less than sixty recognized
metrical translations, many of them ex-
cellent but all falling far short of the
inspired original.

ABOUT the origin of the *Stabat
Mater*, we are in a haze. The only
fact of which we can be sure is that it
was in general use by the end of the four-
teenth century. Scholars have been di-
vided into camps as to the author, and
many learned articles have been written
in defense of this or that claimant. It
has been attributed to many writers—
to Saint Gregory the Great, to Saint
Bernard (from the fact that it is found
in one of his manuscripts), to Innocent
III, to Saint Bonaventure, to John
XXII, and to Gregory XI. Such a great
authority as Benedict XIV awards the
glory to Innocent III. But authorities
generally attribute the poem to the
Franciscan Friar, Jacopone da Todi.

The story of Jacopone is an inspir-
ing one. He is one of the great penitents
in the history of the Church. He de-
serves to be known for his deeply
spiritual life as much as for his reli-
gious poetry which, after all, was but
one way of manifesting his love for the
things of God.

Todi is a small town, twenty-eight
miles south of Perugia, and is the
episcopal see of the Province of Peru-
gia. It has an interesting history, going
back to the times before Christ. It was
there that Jacopo Benedetti was born
about 1228, of the noble family of the
Benedetti. With his assured social
position and his innate talent, he had
the whole world before him. He studied
Law at Bologna. Returning to his
native town, he set himself up in the
practise of Law. Soon he was very suc-
cessful. Honors came thick and fast;
but he was not very scrupulous in his
efforts to reach success. He lived in a
state of luxury and, in order to do so,
he was obliged to be avaricious and un-
scrupulous. Religion meant little to him.
He was in every sense a man of the
world.

Jacopo was married to a girl of noble
family. Her name was Vanna, daughter

of the Count of Collemedio. Vanna was at heart a woman of great piety, although no one ever guessed it. In the eyes of the world she was a social butterfly, and she seemed to live only for the world and its pleasures. But her heart was not in that empty, frivolous existence. She pretended to be gay, a lover of society. In reality she led a very holy life. That true life of hers was discovered by her husband and her friends only too late. It was stark tragedy that revealed who the real Vanna was.

ONE day at a tournament in Todi the grandstand gave way. The ladies were buried in the debris. There were shrieks of agony and fright. Some had their legs broken, some, their arms, and others were fatally injured. Among these last was Vanna.

Jacopo rescued her from the heap of ruins. In his strong arms he carried her away from the scene, hoping against hope, for she was still breathing. In order to give her relief and help her to breathe he opened her magnificent dress. And there, underneath the regal raiment, he saw a hair-shirt. Vanna, without uttering a word, died in her husband's arms.

Jacopo was stunned. He was beside himself with grief at the loss of the wife he had so loved. But, more than that, he was stunned at the revelation which her death made to him. She was not then the giddy girl, the social butterfly that she seemed to be. With all her laughter and her apparent pursuit of pleasure, she was at heart a great penitent. She had despised the vanities of the world. And then Jacopo realized the truth; she had appeared to be a worldling just for his sake, to keep up his social end of the game. But she had done penance for him, too. It was for him, to atone for his sins, that she had worn the hair-shirt. In that instant Jacopo ceased to be the clever avaricious lawyer and man of the world, and began to be a man of God.

He wasted no time in vain regrets. There was work for him to do, the work of sanctifying himself and saving his soul. Henceforth he must live a life of penance. He began by giving his wealth away to the poor. That done, he withdrew from the world as much as possible and devoted himself to austerities, and most of all to prayer. His life up to now had not been any too good; it was hard work for him to subdue his passions, but he went at the work now with a will, and determined to live only for God.

The clever lawyer had considered himself of great importance. He was a proud man, proud of his wealth, his family, his position. There was but one remedy for that pride; and the remedy

was humility. Jacopo, however, was not content with quiet humility. He wanted to be despised, and more than that to be laughed at. It takes a lot of virtue for a man to want to be ridiculed. So, to win the ridicule of the world, of all those grand people of whom he was once the leader, he made believe that he had become an idiot. He put off his fine clothes and dressed himself in the vilest habit he could find. He came dressed as a tramp to the public games in which he had once shown his prowess.

Once he went so far as to have himself saddled and bridled as an ass in the public square of Todi. He wanted the people to laugh at him, to despise him as a fool, but those who had once known the gallant nobleman did not laugh at his antics and his exhibition of foolery. They all pitied him, remembering the tragedy of his life and the beautiful Vanna. With that pity there was also a great admiration for his conversion and for the virtue that was evident even through his pretended idiocy.

THEY tell a typical story of his mixture of foolery and wisdom. His niece was to be married. It was to be a great event. The girl's father, Jacopo's brother, was worried. No one ever guessed what the mad Jacopo would do. So the brother sent word to him not to dare come to the wedding if he was going to act the fool. Jacopo sent back word to his brother to look after the honor of his own family and not worry about him, as his thoughts were elsewhere. But nevertheless he went to the wedding. It was a noble feast of nobles. All society was present.

Just when the brother was drawing a sigh of relief that Jacopo had not come to mar the festivities, in Jacopo walked covered from head to foot with mud and feathers, and dressed like a wild beast. Jacopo broke up the party. Some of the guests pitied him and made allowance for him, but most of them were indignant. I can imagine Jacopo laughing to himself at the consternation he had created, but I like to think also that he had not acted so as a boor, but that he wanted to give these grand people a little lesson about the vanity of the world.

Wherever he went now, the children followed him—mocking, jeering at him, and calling him names. The name of their invention that pleased them most was a play on Jacopo's own name. They called him Jacopone, and the nickname so pleased Jacopo with his fine new spiritualized sense of humor, he ever after used it as his true name. Hence he has ever since been known as Jacopone da Todi.

A foolish life, one might think; but Jacopone had method in his madness.

As a fool he could preach wisdom to men who would never listen to a wise man. For in spite of his folly, the conversation of the penitent gave edification to all. Here is a story of his teaching. A prominent citizen of Todi had bought a colt, and he hired Jacopone to lead it home to his grand house. Jacopone said to him, "Trust me, I will take it to your home all right." He did. What did Jacopone do but lead the colt to the place where the nobleman had his ancestral tomb. There he tied the colt to the stone of the sepulchre, and went about his business. When the nobleman returned and saw what Jacopone had done, he was for a moment angry at the trick, but he realized that Jacopone had indeed indicated his real home, the grave. It gave a needed lesson in spirituality to the nobleman.

It was in this kind of life that Jacopone spent the next ten years. He was a fool, for the sake of Christ. And all the while he was advancing in spirituality and wisdom. He decided to join the Franciscans, and made application. But the Franciscans are not to be blamed if they had their doubts about him. This poor unfortunate who was known everywhere as a mad man—how could they receive him? So they told him in nice words to go about his business. Jacopone did not answer back. He went away, and was not seen again for a long time. Finally he showed up at the convent again, and handed to the porter a manuscript, telling him to give it to the Guardian of the convent. What was it but a book on the contempt of the world! The Guardian read the manuscript, and his eyes were opened. He saw that Jacopone instead of being a maniac or a fool was really a man of God who had learned well the lesson taught by St. Francis. He had doubts no longer. He sent for Jacopone, admitted him to the Franciscans, and gave him the holy habit.

JACOPONE with all his talents could have aimed high. But that was not the life he wanted. He refused to be a priest. He was content to be a poor brother, and a brother he remained the rest of his life. Once admitted to the order, he began his penance in real earnest. He sought to imitate Jesus Christ, and thus he humbled himself in every way possible. He had had a long novitiate in his playing the fool. He would spend all the night in prayer and meditation. He was asked once what he would willingly suffer, and he replied that he would wish to suffer all the pains of earth and even hell if he could satisfy the Divine Justice and be anathema for Christians, pagans, Jews and infidels. There was no limit to his charity.

Jacopone was ever filled with the

love of God. He could not help manifesting his love outwardly. He would sing and weep and sigh. He was a true son of St. Francis. Once when he was asked why he wept so, he replied, "Because Love is not loved."

But, poet though he was, Jacopone was not a mere sentimentalist. His virtue was solid. He had left a world of vice. He would give it no quarter. And so he did not hesitate to reprove vice wherever he found it. He even took sides against those in high places if he thought that they were not doing the right thing. He had been a religious for twenty years when for his outspokenness and for taking sides against Boniface VIII in worldly matters, he was confined by order of that Pope. It is this strange episode in the life of Jacopone that has been one of the reasons for opposing his beatification. It is almost impossible now to get the real facts in the case.

So passed that life of prayer and mortification and love and poetry. He was very old. Illness and age broke him physically. Knowing that death was

nearing, he retired to a hermitage at Pantanelli, then to Collazone, a small town near Todi. There he would have more time to give himself wholly to God and his beloved Rule. Some years before that he had obtained permission from Pope Celestine V to live separate from the other friars and to devote himself, along with other chosen souls, to the Franciscan Rule in its perfection.

Death was nearing. His companions knew that he must soon leave them, and they suggested to him that he receive the last rites. But he put it off, much to their surprise and perhaps disedification. He said he would wait until his dearest friend, John of Alvernia, would arrive. The friars knew that there was no possibility of John's arrival, as he was many miles distant. Jacopone could not be prevailed upon. And then, one day John of Alvernia arrived unexpectedly. With gladness now he received the last rites from his old friend John. Then he sang a hymn—I like to think it was a verse from his own *Stabat Mater*—exhorted his brethren to persevere in their life of holiness. Lift-

ing up his eyes and his hands he said, "Into thy hands O Lord, I commend my spirit." And so he died. At that very moment the priest in the chapel was intoning the Gloria at the Midnight Mass of Christmas.

The holy example of Jacopone the Fool, true follower of Christ and lover of His Passion, is one of the great world teachers of the folly of the vanity of the world. He was a great man, a holy man, even if he had never written a line. But in addition to that personal holiness of his, there is another score on which we are indebted to him. It is for the beautiful hymns by which he led men and women to God. So popular was the poetry of Jacopone that there is scarcely a spiritual song of the times that is not attributed to him. His verses were sung by sodalities, confraternities, and even on the streets. That is glory enough; but the greatest glory of all is that he was the chosen poet-laureate of the Queen of Pain, to chant her Compassion until the end of time. And what a glory was his—to be of all men the Singer of the Swords.

Queen of Angels

By Hugh de Blacam



TWO learned Levites walked;
One grey-beard Jew
Talked of high prophetic things,
And said he knew
The names of all the angelic choirs:
The angels bent,
Listening, invisible, wondering
What he meant.

THE other rabbi said: "These mysteries
We could not ken
If we were not such very learned
Holy men—
We'd be no wiser than
That little lass,
Singing to God in the sunlight,
We saw pass.
Tell me your name, and fear not,
Maid of the hymn!"



Shyly she answered: "I am Mary,
Daughter of Joachim."

"GO ON your way in peace, Mary;
You may tell
You spoke today with rabbis great
In Isreal."
But all the listening heavens,
Still unseen,
Were shaken with delight, for now
They knew their Queen.

Personal Mention



MICHAEL KENNY, S.J.

LOUD are the cries for and against Communism, Fascism, Nazism and Democracy. Little is heard of *A Corporative State* which has been working out its problems quietly and, to all appearances, successfully. The story of Portugal's progress, as told by FR. MICHAEL KENNY, S.J., gives rise to the question of how closely Spain, when peace comes, may imitate its neighboring country.

The author was born in Tipperary, Ireland. Taking his degrees at Limerick College, he came to the United States at the age of 23 and entered the southern province of the Society of Jesus. Within a few years he was again in Europe, completing his studies in Ireland and Belgium. His long teaching career began at Spring Hill College and Loyola University. One of the original associate editors of the well known weekly, *America*, his active pen contributed much to the fields of history and literature. Long a student of Mexican affairs, his book, *No God Next Door*, has been read by a wide public. Noteworthy contributions to American history are his *Catholic Culture in Alabama* and *Romance of the Floridas*.

THERE'S no disputing the statement that *Youth Does Read*. What it reads and why it reads are discussed by GEORGE SCHUSTER, S.M., a teaching Brother of the Society of Mary. His own classroom work has made him face the many problems connected with adolescent reading. He discusses some of these here and offers valuable suggestions to those who have the duty of supplying mental food to the young.

A rarely discussed phase of *Life in Prison* is presented by JOHN MONAGHAN. This is not fiction. Much is heard of the efforts of outside agencies to effect the rehabilitation of prisoners. Here is the encouraging account, in his own words, of a man and his companions who are working sincerely to create an appreciation of things spiritual. It is pleasing to note the success attained.



JOSEPHINE MACDONALD

Let us have more Catholics for Journalism! This is the plea of JOSEPHINE MACDONALD. There is much reason in her appeal for our Catholic college graduates to get into the field of secular journalism. It is of little purpose to bemoan the bias and unfairness of secular periodicals and papers towards things Catholic, unless positive action is taken to influence their policies.

Born and educated in Cambridge, Mass., Josephine Macdonald interrupted her college

course in early 1917 to do war work in Washington, where she became secretary to the Chief of Ordnance Supply. Unwilling to give up either secretarial work or college work after the war, she combined both by studying at Boston University, Boston College Extension and Harvard Summer School while working successively for a collector of rare books, the United States Military Intelligence, the commercial attaché of China, in industrial offices, and an office of Harvard University. Her first story was published when she was fourteen and other stories, poems, and essays appeared at intervals thereafter—usually, timidly, under pen names. Myles Connolly, while editor of *Columbia*, asked her to write the Home Page of that magazine, and she has conducted it now for almost twelve years. In 1926 she married Attorney Charles Ryan, Jr., of Springfield, Mass. where five young Ryans now keep her too busy to do much writing besides her *Columbia* work.

In his *Tale of Two Cities*, STANLEY B. JAMES is not giving us a travelogue. Not that he could not tell many an interesting tale of his journeys! Born in Bristol, England, he trained for the Congregational ministry. Abandoning this

calling, he emigrated to Canada where he became in turn cowboy, teamster and newspaperman. At the time of the Spanish-American War he crossed the border and joined the U. S. army. On his return to England he married and served several years as a Congregational minister, taking a prominent part in labor and social movements. For a time he was assistant to Dr. Orchard (from whom, by coincidence, we have an article in this issue). In July, 1923, Stanley B. James was received into the Church. He has contributed to numerous periodicals in England and America. Among his well-known books are: *The Adventures of a Spiritual Tramp* and *Back to Langland*.



STANLEY B. JAMES

IN THE making of converts our manner of *Approaching Those Outside* is an important factor. FR. W. E. ORCHARD, himself a famous English convert, writes of how to present our faith to those who are still outside the True Fold. Whilst minister of the King's Weigh House Chapel, London, (1914-1932) he rose to national fame. He was noted for his leaning towards Catholic ritual and doctrine and was the pioneer of the "Free Catholic" movement. Always admired as a writer, his literary output revealed his progressive movement towards the Church of Rome. Within a year after his reception into the Faith he published *From Faith to Faith* and *The Inevitable Cross*.

His present article reminds us that we must not excuse the scarcity of converts on the fact that a change of heart and mind depend on the grace of God. Our efforts too are necessary. Whilst truth and charity are to be preserved, personal zeal to influence others should always be active. Thoughtful preparation for this Christian duty will add to our effectiveness.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

Interracial Justice: A Study of the Catholic Doctrine of Race Relations

by John LaFarge, S.J.

Because of the need of guidance in the solution of the many interracial problems confronting the country, Father LaFarge's book is one that will find a large public waiting to read it. Years of prolonged study and of actual experience in interracial fields are responsible for the balanced presentation of both principles and practice. Sentimentality and mere humanism are ruled out. At the very outset he takes the stand that, "While the facts in the interracial situation are by no means as widely known as they deserve, what is most urgently needed is to know what interpretation to put upon the facts. The key to such interpretation, in my opinion, is the doctrine of human rights, in the light of a spiritual and theistic concept of human destiny."

In stating the problems of interracial justice, the author clears the discussion by important preliminary definitions. Of special importance is the chapter on the Christian Teaching on Human Unity. Establishing the fundamental reasons for the Church's attitude towards interracial justice, he meets the issues with sane solutions.

Whilst the book is free from an overdose of statistics, it contains valuable documented facts. Father LaFarge's *Interracial Justice*, it may be predicted, will become a much used manual.

America Press, N. Y. \$2.00.

As I Was Going Down Sackville Street

by Oliver St. John Gogarty

For the lover of the bizarre in literature, here is a work unique in its kind. It is a species of memoir, intimate journal, autobiography, pen portraits, and humor, all wrapped up in one. The author follows no well-defined course; he writes as he pleases, with a slapdash disregard for orderliness, and ferries the reader through a maze of detail,—personal, social, and political, which makes up the world of an Irish senator, surgeon, poet, and scholar. The work breathes a Bohemian atmosphere and is somewhat reminiscent of the literary clubs of 17th and 18th century England, as the author moves among the literary wits of Dublin and London.

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE OR ANY BOOK YOU WISH CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

Gogarty has been an enigma for many years. Commemorated by Joyce and Yeats, and known only by report, he remained a tantalizing quantity to the world of letters. First in his poems, and now in his only prose work, he speaks for himself. What he has to say and how he says it are two points which have lately engaged the critics. His book has been acclaimed, and it is undoubtedly stamped with his genius, but seems destined to the meteoric career of its type. It is too desultory in treatment, is marred, at times, by unnecessary coarseness, and the subject matter is for the most part local in interest. On the other hand, the literati will appreciate its brittle and scintillating style, the intimate sketches of "AE" Russell and Yeats, and its sophisticated *bons mots*. The author has served up a highly seasoned literary ragout, somewhat hard to digest, so this would seem to be one of those books which Bacon says are "to be tasted."

Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y. \$3.50

We or They—Two Worlds in Conflict

by Hamilton Fish Armstrong

One would expect that a work on international politics from a man of Mr. Armstrong's background would be worth while. But one does not always expect an expert to give us so readable a work as *We or They*.

The book comprises a detailed analysis of democratic and dictatorial ideas of government, substantiated by facts and a generous amount of representative quotations; a wise presentation of the problems to which the coexistence of such obviously contradictory systems gives rise; and finally conclusions upon which, in the author's estimation, the solution of these problems rests. These conclusions are, in general, sane and temperate.

Mr. Armstrong takes for granted that the challenge, *We or They*, has already been answered by the people of our own country. "In the United States," he says, "the choice is made by reason and instinct. Most Americans, ranking

governments by their ability to afford the greatest number the greatest material good, still consider democracy best able to do this, and without the spiritual sacrifice which the dictators exact." The part of America and Americans in the struggle between the two social systems is clearly defined. The time for theorizing is over. It is time to act.

For the reviewer, however, the book was marred by the treatment which the present Spanish situation receives. We have not been reading Hearst or Rothermere papers. Nevertheless, we are not willing to accept the journalistic hash that most of our newspapers have been giving us as a summary of the Spanish crisis, even when it is served by Mr. Armstrong. We believe that readers of *THE SIGN* have been sufficiently informed regarding the War in Spain to discount such an obviously one-sided story without destroying the general effectiveness of the book. We only hope that in this matter, and in his brief mention of the Center Party in Germany, the author is not deliberately trying to create a biased impression. Incidentally, he offers no authority on either subject other than his own.

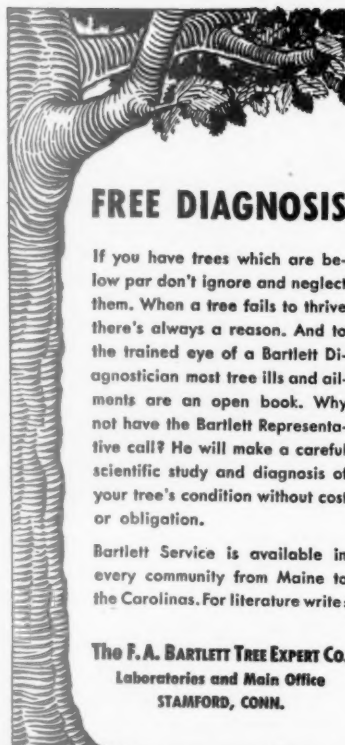
The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

Peace and the Clergy

by a German Priest

Frankly, the present reviewer feels that *Peace and the Clergy* presents a problem that he cannot definitely decide. The author seems to have fallen into the fault, so common among enthusiasts, of interpreting all facts and utterances in the light of his enthusiasm, without even admitting that they are capable of other interpretation. Such a procedure, while it need not lead to false interpretation generally gives an emphasis so lacking in perspective as to arouse immediate antagonism. For example, his almost consistent use of the word "peace," quoted from the Holy Scriptures and the liturgical prayers of the Church, as referring to international peace, is misleading, to say the least. At best it can be so interpreted only in an accommodated sense. Primarily it refers to that peace of soul of which Christ spoke when He said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth do I give unto you." (Jno. xiv, 27.)

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On page 28 the author says, "... Our Faith also teaches that for this life we are to expect an increasing dominion of Christ in an earthly society formed on an international basis of unity and peace. The present political system of the world with its internal and external conflicts is not the final form of the life of nations." Here again we are given the impression that we are dealing with an authoritative definition, whereas in fact the argument is based on a mere opinion—an interpretation of one of the most obscure passages in Holy Scripture (Apoc. xx), and not the most common opinion at that. The only thing that can be said about it is, that although the Church has condemned several interpretations of this chapter as heretical, this one has not been condemned. In the absence of authoritative interpretation by the Church, far from asserting that our Faith teaches the opinion in question, it is simply inaccurate to say more than that the Church tolerates it.

The book abounds in such inexactitudes. Nor have we cited the most flagrant. Nevertheless, it should not be thrown out of hand without a hearing. As the title indicates, it makes its appeal chiefly to the clergy. Since its proposed readers are in a position to

sift and weigh the materials offered, such things as we have mentioned will not greatly detract from the usefulness of the book as a whole. It may reasonably be expected that it will stimulate in its readers a train of thought more precise by reason of the very fact that the author was courageous enough to venture such a work, although he could hardly have expected to avoid all the pitfalls that beset the path of a pioneer. For this reason we feel that despite its shortcomings it will serve well in making the clergy more conscious of their rôle in the cause of international peace. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.75.

A Handbook of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

Edited by Rev. John S. Middleton, Ph.D.

In its decree to promote catechetical instruction, under date of January 12th, 1935, the Holy See declared, referring to this mode of evangelization: "In order to give effect more readily to all of this throughout the whole world, this Sacred Congregation, with the approval of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, commands that in all dioceses the following be observed:

1. In every parish, besides the Confraternity of the Most Blessed Sacrament, there must be established before all others the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine according to Canon 711.
2. It should embrace all who are capable of teaching and enkindling love for the catechism, especially teachers in schools and all who are equipped with the knowledge of catechetical methods."

Nevertheless, despite this legislation, so clear and so applicable to the obtaining needs of our country, the Confraternity is not as widespread nor as efficiently organized as it should be.

This manual published by the Director of the Confraternity of the Archdiocese of New York is an admirable piece of work well suited to its purpose. His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, writes the Foreword. Then follows an apposite exposition of the purpose of the Confraternity, its historical background, its canonical sanction and its spiritual privileges. The Constitutions of the Confraternity form the body of the latter part of the manual; and a careful perusal of the section devoted to general organization will be thought-provoking and zeal-stimulating to both clergy and laity. Would that every Catholic in this country familiarize himself with this manual, from cover to cover! All of us need to become and remain deeply impressed with the necessity of catechetical instruction and with the best of the available means and methods for fulfilling the command of the Church anent the same.

Benziger Bros., New York. \$1.00

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Providence

by Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.
Translated by Bede Rose, O.S.B., D.D.

Father Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., has merited for himself a very high reputation as an authoritative exponent of the principles of the supernatural life. His works always exhibit a deep scientific knowledge, combined with a facility of practical application. In the present volume he treats of Divine Providence in relation to the spiritual life of the soul. The book is divided into four parts: (1) of the existence of God and His Providence; (2) of those perfections of God which His Providence presupposes; (3) of Providence itself according to the Old and New Testaments; (4) of Providence in its relation to justice and mercy. According to the author's Foreword, the chief aim which he had in mind is "to insist on the absolute and supremely life-giving character of the truth revealed by our Lord Jesus Christ and infallibly proposed to us by the Church," so far as these truths relate to the one thing necessary, our last end and sanctification.

It is a grand purpose, one which moves the author to study the nature and perfections of God, especially His divine government of the world and of souls, in a way that inspires the reader

to utmost confidence in "Him Who loveth souls," and sweetly but firmly moves them towards the end destined for them. The French title, *Providence and Confidence in God*, seems to be more accurate than the English. There is united in this book in happy combination scientific theological knowledge and an intimate, practical acquaintance of the soul's needs. One cannot read it without deepening one's faith in God and also without resolving to trust himself completely to Divine Providence, in order to attain the end which God

has set. How refreshing it is to read of the bracing and consoling truths concerning God according to the orthodox teaching of the Catholic Church, in contrast to the hazy, loose and inadequate opinions which are common outside it!

B. Herder & Co., St. Louis, \$2.75.

Workers in Fire—A Book about Poetry

by Margery Mansfield

Rarely do we find a book about poetry which remains prosaic in the amount of common sense it injects into the discussion of verse. Once such things as "beauty," "rhythm," and "form" are touched upon it is difficult for a poet to remain entirely practical.

Miss Mansfield, happily, discusses these and sundry other questions connected with the weaving of verses, in a chatty, familiar style, and with an abundance of rare common sense. The first line of her foreword might serve as a *leitmotif* for the sincerity pervading the whole book: "This book contains all I know about poetry, and is for adults interested in poetry." There is something very refreshing in candor such as that!

The book limps somewhat when there is question of any subject requiring familiarity with metaphysical principles. Thus, in the discussion of beauty, physical beauty seems to be the only manifestation of pulchritude which interests Miss Mansfield. She completely eschews any incursion into the well-springs of beauty as found in the modes of being. For some reason too, she seems almost afraid of any religious subject. There seems to be a subtle insinuation that religion is not very real.

All in all, though, it is one of the most practical works on the subject we have yet seen, and becomes all the more erudite in that it carefully shuns any display of erudition.

Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.00.

Songs in the Night

by a Poor Clare Collette

These are not poems nor is there one mark of musical notation. Yet here is the essence of poetry—thought wedded to emotion and clothed in beautiful language. Here too, is authentic music, the Songs of the contemplative soul who has listened to the Eternal Harmony of the Three in One, who has heard more distinctly the new Song of the Incarnation, and who feels, under the compulsion of natural gifts and Divine charity, the necessity of expressing the result of her listening. She has given tongue to those in the Cloister who

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A brief sketch of the life of a great philosopher, with an admirable analysis of his mind, by the one author who could have made it so clear. \$1.00.

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J. P. Arendzen, D.D.

A quite simple, but accurate, book on the most fundamental doctrine of the Faith, written for the laity. The clergy will also welcome it as of the greatest help in putting this Mystery before their congregations. \$1.75.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHURCH

Père Clérissac, O.P.

The author writes: "The whole mystery of the Church lies in the equation and convertibility of these two terms: Christ and the Church." His book is perhaps the best of its size that exists on the life of the Church. We hope it will be found to be as great an event as the appearance of the first book by Karl Adam. \$1.25.

CANDLE FOR THE PROUD

Francis MacManus

A novel about Donnacha Mac-Connara, Irish poet of the 18th century, wandering scholar and great fighter. He was the hero also of another novel by the same author, "Stand and Give Challenge" (\$2.00) which is now available from us, although we did not publish it originally. *The Herald Tribune* called this: "As fresh as a play by Sean O'Casey, or an extravaganza by Francis Stuart." You need not have read the first of these novels to enjoy the new one, but our guess is that having read either, you will want the other. \$2.50.

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lack utterance in similar experiences. She has struck with masterly variations the chords of a melody which can give comfort and joy to those who, amid noise and discord, are too sad to sing the songs of Sion in a strange land.

For depth of thought, fluency of language, exactness of expression, range of subject, aptness of scriptural quotation it is a book rare in the literature of English mysticism. Not one note in the ascending and descending scale of love for God and man is missing or even slurred. Amateurs who talk only about degrees of prayer and measure to the millimetre the wounds of stigmatics will find this book too soaring for their pedestrian minds. Pseudo-mystics of the Port Royal type—"chaste as Angels and proud as devils"—will not relish the recurring undertone of pitying love for all humanity, ignorant and sinful. Since the Agony in the Garden, there is no more genuine sign of the true mystic than this sense of the solidarity of all souls in Christ, our Brother, our Representative, our Redeemer.

Doctrinally the book is solidly established on the mystical works of the so-called Dionysius the Areopagite. Never, perhaps, have the abstruse treatises of that medieval writer been quoted with such fitness and clarity. In spirit it goes back to Ruysbroeck, it soars to ecstatic heights above rule and reason, yet answering all the human questions in the forty-first Psalm from which the title of the book is derived. It is unique in its own right, for it is personal experience united to a rare gift of expression.

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The True Prayers of St. Gertrude and St. Mechtilde

Translated by Canon John Gray

It is surprising that with so much writing about the Liturgy in our day so little effort is made to bring these Saints into the light of such teaching. Both of them were steeped in the Liturgy of the Church from their earliest years. The Revelations, written by St. Gertrude, is a course of instruction far more illuminating than any dry textbook. Introit, Gradual, Offertory, Post-Communion of the season or festival, were the doors which led these Saints into the rich pastures of Divine Truth.

The present slender volume is a collection of prayers inspired by the Liturgy and taken from the book of Revelations. Adoration, praise, thanksgiving, reparation find exuberant expression. Petitions never lack the necessary formula of hope, founded on the merits and promises of Our Saviour: through Jesus Christ our Lord. The language may be too flowery for our

prosaic day; the translation, following closely the Latin construction, is at times too labored. But the book will be welcomed by those who desire to pray in the language of Saints and in the spirit of the Liturgy.

There is even comfort here for those who have been harassed and confused by the "lunatic fringe" of the Liturgical movement—the fanatics who accompany and impede every great project. These Saints, nourished and grown to heroic stature on the delicious food of Missal and Breviary, possessed the true Benedictine liberty of spirit. They felt free at all times to leave formulas and to give expression to their own heart-felt sentiments in the presence of the Divine mysteries.

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$1.50.

Ordeals of Souls

by J. P. Caussade, S.J., translated from the French by Algar Thorold.

This small volume contains a sheaf of Father Caussade's spiritual letters, done into English in a clear and cultivated style from the French original.

The title suggests with sufficient clearness the special limited field in which the subjects of these letters fall. It is plain from the kinds of spiritual trials of which they treat that the author was dealing with souls advancing towards the higher reaches of the interior life. The "dark nights" and the storms that must be endured during the passage from the ordinary ways of the spirit to the larger realm of the mystical life are delineated here by the sure hand of a master of human psychology and of an experienced and thoroughly equipped director of souls.

Here passes in review every variety of vicissitude by which Divine Providence leads souls to the mount of self-immolation and to that mystic death which is the only door through which souls can enter into the holy joys of intimate friendship and union with God. Here one reads, as it were, the entire litany of the most crucifying spiritual trials—sterility, impatience, weariness, aversion, interior rebellions, public calamities, antagonistic temperaments and characters, and all the rest. These letters show clearly that their author had no doubts about the causes of these tribulations, or about whither they lead, or about the attitude to be maintained by those who suffer—abandonment, pure

and naked faith, perfect trust, he counsels in season and out of season. It is the kind of book to recommend to that increasing host of souls who are traversing the arid and stormy desert that separates them from the land of their desire, the estate of mystical love and union. Such a book is a Godsend also to spiritual directors and confessors, who are often at a loss as to the proper handling of these most difficult cases in spiritual direction.

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Shorter Notes

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS, Meditations translated from the French by CLARA MORRIS RUMBALL, M.A. (Benziger Bros., N. Y., \$2.00) These "Meditations" and "Colloquies" were written primarily for priests. But there is no reason why the layman should not seek and find in them sound spiritual nourishment. Not only priestly feet are invited to climb the Ladder of Sanctity, but the feet of every man and woman may find a place thereon and ascend. Before this work was translated into English it was read and prayed in French by a lay person while attending Mass, and only after she had experienced in her own soul its unction did she set herself to the work of translating it into English.

To profit most from this book one should practice meditative reading. Read some words or a few lines very slowly. Read them once more, and talk them over quietly with yourself and with Jesus. Keep on doing this until the words begin to live; gradually you will be struck by their meaning, so simple, yet so sublime; daily you will see new beauties in the Mass, daily you will aspire to ascend the "Ladder of Sanctity."

There is a simplicity and childlike character about the life of St. Francis that makes it particularly attractive to children. They easily feel friendly toward one whose character manifested nothing of the harsh or severe. His extraordinary feats of Christian chivalry and his wonderful power over bird and beast have a universal appeal to childhood.

And this appeal which the life of St. Francis has for children is enhanced in the ST. FRANCIS PICTURE BOOK (Sheed & Ward, \$0.90) by the beautiful designs from the pen of Ade de Bethune with which each page is illustrated.

WHY CATHOLIC MARRIAGE IS DIFFERENT, by BERNARD A. SAUSE, O.S.B. (Herder Book Co., St. Louis, \$2.00). In fifteen chapters Father Sause explains to the laity the essential facts of Christian Marriage in a sane, clear and sympathetic manner. There is a familiar touch, sometimes almost a paternal one, in evidence. In his statement of purpose, the author says: "In the entire scope of this booklet nothing controversial is introduced." This generous promise has hardly been kept, for at least two of the chapters,—The Mixed Marriage Problem and The Malice of Sinful Birth Prevention—have been the topic of considerable discussion. Of course, mixed marriages and artificial birth prevention are not subjects of controversy in the sense that Catholics have the definite law of the Church on both.

Not only is this a simple and clear

statement of the Catholic teaching on marriage; it also has an added quality because of the emphasis which it places on the beautiful and noble aspects of Christian marriage, which have so strong an appeal to those who are spiritually minded.

READINGS AND REFLECTIONS ON THE GOSPELS, by REV. WINFRID HERBST, S.D.S. (Frederick Pustet Co., N. Y., \$2.50). The author of this work is well known for the many and valuable books that have come from his pen. The present work is a worthy continuation of his labors. The readings are from the Gospels themselves, and the reflections that follow are based on the Gospel passages. They are simple, practical and didactic in style, manifesting throughout the author's familiarity with sound Catholic exegesis of the New Testament. The chapters of the book follow the Gospels for the Sundays throughout the year. It is an invaluable work for those of the laity who would like to have at hand an explanation of the Sunday Gospels and who desire to gather fruit from a leisurely meditation on their contents. Priests will find it an excellent help both for meditation and for preparation of the Sunday homily.

THE PRIEST, GOD AND THE WORLD (Benziger Bros., New York, \$1.50) by DOM FRANCIS A. WALSH. The author comments on the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on "The Catholic Priesthood" and brings out points which he considers in special need of emphasis, especially as they relate to the American clergy. His observations are in accord with the present temper of the times and the urgent need of priests to fit themselves to deal effectively with current religious and social problems. Unfortunately, the method which he follows detaches his comments from the text, in some instances one or two pages separating them. The Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the Votive Mass of the Priesthood of Christ and the Mass itself are included; also a good Bibliography of clerical literature.

Teachers and students of Church History will find of great help A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHURCH HISTORY, compiled by the REV. FRANCIS BETTEN, S.J., (Mission Press, Techny, Ill., for larger orders; the author, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis., for single copies, 10 cents postpaid), which lists available authorities on the various phases of the subject, together with publishers and prices.

FATHER MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J., in THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS, (Kenedy & Sons, New York; 25 cents, paper) explains in his accustomed simple and lucid manner the origin and nature of the Mass and the significance of vestments, furnishings of the altar, etc.

Archconfraternity of the Passion of Jesus Christ

A Day of Recollection

EVERY Friday could be spent in prayerful consideration of Christ's death on Calvary. The whole day our thoughts could be together with Mother Mary, with John the Apostle of Love, and with Mary Magdalene the Penitent, at the foot of the Cross.

To accomplish this, avoid much talking; practice silence and recollection; read a portion of the Sacred Passion, or some good book on the Sacred Passion—not as you would read a daily newspaper in a half distracted way, amid the noise of the streets and the chatter of the sitting-room. Sit down in a quiet corner as if you were about to read the letters and papers of a deceased father or mother or a dear friend. Read some words, or a few lines very slowly; read them again and then wait for a moment. Read them once more, and talk them over with Jesus, Who is by your side. Listen to the words of eternal life; listen to the pleadings of the thorns, the nails, the wounds, the Precious Blood.

If only our Catholic people would practice *meditative* reading how different their lives would be—how much holier, happier and more peaceful they would be!

Try to attend Holy Mass and re-

ceive Holy Communion not only on the first Friday, but every Friday, if possible. It is your closest participation in that Sacrifice of infinite value.

After the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is of divine institution, there is no devotion to the Sacred Passion so excellent as the Way of the Cross. But this devotion is most productive of good when it is made a real meditation and prayer—e.g. look up to the scene of each station—see our Saviour burdened with the heavy weight of the Cross! See His weary, drooping, thorn-crowned head—His sacred face defiled with dirt and spittle! He staggers, He stumbles, He falls! There is Mary, His Mother—and Veronica! Look and look, and think, and speak to Him from your heart.

Conclude the day by saying your prayers with great devotion; make a brief examination of conscience, a good act of Contrition, Faith, Hope and Love, and resolve to keep the most holy Passion of Christ impressed on your heart, morals and life.

(REV.) RAYMUND KOHL, C.P.,
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Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

Masses Said	7
Masses Heard	45,027
Holy Communions	37,020
Visits to B. Sacrament	93,939
Spiritual Communions	151,111
Benediction Services	69,236
Sacrifices, Sufferings	54,072
Stations of the Cross	13,905
Visits to the Crucifix	15,104
Beads of the Five Wounds	9,824
Offerings of PP. Blood	116,404
Visits to Our Lady	233,100
Rosaries	45,386
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,464
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,435,369
Hours of Study, Reading	23,116
Hours of Labor	66,235
Acts of Kindness, Charity	37,429
Acts of Zeal	103,111
Prayers, Devotions	261,010
Hours of Silence	50,744
Various Works	107,004
Holy Hours	518

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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May their souls and the souls of
all the faithful departed through
the mercy of God rest in peace.

—Amen.

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THE HOLY FATHER SPEAKS

Six years ago Pope Pius XI wrote a Letter to the Bishops of the world. Its subject was The Reconstruction of the Social Order. In turn this Letter commemorated the fortieth anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical on The Condition of Labor. All are affected

by social and economic conditions and should read these Letters carefully. We quote a few lines from each of these documents which are keen in their penetrating knowledge, and frank and sympathetic in their suggestions.

THE CONDITION OF LABOR:

"Capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital. Mutual agreement results in pleasantness and good order; perpetual conflict necessarily produces confusion and outrage. . . . In preventing such strife as this . . . the efficacy of Christianity is marvelous and manifold. . . . There is nothing more powerful than religion (of which the Church is the interpreter and guardian) in drawing rich and poor together, by reminding each class of its duties to the other, and especially the duty of justice. Thus religion teaches the laboring man and the workman to carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements really made, never to injure capital, nor to outrage the person of an employer; never to employ violence in representing his own cause; never to engage in riot and disorder. . . . Religion teaches the rich man and the employer that their work people are not their slaves; that they must respect in every man his dignity as a man and as a Christian; that labor is nothing to be ashamed of. . . ."

RECONSTRUCTING THE SOCIAL ORDER:

"It is not of course the office of the Church to lead men to transient and perishable happiness only, but to that which is eternal. Indeed 'the Church believes that it would be wrong for her to interfere without just cause in such earthly concerns'; but she can never relinquish her God-given task of interposing her authority, not indeed in technical matters, for which she has neither the equipment nor the mission, but in all those that have a bearing on moral conduct."



